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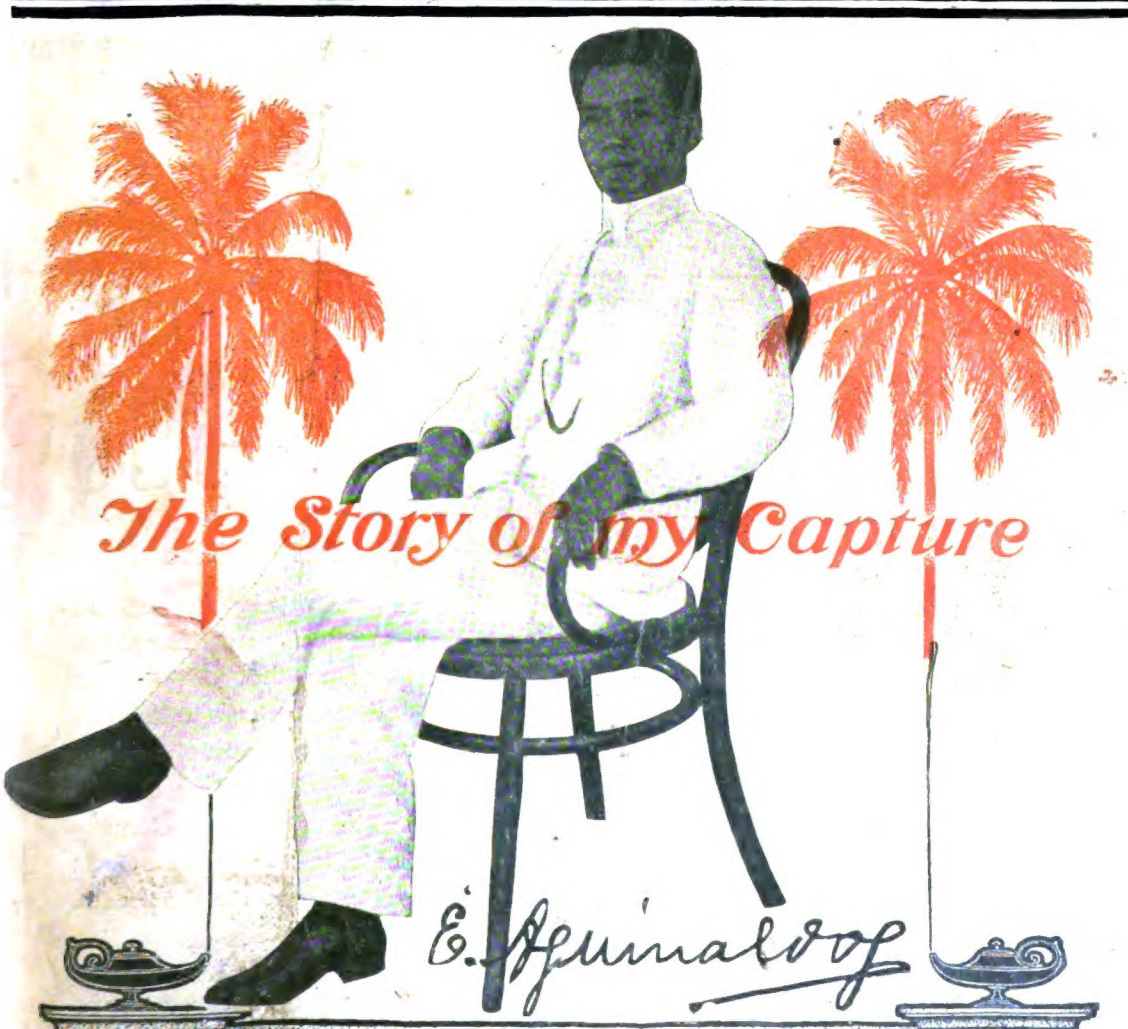

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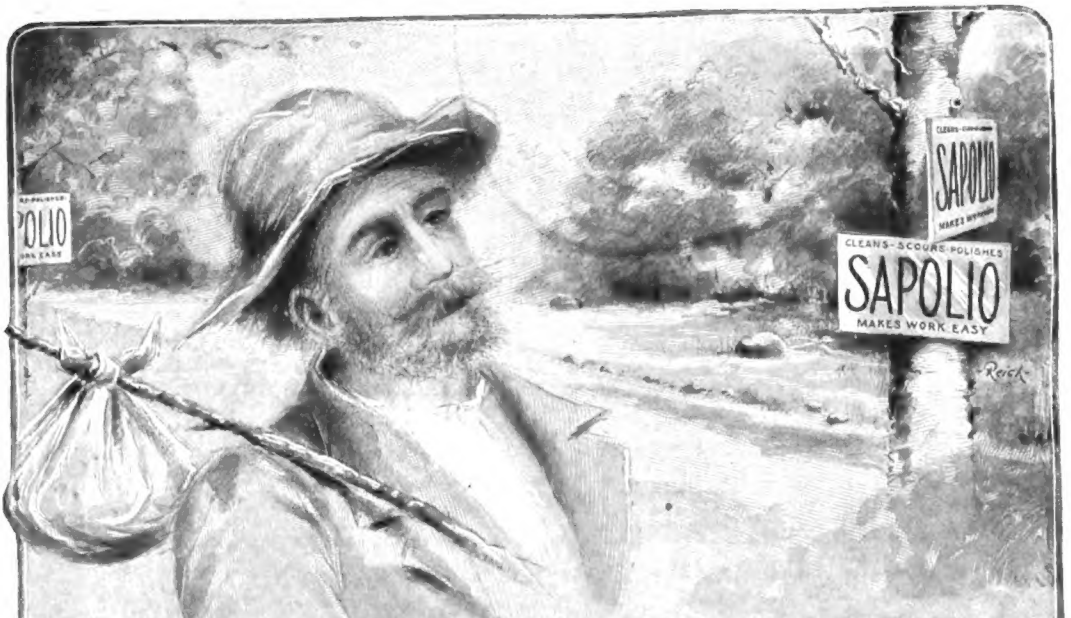

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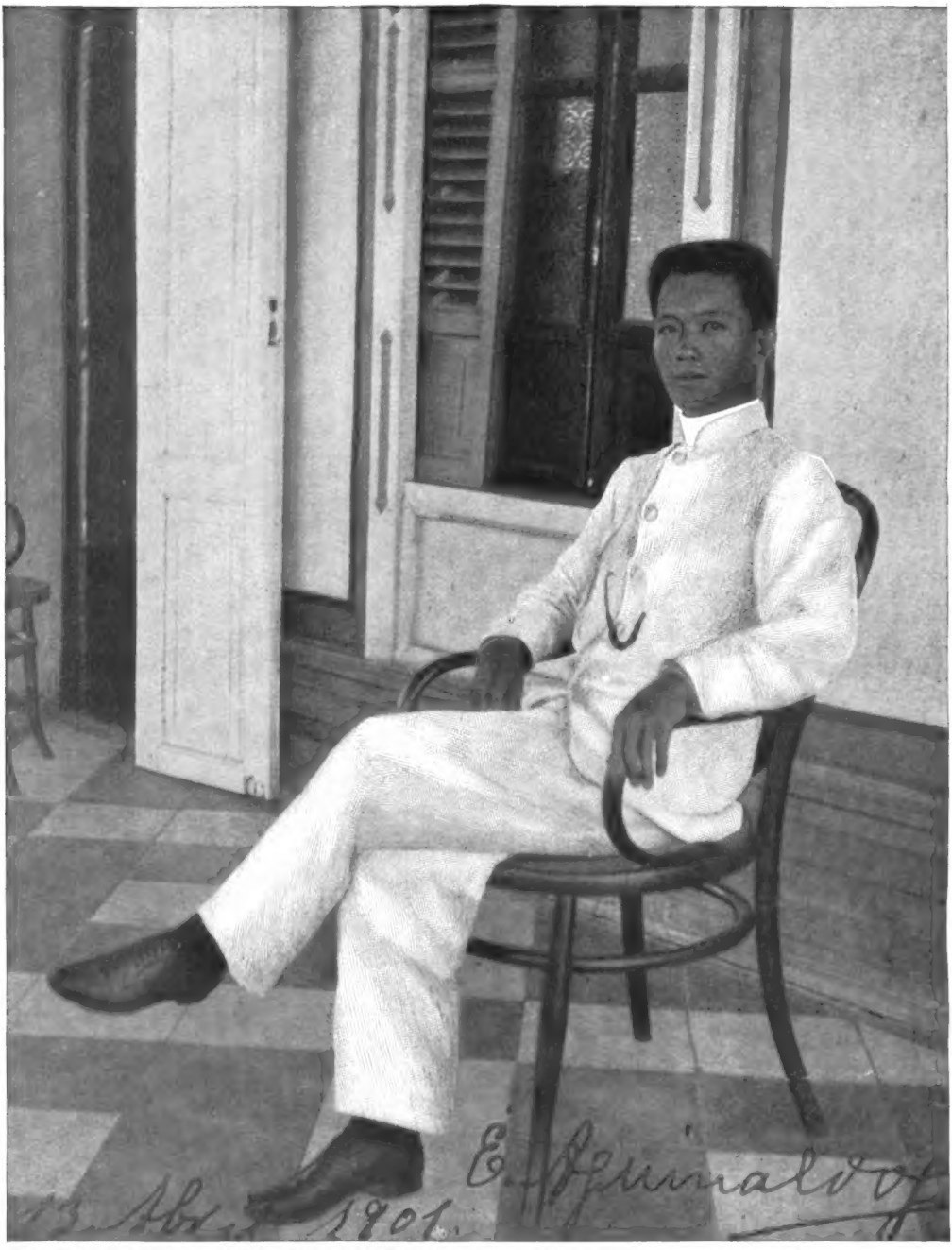

From a photograph taken especially for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, *April* 13, 1901.

EMILIO AGUINALDO.

On the balcony overlooking the Pasig River at Malacañan.

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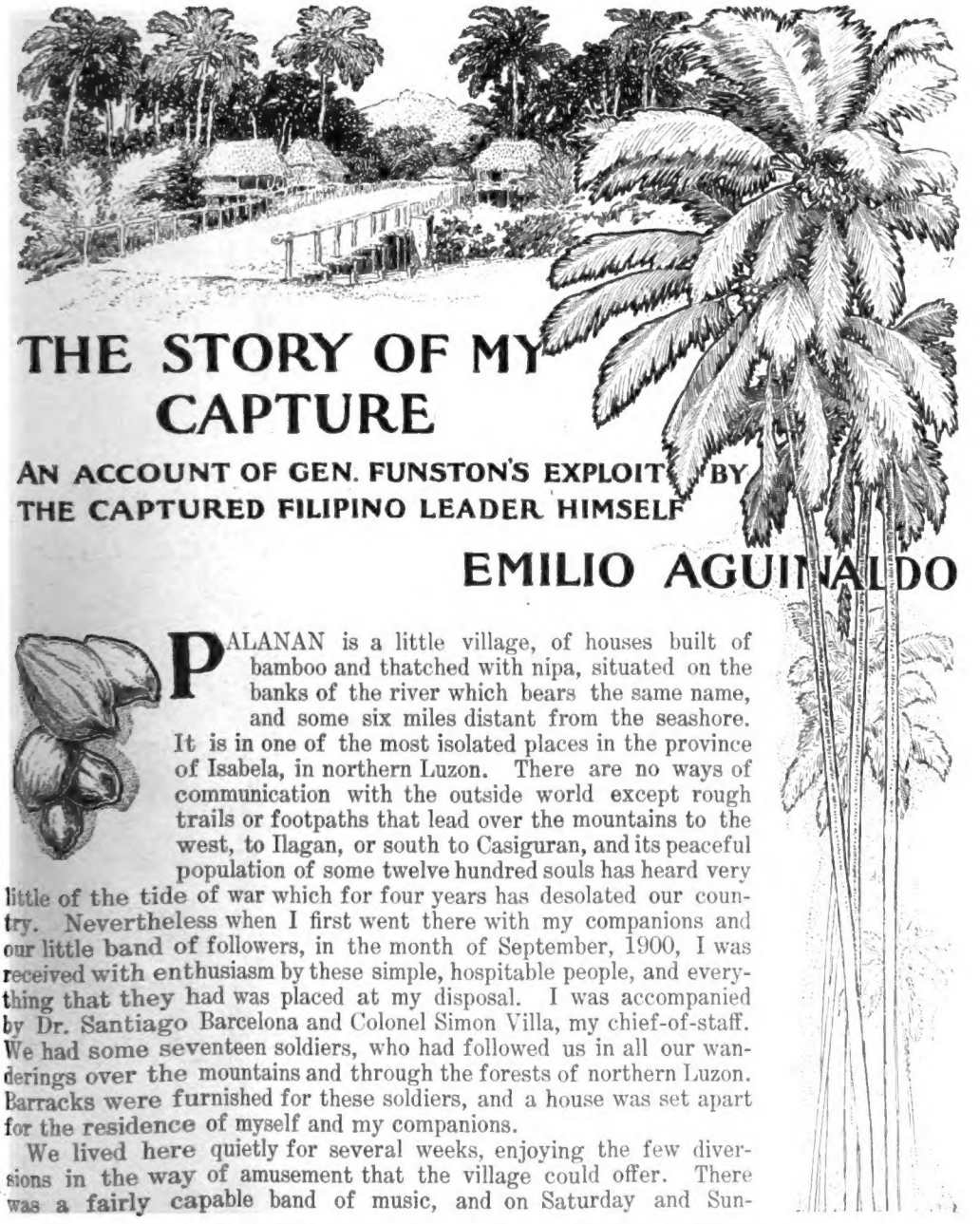
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. V. AUGUST, 1901. No. 24.



THE STORY OF MY CAPTURE

AN ACCOUNT OF GEN. FUNSTON'S EXPLOIT BY THE CAPTURED FILIPINO LEADER HIMSELF

EMILIO AGUINALDO

PALANAN is a little village, of houses built of bamboo and thatched with nipa, situated on the banks of the river which bears the same name, and some six miles distant from the seashore. It is in one of the most isolated places in the province of Isabela, in northern Luzon. There are no ways of communication with the outside world except rough trails or footpaths that lead over the mountains to the west, to Ilagan, or south to Casiguran, and its peaceful population of some twelve hundred souls has heard very little of the tide of war which for four years has desolated our country. Nevertheless when I first went there with my companions and our little band of followers, in the month of September, 1900, I was received with enthusiasm by these simple, hospitable people, and everything that they had was placed at my disposal. I was accompanied by Dr. Santiago Barcelona and Colonel Simon Villa, my chief-of-staff. We had some seventeen soldiers, who had followed us in all our wanderings over the mountains and through the forests of northern Luzon. Barracks were furnished for these soldiers, and a house was set apart for the residence of myself and my companions.

We lived here quietly for several weeks, enjoying the few diversions in the way of amusement that the village could offer. There was a fairly capable band of music, and on Saturday and Sun-

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ROAD LEADING FROM ANTIMONAN TO THE VILLAGES OF THE INTERIOR, IN THE PROVINCE OF TAYABAS, SOUTHERN LUZON.

day afternoons it was accustomed to give concerts in the plaza in front of my house, followed sometimes by a dance in the parish house, next to the church, for the young people of the village.

This continued until the 23d of November, when we received word that a force of about fifty Americans was in the mountains not far off, apparently coming to Palanan. We hastily concealed all documents and papers and other things which might reveal our presence in the town, and then left the village and went into the mountains near by, where we remained in hiding until the Americans went away, two or three days later. Then we returned to the village and resumed our tranquil existence. Not long after this occurrence our forces were augmented by the arrival of some forty men sent me by command of Major Nasario Alhambra.

During all this time we received the Manila newspapers with more or less regularity, although they were always considerably delayed in reaching us. I had the amusing experience of reading on several occasions the reports of my own death, and subsequently a detailed account of an imaginary adventure in Cavite last December, in which I was said to have narrowly escaped being captured.

In January of this year Colonel Villa, who

PUEBLO IN PAMPANGA.

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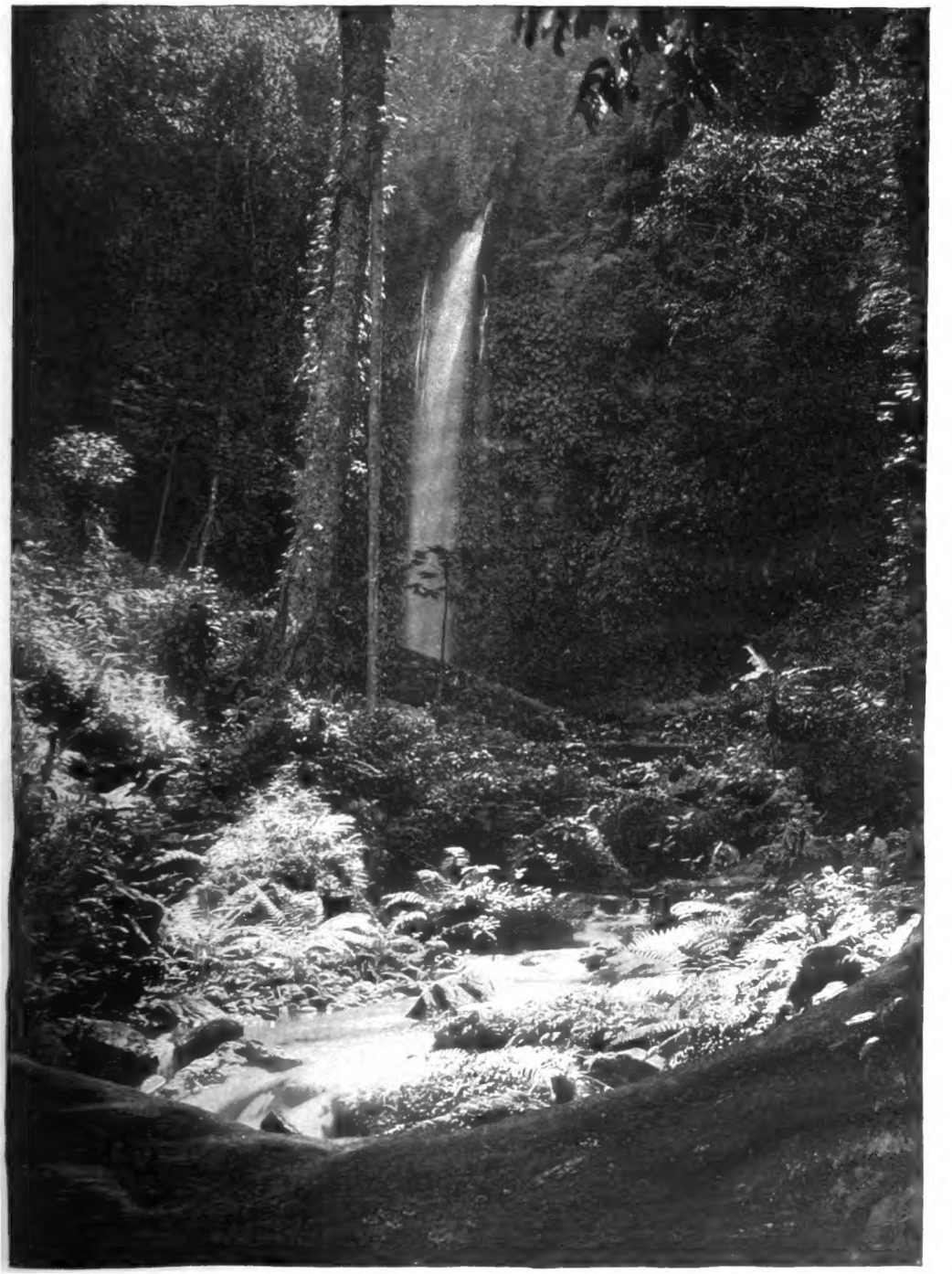

SAMPALIT WATERFALL, ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FEET, PROVINCE OF LAGUNA, SOUTH OF MANILA.

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was growing tired of our peaceful and uneventful life, asked me to give him command of forces in the field, in any province of Luzon, and it was decided between us and Dr. Barcelona to make requisition on the commanding officer of our forces in central Luzon for a reënforcement of four hundred men. It was my intention to put these men under the command of Colonel Villa, and to confer upon him the command of the military district of the valley of the Cagayan, which included the three provinces of Cagayan, Isabela, and Nueva Viscaya. At the same time it was decided to send orders to Brigadier-General Teodoro Sandiko, directing him to come to Palanan to relieve Colonel Villa as chief-of-staff.

Accordingly, with this in view, I sent, on the 15th of January, Private Cecilio Segismundo, a man thoroughly acquainted with the country in central Luzon, to deliver several letters addressed to the officers who were in command of our guerrilla forces in that territory. Among these letters were one addressed to General Sandiko, and another addressed to General Baldomero Aguinaldo, to whom I gave orders to assume command of our forces in central Luzon, and also to send two hundred men, under command of Colonel Lazaro Makagapal, to the province of Isabela. Colonel Villa also gave the messenger, Segismundo, a pass, directed to the local presidents of the towns through which he might travel, ordering them to render him every assistance possible, and to supply him with whatever he might need. Segismundo left for Nueva Viscaya under directions to go by way of the towns of Casiguran and Baler.

We had no news whatever from our messenger until the 20th of March, upon which date I received two sealed packages, which were delivered to me by a man from Casiguran, a town about fifty miles south of Palanan. These packages contained two letters, one from General Urbano Lakuna, and the other from Lieutenant-Colonel Hilario Tal Placido. General Lakuna said in his letter, which was addressed to me, that, in accordance with my orders of the 12th of January, he was sending me one of his best guerrilla companies under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Hilario Tal Placido and Captain Lazaro Segovia, both of whom he recommended for immediate promotion in recognition of the valiant and very valuable services which they had rendered.

The letter of Tal Placido was dated in Casiguran on the 17th of March. In it he said that while on the march, near the town of Pontabangan, he had encountered a party of ten Americans engaged in making maps, and that in view of the inferiority of the enemy's force he had attacked them, and had succeeded in killing and wounding five of them, taking the other five prisoners. The dead and wounded he had left on the field, but the prisoners were now with his force. The letter went on to say that they had exhausted their supplies, and he thought it would be necessary to allow the men to rest a few days in Casiguran and forage for more provisions.

Immediately upon the receipt of this letter I directed Colonel Villa to reply to it, and to say that in view of the circumstances it would not be wise to permit these American prisoners to come into Palanan, for the reason that in the event that they were set free, or contrived to escape, they would be able to serve as guides to bring their countrymen down on us. It seemed better, therefore, and Colonel Tal Placido was so directed, that the prisoners should be left in a place called Dinundungan, which is about five miles from Palanan, under a guard of eleven soldiers commanded by a sergeant, who should be instructed to take the prisoners to Ilagan, the capital of the province of Isabela, under cover of the darkness. Once in Ilagan, they were to be liberated.

On the evening of the 22d of March another communication was received from Colonel Tal Placido, in which he informed Colonel Villa of his arrival with his forces at a place called Dibacal, distant about six miles from Palanan. He also said that his men were completely worn out with the fatigue and hardships of the march, and that they had not had so much as a grain of rice to eat in the last twenty-four hours. He begged me to send him a supply of rice at once, so that he could continue the march early in the morning of the next day. In accordance with this request I sent him a quantity of rice that same evening by a party of Negritos.

There had been a celebration in Palanan that day, March 22d, on account of the anniversary of my birth, and the little village was in gala dress. Arches had been erected, and such other decorations were provided as the limited resources of the place could supply. A number of people

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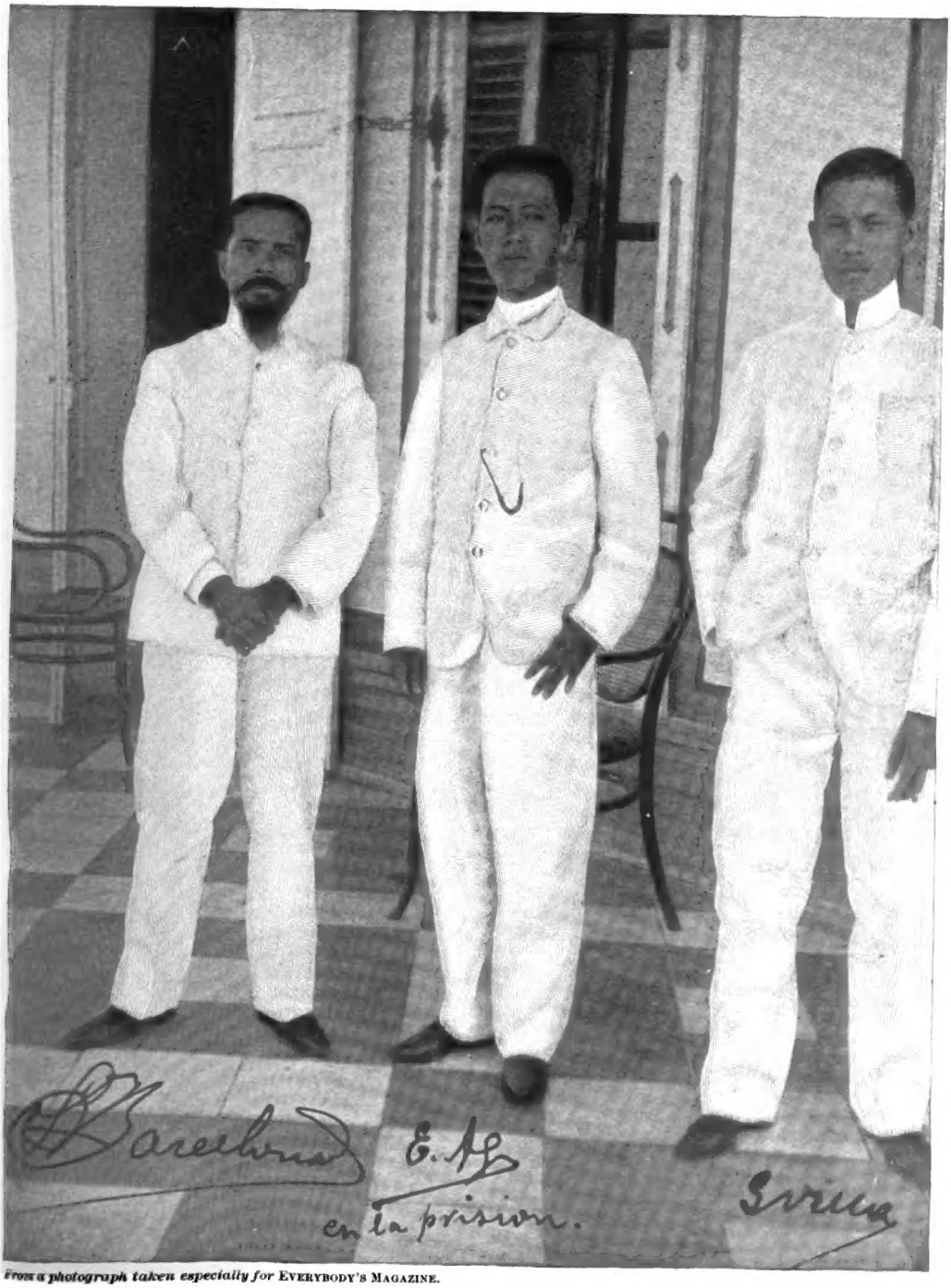

From a photograph taken especially for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

EMILIO AGUINALDO, COLONEL SIMON VILLA, CHIEF-OF-STAFF, AND DR. SANTIAGO BARCELONA ON THE BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE PASIG RIVER AT MALACAÑAN.

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FILIPINO AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

"The near approach of our reënforcements furnished an added incentive to the festivity of the day."

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AGUINALDO'S HEADQUARTERS AT BIACNARATO, REBELLION OF 1896.

had made the fifty-mile journey from Casiguran to congratulate me on the occasion, and we celebrated the day with horse races, dancing, serenades, and amateur theatricals. The near approach of our reënforcements furnished an added incentive to the festivity of the day.

The next morning, March 23d, at six o'clock, I ordered Colonel Villa to send eleven soldiers of my personal guard to Dinundungan to take charge of the American prisoners in place of the men detailed by Colonel Tal Placido, who were worn out by their hard march, so that they might have a chance to rest and recuperate. Colonel Villa also superintended the evacuation of one of the barracks occupied by my troops, so that it might be made ready for the reënforcements which were about to arrive. At the same time Colonel Villa sent a letter to the Military Chief of Isabela de Luzon, informing him that within a week a company of reënforcements for his province would be sent to him, and directing him to get together at his camp at Tierra Virgen as large a quantity of rice as possible.

It was my intention to allow Hilario Tal Placido and his men to rest in the camp in Palanan for a week, and then to send them to Isabela. The men were to be attached to the guerrilla forces already operating in that province, and Colonel Tal Placido was to assume the military chieftainship of the province, relieving the officer then in command, who was to go to the province of Nueva Viscaya.

The morning of March 23d was passed in making preparations for the formation of a Red Cross league among the ladies who had come up from Casiguran for my birthday. With this object Dr. Barcelona had sent them an invitation to come to my house at three o'clock in the afternoon.

About two in the afternoon I saw Tal Placido's men crossing the Palanan River in small boats, and at once directed Colonel Villa to send Captain Tomas Magsarilo to salute the newcomers and welcome them in my name. Colonel Villa also arranged that the soldiers of my personal guard who were not on duty should fire the proper military salutes.

It was not long before the new troops,

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From a photograph taken especially for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

ROOM IN MALACAÑAN WHERE AGUINALDO AND COMPANIONS WERE CONFINED.

some eighty-five in number, entered the village of Palanan and halted in the plaza in front of my house, where about twenty soldiers of my guard were drawn up waiting to receive them. It was about three o'clock. The newcomers were dressed in the regular uniform of the Filipino army, and were armed with Mausers, Remingtons, and one or two Krags. The officers, Colonel Tal Placido and Captain Segovia—the latter a Peninsular Spaniard—then came into my house. After the usual salutations I asked them what sort of a journey they had had. To this Segovia replied that it had been exceedingly hard, and that they had not had twenty-four hours' rest since the 24th of February, the date of their departure from Nueva Ecija. Segovia then told me that he had been at one time the adjutant of the Spanish General Llanera, and had seen me then, but I have no recollection of having seen him before this occasion.

After talking with Tal Placido and Segovia for fifteen or twenty minutes, I gave orders that the newly arrived men be allowed to fall out and go to rest in the quarters which had been prepared for them. Captain Segovia immediately left the house and returned to the place where his men were drawn up waiting for him. As he came up to them Segovia shouted, in a loud voice, an order which we did not hear distinctly and did not understand. Instantly his men began to shoot at the soldiers of my guard, taking them completely by surprise.

When the firing began, not suspecting any plan against myself, I thought it was a salute with blank cartridges, and having this in mind, I ran to the window and cried out several times, "Cease firing." But seeing that the firing continued, and that the bullets from the rifles of the attacking party were directed against me as well as against the soldiers of my guard, I for the first time realized that the newcomers were enemies. I hurriedly left the window and ran into another room in the hope of finding some means of escape, but saw at once that the house was already surrounded. Then I seized a revolver, intending to defend my-

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THE FAMOUS BATHS OF LOS BAÑOS.

self, but Dr. Barcelona threw both arms around me, crying out, "Don't sacrifice yourself. The country needs your life." Thus I was prevented from carrying out my intention. Colonel Villa ran from the house in an attempt to break through the lines of the enemy and rally our men, but he was shot three times and finally taken prisoner.

When the firing commenced, Tal Placido threw himself down on the floor to avoid the bullets, but now he got up and told us that we were prisoners of the Americans, who, he said, were on the other side of the

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river with four hundred American soldiers, and would soon be here. Just at this time several of Tal Placido's soldiers came into the house shouting, "Hurrah for the Macabebes!" and surrounded Barcelona and myself. A little later five Americans, all armed with carbines, came into the room where we were. They came up to us, and one of them asked, "Which of you is Aguinaldo?" As soon as I had been identified by the Americans I was placed, with Dr. Barcelona and Colonel Villa, in one of the rooms of the house, and guards were posted at all the windows and doors, under command of one of the Americans. The other four Americans then began to search the house for whatever papers and documents might be there.

We were then informed that our captors were General Funston, Captains Newton and Hazzard, and Lieutenants Hazzard and Mitchell. While the search for documents was going on, Dr. Barcelona took advantage of the opportunity to dress the wounds of Colonel Villa and the others who had been hit. Fortunately the wounds of the colonel were not serious.

It is difficult to give a detailed account of what occurred outside the house during the confusion which arose after the beginning of the attack. The soldiers of my guard were completely surprised, and did not even have their rifles loaded. One was killed and two others were wounded, the rest making their escape; but whether there were any wounded among those who got away or not I do not know. When the firing began, all the inhabitants of the village fled precipitately in the endeavor to escape; and when the attack was over, there was not a living soul in the place except General Funston's men and ourselves, the prisoners of war. A few scattering shots were fired by my men in their retreat, but to no effect. They had been taken so entirely by surprise that they had no chance to resist.

The next morning, March 24th, I had a conference with General Funston, in which I was told by him that on the next day there would arrive in the bay of Palanan a warship which would take us to Manila. In the course of the day he informed me of the plan which had resulted in our capture—a fate which I had believed would never befall me. It appears that my messenger, Private Segismundo, fell into the hands of General Funston, and the letters which he carried suggested to the general the plan which was subsequently carried out so brilliantly. The letter which I had received on the 20th, and which I supposed had come from General Lakuna, was a forgery executed with the greatest cleverness. It was complete in all its details, even bearing the seal of Lakuna, and there never occurred to me the least suspicion of its authenticity. I had not the slightest doubt from that time up to the instant of the commencement of the attack which ended in my capture. It was a bold plan, executed with skill and cleverness in the face of difficulties which, to most men, would have seemed insurmountable.

On the morning of the 25th of March General Funston gave orders to begin the march to the seashore, and we three prisoners, with one of my men, who had been wounded, left the little town which had been our place of refuge for so long a time. We reached the beach about noon, after a march of some six miles, and without loss of time the Americans made two signal fires and hoisted a white flag. A little later I made out, with the aid of my binoculars, a steamer on the horizon. Having seen, no doubt, the smoke of the signal fires, the ship steamed directly for the place where we were waiting. Within two hours the warship was anchored near the beach, and General Funston communicated, by means of the heliograph, to the officers on board the brilliant result of his expedition. By five o'clock in the afternoon we were all on board the *Vicksburg*, the anchor was hoisted, and we made for the open sea, bound for Manila.

At all times since our capture, as well in Palanan as on board the *Vicksburg*, we have been treated with the highest consideration by our captors, as well as by all the other American officers with whom we have come in contact.

At two o'clock on the morning of March 28th the *Vicksburg* anchored in the bay of Manila. At six o'clock that same morning General Funston and myself, accompanied by some officers, boarded one of the launches of the gunboat and left the *Vicksburg*. We went up the Pasig River to the residence of the Governor-General in Malacañan, where we disembarked. A little later I was presented to General MacArthur as a prisoner of war.

Such was my return to Manila after an absence of more than four years.

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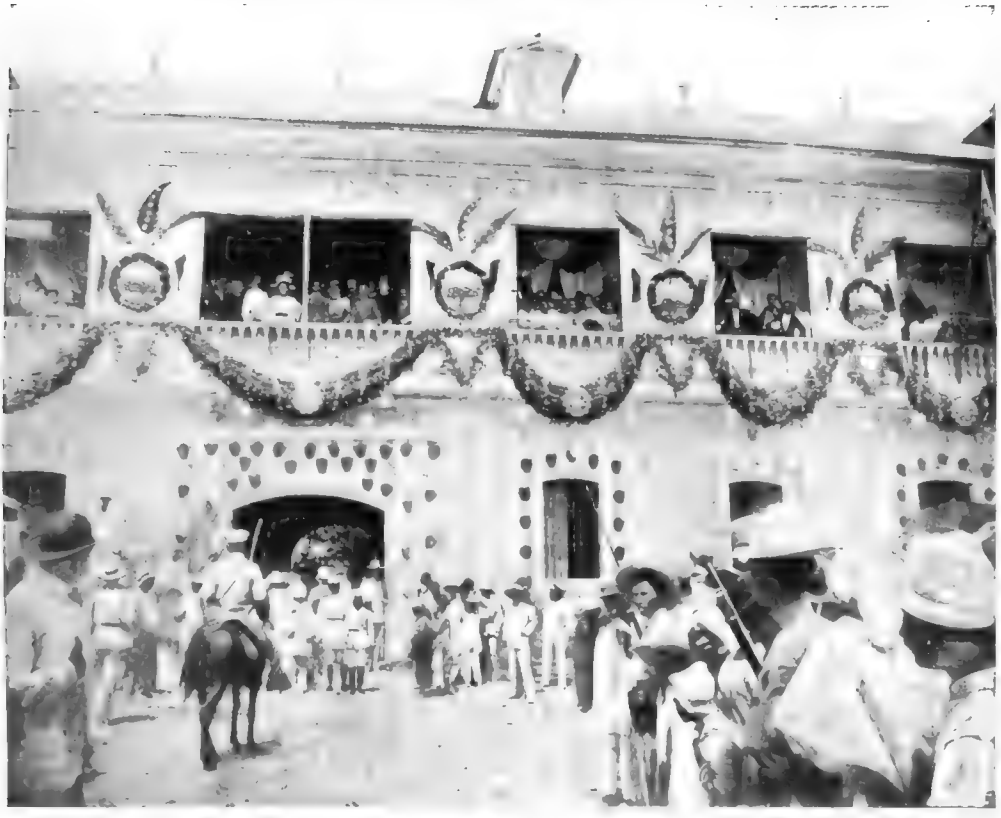
AGUINALDO WITH AMERICANS AT THE FIESTA SAN FERNANDO, PAMPANGA.



THE REAL AGUINALDO.

By O. K. Davis.

I HAVE never been one of those who could see in Emilio Aguinaldo only the charlatan, nor have I seriously damaged my throat in shouting his praises. In common with most other Americans, I was a good deal readier to delineate at length his complex characteristics a few weeks after I first met him in the summer of 1898 than I have been since I came to know him more, if not better. The flippant ease with which the average American undertakes to tell all about the inscrutable Oriental almost as soon as he is introduced to him, is no more certain than the surprise of the analyst when he realizes after a long study that he doesn't know anything about the subject. This is one reason why there have been such radical differences of opinion about Aguinaldo. Another reason, perhaps just as potent, is that so many of those who have taken more or less acrid part in the discussion, have had no real knowledge of any sort on which to base their statements.

When I first knew Aguinaldo he had but recently established his headquarters in Cavite, under the wing of the American eagle, and was making the most of his very slender opportunities. Admiral Dewey had caused the marine guard to be turned out for him, and had given him a general's salute. He was shrewd enough to issue proclamations to his people, telling them that the great North American nation was coming to the Philippines to give the Filipinos their independence, and the Americans were not shrewd enough to say to him

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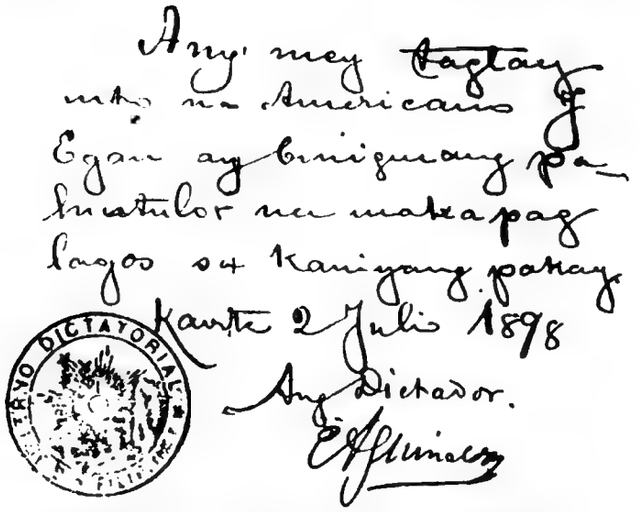

FACSIMILE OF A PASS GIVEN BY AGUINALDO TO AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT, WRITTEN IN TAGAL.

that he had no right to pledge them to that or any other course of action.

General Anderson made the wholly unwarranted statement to Aguinaldo that the "United States have been a great nation for 122 years, and have never had or desired a colony. I leave you to draw your own inference." Aguinaldo was shrewd enough to reply at once that "he knew the United States had no intention of annexing the Philippines, for he had read their constitution and found in it no provision for colonization." General Anderson was not clever enough then, nor was any American official later, to say to Aguinaldo that he was not authorized to interpret American actions, or to define the policy of the United States, that being solely the province of Congress. It is often said that Aguinaldo was merely the mouthpiece and figurehead of men like Mabini, Buencamino, and Paterno, who were really the brains of the insurgent movement. There is, no doubt, a large measure of truth in this, but at the interview with General Anderson, he was not inspired by any of these men. These instances are cited merely to show that if he is all that has been said of him otherwise, he is not lacking in shrewdness.

He is denounced as much, perhaps, as for anything else, for taking money from Spain for stopping the insurrection of 1896. It is true that he took the money and wanted more than he got. It is also true that when he renewed the fight he spent what he had left of Spain's bribe, if it was a bribe, to carry on the war. Nor is there any pretence that the reforms Spain promised as part of her bargain with him were ever instituted. Nor has it ever been contended seriously that if he had continued the fight he could have forced Spain to better terms.

In the summer of 1898 it was evident to those Americans who were paying attention to the course of events that the Filipinos were preparing to fight us. We did not then know that they had discounted that contingency before Aguinaldo was brought down from Hong Kong by Admiral Dewey. We know now that there had been full discussion of this possibility by the Junta in Hong Kong, and that Aguinaldo had been opposed to receiving any assistance from the Americans and then fighting them. He took the simple ground that such conduct would be dishonorable. He was overborne by the Teodoro Sandiko (mentioned in the story of his capture), who advanced the old plea that everything was fair in war.

I am inclined to think that the glimpse of high ideals here revealed by Aguinaldo was something more than a spasm of conscience. We have had fairly good evidence of his efforts, all through the struggle in the field, to prevent the outbreak of the natural ferocity of his men, and to treat prisoners with a semblance of respect for the rules of civilized warfare. Probably if his real motives could be dissected, it would be shown that that was his habitual frame of mind, and that the assassination of Luna was the spasm.

That the Filipinos understood the situation in the summer of 1898 better than the Americans did is shown by one circumstance. When Aguinaldo transferred his headquarters from Bakor to Malolos, he moved out from a strategically impossible position to one that was strategically sound. In doing so he declined to come through Manila, but rode around the outskirts of the city, from Bakor to Caloocan, rather than put himself, even for such a moment, apparently in the hands of the Americans. That afternoon he drove into Malolos in a carriage drawn by four white horses, surrounded by officers of his staff, to receive the cheers and acclamations of his people, and be hailed as the Washington of the Filipinos. An hour later I was discussing with two of his most important cabinet officials what would happen when the Filipinos tried to fight the Americans. More than four months later General Otis telegraphed to Washington his opinion that there would be no conflict of arms.

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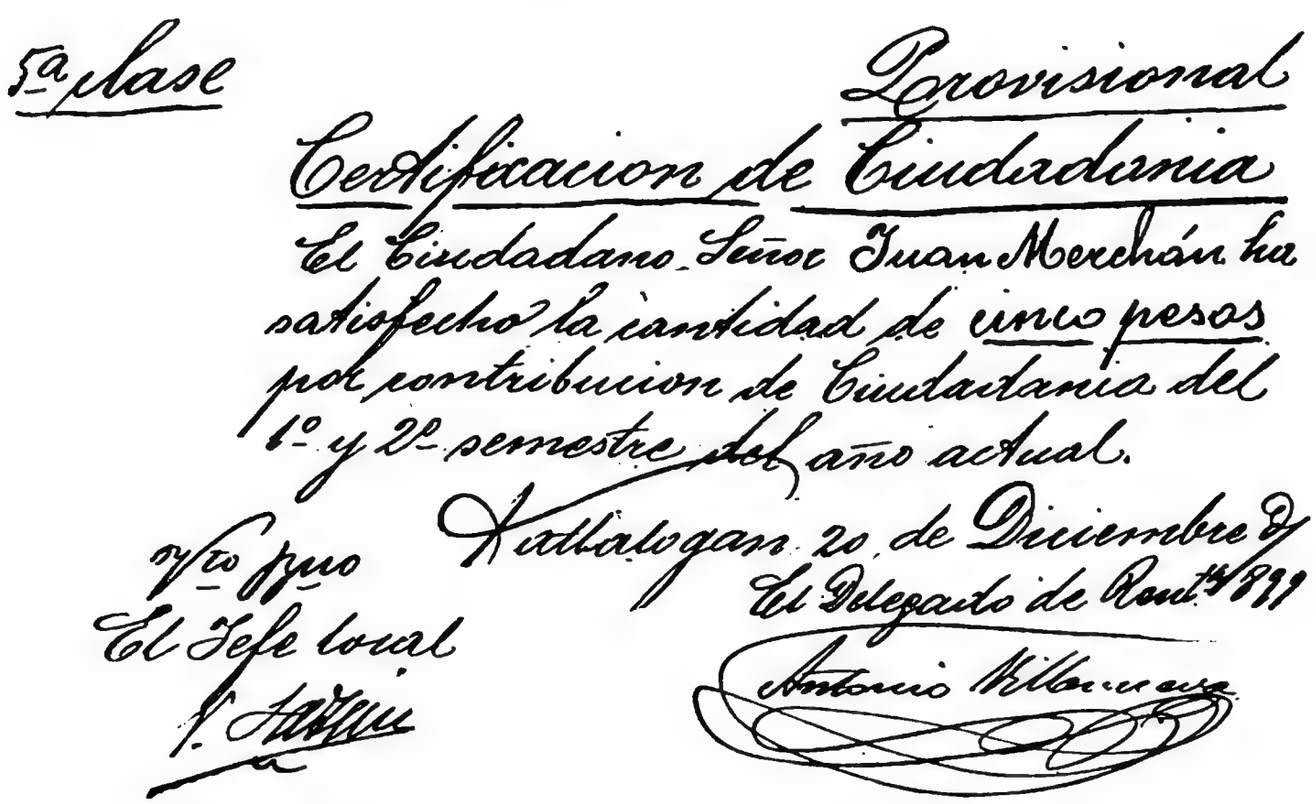
I do not maintain, nor do I believe, that Aguinaldo was right, but he certainly is not the dull wit that so many Americans have declared him. Nor do I think he is the coward he has been accused so bitterly of being. He has an undoubted and tremendous personal magnetism among his own people. Otherwise he could not have held the natives of the entire archipelago so absolutely as he did. The foundation of this power over his people was the reputation he established among them for bravery and ability in the fighting against the Spaniards in 1896 and 1897. "*Terrible*" and "*muy valiente*" were feeble expressions of their appreciation of his prowess on the battle field. In the fighting with the Americans he took care of himself, as it was eminently proper that he should. The commander-in-chief has no business on the firing-line.

The high-sounding language of some of his proclamations has been taken as an indication of the real Aguinaldo. If, however, it is compared with that in the proclamations and documents known to have been written by Mabini or Buencamino, it seems more probable that one of them was the author. The simple, direct style in which he tells of his capture is a far better index. Its modesty, to my mind, is characteristic of the man. He was always quiet, with little to say, but saying that little in a plain, straightforward way. An episode of his career which escaped notice, both in the Philippines and in America, is curiously expressive of his real individuality, and reveals him in a strange and unfamiliar guise. In December, 1898, at the time when the Filipinos were in the very hey-day of their power, Aguinaldo wrote a letter resigning the office of president of the revolutionary government. For eight months they had been perfecting their organization and increasing their strength. No one had interfered with them, and the feeble opposition of the Spaniards merely served to give them new enthusiasm with each new victory. They understood, both leaders and people, that the conflict with the Americans was approaching rapidly. To what degree the others realized the difficulties in their path there is little to show. That Aguinaldo was able to comprehend them this letter of his bears witness.

The name Aguinaldo means "Christmas box." The letter was an address to the Filipino people, in which he played upon his name. It was a remarkable human document. He began by rehearsing the situation. The organization of the army had been rapid and accompanied by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Tarlac 20 de Diciembre de 1898

El Delegado de Rent.ª

Antonio Villamora

V.º B.º

El Jefe local

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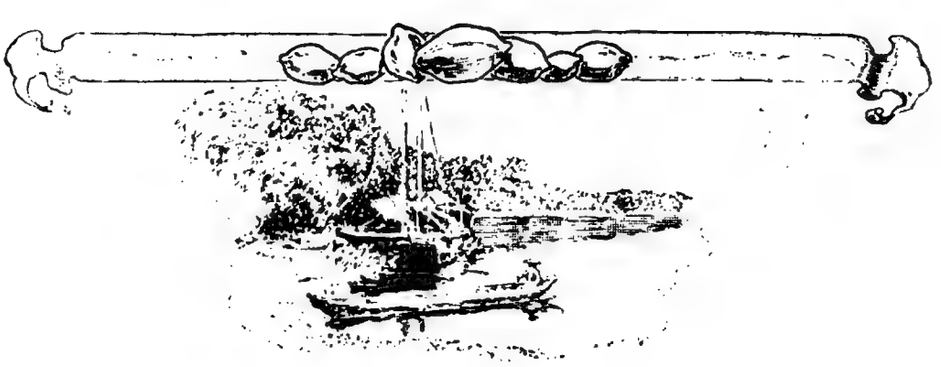
unlooked-for success. The congress had been in session about three months, and had adopted a constitution which had met with his approval. These were facts well known to the people. He went on to say—and here is the surprise—that the crisis which was coming was too great for him to deal with; that it required a man of greater strength and better education, an abler, older man to lead them through the difficulties which were before them. The burden laid upon him was greater than he could bear, and he asked the people to give him as his "Aguinaldo," release from the office of president, and allow him to resign in favor of a man more fitted than he to guide them. The inference was evident and irresistible that Aguinaldo did not think the Filipinos competent at that time to fulfil their own ambitions, and that the self-government at which they aimed was beyond them.

This letter was never circulated. Mabini and his colleagues discovered that Aguinaldo had written it, and they succeeded in persuading or compelling him to suppress it. One copy fell into the hands of the Americans through the secret service. The truth is that Aguinaldo was the idol of the Filipinos, thousands of whom would follow him blindly with absolute confidence. If that letter had been made public by Aguinaldo the insurrection would not have been possible. The fact that he was persuaded to suppress it will probably be taken as an evidence of his weakness, but in its construction it has always seemed to me to show the real Aguinaldo.

The touch of the dramatic in him comes out in the last sentence of his narrative, "Such was my return to Manila after an absence of more than four years." The absence began when he joined the insurrection in August, 1896. When the settlement was reached by which he agreed to exile he left the islands from one of the upper ports. On his return he went to Cavite and established the dictatorial government, which subsequently was transformed into what they called the "government of the Philippine Republic." Then headquarters was moved from Cavite to Bakor, just across Bakor Bay and between the two American forces. Aguinaldo had plenty of chances to visit Manila after its capture by the Americans, but refused to do so, partly because he had been shut out of what he contended were his rights by the Americans, and partly, I have always suspected, because he was not sure how much they might know about his plans, and was unwilling to subject himself to the possibility of seizure.

One feature of his narrative is especially interesting to those who know him and his fondness for music. It is his reference to the band of Palanan. From the establishment of his dictatorial government in Cavite to the last he was always attended by a band. The first one was the famous Pasig band, that had furnished entertainment for the Spaniards on the Luneta in Manila for years. This band was with him in Cavite, Bakor, and Malolos, and always played for him in the early evening. Originally it numbered nearly a hundred men, and was capable of rendering exquisitely the finest music.



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THE MAKING OF A COUNTRY HOME.

By J. P. Mowbray ("J. P. M."),

Author of "A Journey to Nature."

With Photographic Illustrations by Gertrude Käsebier.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH JOHN ENTERTAINS ANGELS UNAWARES.

THE arrival of visitors at this time was painfully inopportune, but it had to be faced manfully, if not hospitably. John made his way to the front gate once more, and Holcomb, who was climbing out of the vehicle, greeted him familiarly:

"Nice chap you are to meet your friends at the depot. Didn't you get my telegram?"

"Certainly," said John. "But you didn't get mine, telling you not to come—all upside down—impossible to entertain——"

"No—didn't get it," said Holcomb, lifting out his traps. "Can't be helped now. This is Sprague. Sprague—Dennison. Dennison—Sprague. Can't we drive in somewhere?"

"No," said John, "got everything laid down in red cement, and it isn't dry. I think you will have to go round."

"All right," responded Holcomb, who was evidently not to be deterred. "Sprague has got light woollens on. Red cement

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is indelible, isn't it? How do we go round?"

"Drive up the road a little, get over the stone fence, come down that field, and cross the other fence into my back ground."

"Good enough," responded the cheery Holcomb. "Say, do you know that's a fine effect of color where the red cement has run down the bank? Looks as if your improvements had cut their throat. Ha, ha!"

Nothing daunted, the guests climbed the adjoining fences and came in at the rear. Sprague, in light flannels, wearing tan-colored gloves and shoes and carrying a cane, evinced a weary humor at the proceedings, but Holcomb insisted with much eagerness that the irregular and unconventional thing was just what they were looking for. "Sprague, there, he's so infernally lazy, it will do him good to see something practical going on," he said.

"But of all people in the world," exclaimed Lucy, a little flushed with excitement, "whatever put it in your head to come up here?"

"Dennison," replied Holcomb promptly. "'Come up,' says he, 'to my country place and stay a month. It will freshen you up.' Sprague needs freshening, so I brought him along. Don't make any apologies."

"To tell the truth," began John, apologetically.

Holcomb held up his hands. "Don't," he said. "No family truths. If there is anything Sprague dislikes, it is the truth. I can sleep in the coach-house with the groom. But, say, this is pastoral," and he took a survey of the landscape.

Sprague pulled his light mustache, blushed slightly, and said: "I fear we are intruding."

And such is the inbred cowardice of politeness and the force of a hospitable instinct that Lucy said: "Oh, no, certainly not," and John remarked: "Don't mention it," and even the mother, who shared the general duty of deception, tried to look as if the place had only needed Sprague to be perfect.

When John got them alone he tried to explain. "I'll have to ask you to rough it," he said. "We intend to enlarge the house later on, but at present we are a little cramped. You'll not mind bunking in anyhow?"

Then, for fear Tilka would strike, he caught that stalwart maid-servant and whispered in an aside to her as he slipped a bank-note into her hand: "They will not stay long—do the best you can." And Tilka, bridling a little at the bribery, said: "I guess I can so well do my work as if you do not haf to pay me all ofer again." Then she put the money in her bosom, and rushed at the stove with an Alpine war-cry that was meant for a yodel.

Notwithstanding the domestic annoyance to which the household was at first subjected by these unexpected visitors, the visitors, nevertheless, fitted themselves somehow into the situation of affairs with Bohemian ease and added a pleasant element to the atmosphere of drudgery brought about by John's inhuman improvements. Holcomb laughed at discomforts, slept on the floor in the garret, talked art wildly and aimlessly, sang songs of his own composing, picked raspberries like a hired man, and ate everything that was placed before him. He was in temperament as well as in appetite an exhilarating vacuum, with a joyous contempt for anything that was serious. As for Sprague, he was an interesting mystery. There was something about his slim figure, and especially about his pale face that flushed at the slightest provocation—a suggestion of delicacy—that piqued curiosity without ever gratifying it. His reticence appeared to be a sort of exhaustion, as if long association with Holcomb had worn him out.

When John went away to the city and left these two men on the place, he had some misgivings. They would add to Lucy's worry and work, and be very much in the way of the necessary and dirty drudgery of getting the place to rights. But when he came back at night, Lucy told him that his visitors had been off all day—she had seen nothing of them, and it was not till dinner-time that they came back, tired out. But after dinner, when the household assembled under the cedars, the guests contributed an element of pleasantry that was much needed. Lucy had sent word to May Braddock: "We've got a real live artist here from the city. At least he says he is an artist, but I can hardly believe it, for he blushes at the slightest glance. Come up and watch him."

The invitation was promptly accepted, and May Braddock drove up in her basket-phaeton and joined the party under the trees. Then for the first time, the anxieties and discomforts of the new home

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"'I SEND YOU, PER WELLS-FARGO, A THOROUGHBRED BULL TERRIER PUP.'"

were forgotten, and its petty duties disappeared in a pleasant circle where all gave free rein to their best spirits, and Holcomb suddenly rose to the full height of his delightful emptiness. May Braddock probably never saw anybody like Holcomb be-

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"'THERE IS SOME KIND OF DELIGHT IN SHAPING DULL MATERIAL TO YOUR WILL.'"

fore. She stared at him and listened to him with slight trepidation, not knowing at what moment his gayety of heart would break something. But it never did.

John was playing the host for the first time in his new home, and it was very delightful to see these unlike people melt for the time being into his own circle.

Holcomb, as an incident, might be very refreshing, like a shower, but a shower loses all its gladsomeness when it threatens to become permanent, and John had a good many serious things on his mind that worried him, and he would have given much to have found a serious and sympathetic listener who could have entered into his perplexities.

Sitting there under the trees in the evening, Lucy announced with the air of a discoverer that Holcomb composed and sung his own songs. "You should hear him sing one of his own compositions," she said to May Braddock.

"Oh, if you only would," said May Braddock promptly. "What kind of songs do you compose, Mr. Holcomb?—classic or romantic?"

"Only the too-ral-oo-ral kind, Miss Braddock," he replied. "Those naïve outgivings of the heart which have no meaning."

May Braddock looked at Holcomb very much as if he were a curiosity. The too-ral-oo-ral was something beyond her grasp.

"I should like to hear a song that has no meaning," she said. "Most of the popular songs have too much."

"Then I am your pansy," said Holcomb. "Mine is a simple goo-goo of the soul. I call it the mayonnaise of music, made to be poured over the dessert of one's indifference. It makes the sad heart gay, that's all."

Then the women coaxed him into the house, and presently, through the open window, came the thump of the cottage piano and a rich, high baritone, rollicking through the following song:

THE PRETTY LITTLE TOO-RAL-OO-RAL-A.

A catbird sat on a mulberry spray
And told his tale to the night.
He had nothing to tell, and he told it so well,
That the moon she was filled with delight.
She listened all night and she listened all day
To the mystic charm which, I might as well say,
Was nothing on earth but a too-ral-a.
Such a ravishing, rollicking, melting strain,
It was half of it gladness and half of it pain,
Till it seemed she could listen forever and aye
To his pretty little too-ral-oo-ral-a.

A lover leaned over a high-backed chair,
And poured out his aching heart
To a pensive and languishing maiden fair
From whom he could never part.
What it was that he said from his burning soul,
The maiden could never by any means say,
It was only a ravishing too-ral-a.
And she lost her heart and she lost her head,
She never could tell what it was he said,
But she died all the same in the ravishing sway
Of his pretty little too-ral-oo-ral-a.

And in Nature and Life it is always so.
The breezes play and the waters flow,
And the thing that will win in the night or the day
Is the thing that we never by any means say.
If your love would be deep and forever stay,
You must give it its own sweet ravishing sway,
With nothing to guide it but too-ral-a.
For the heart that is purest is sure to be caught
With the sound that is free from suspicion of thought.
To sigh and to simper is much the best way
With a pretty little too-ral-oo-ral-a.

When they returned to the trees where John and Sprague were sitting, Holcomb

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cried out: "Now don't shatter the charm by asking me what it means. If I had ever succeeded in meaning anything I should be as superior and as sad as Sprague."

But nobody made any comments. The fleeting odor of too-ral-oo-ral seemed to be beyond the general grasp. Mother, who resumed her rocker, leaned over to May Braddock, and asked, "Do you use pound-for-pound in doing up blackberries?" and John, who had apparently been discussing material things with Sprague, took up the broken thread of his conversation and remarked, "I find that the common hydraulic cement, one-twenty-five a barrel, answers my purpose quite as well as Portland cement."

Holcomb looked from one to the other. Lucy was the only person in whom the too-ral-oo-ral appeared to be struggling for a lodgment. She promptly came to Holcomb's assistance, and said, "You are a positive relief, Mr. Holcomb, in a place where everything has a tendency to settle down into seriousness."

"Ah," said Holcomb, "you are a musician, and know that song, after all, is only an aroma. Miss Braddock, I fancy, does not care for music."

"Yes, I do," said May Braddock tartly, "music that means something."

"Oh, why reduce it to such a dreadful level—with dirt-heaps and stones and red cement?" asked Holcomb. "If you want meaning, look about you; look at Sprague."

"I can listen to the great songs, almost religiously," said May Braddock, "but your too-ral-oo-ral is in a language that I have not learned."

"The great songs," repeated Holcomb with an air of awe, "as for instance?"

May Braddock thought a moment. "If you will sing 'Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.'"

Holcomb began clutching at something in the air, as if a distant vision had passed before him. "Gracious," he said, "you like songs with eyes in them, don't you—like potatoes? It's truly rural, which is the next thing to being too-ral-oo-ral. I've got a song of my own, all eyes, like an audience at a vaudeville. When you go in I will sing it to you—straight, and win back your faith in me."

Then nothing would do but Lucy must insist, with that delightful perversity that belongs to all delightful women, that they must go in and hear a song aimed straight at Miss Braddock, and when Holcomb got them into an encircling group, with May Braddock close beside him, he started in on another of his compositions which he called:

BLUE EYES TOLD ME SO.

I asked myself, when in my youth,
If womankind were ended,
If anywhere in life was truth
With gentleness still blended.
Oh, yes, my heart would always say,
The truth at last you'll know.

(At this point Holcomb turned and looked with most killing effect at May Braddock, as he added the last lines:)

I looked into a face one day,
And blue eyes told me so.

(Sprague, who was looking at the carpet and pulling his light mustache, added a

THE ARRIVAL OF VISITORS.

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blushing refrain of his own at this manœuvre.)

Can woman love as calmly sweet
As once our mothers did;
And under all the guiles we meet
Is constancy still hid?
Oh, yes, my heart replied, she can,
As in the long ago.

(The same killing languishment, as he added:)

Just look into blue eyes, my man,
And they will tell you so.

(Blushing refrain from Sprague.)

UNDER THE TREES.

So now I've grown mature, indeed,
And hold to something true.
The little grain of mustard seed
Has grown, my love, like you.
The flowers are springing in my heart
From rains of long ago.

(Languishment *fortissimo*:)

I look into your face, my love,
Blue eyes have told me so.

No sooner was this ditty rounded up, with Lucy doing all the applauding and Sprague all the blushing, than John took his friend by the arm, and they went back under the trees, where the serious thread of their former conversation was picked up.

"You see, as I was telling you," John began, "I've got a clear picture in my mind of what I want to do, but it is next to impossible to make anybody see it till it is framed and hung up."

"Always the way with pictures," said Sprague. "Always a bad idea to have everybody in the studio with you, where it's dirty work, and they misunderstand your model."

"What I object to," said John, "is that they will not take my word for it—that it *is* a picture. Even my wife—the best woman that ever lived, Sprague—thinks it's a dirt-heap, and when I get enthusiastic about it, she says, 'Yes, John, but it was all so comfortable before you disturbed it,' and that's crushing. As for the old residents about here, they do not believe in anything that they have not seen. The mason told me that a cistern built in the shape of a parallelogram was some kind of a heresy. He had always seen them built round, and he didn't like to depart from the faith of his fathers. There's that stone wall over there. It's a fine quarry. Some of the boulders at the bottom of it weigh a ton. They only needed splitting up to make the best building material in the world. When I proposed to split them the mason said it wouldn't pay—they would have to be drilled and blasted, and if I bought the drills, sledges, tamps, and powder and fuse a man couldn't get away with much more than one of them in

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a day, and it would cost more than it was worth. If I had been a man who depended on the experience of the veterans, I would have given up the job, for I calculated that, with this old process of drilling and blasting, the stone would cost me about eighteen cents a cubic foot to get it out. But you are not interested in these details."

"Oh, it's just lovely," said Sprague. "Go on."

"Well, do you know what I did? I found a man who had been taking out trees over in the mountains. I learned something. He did not cut the trees down with an axe and leave a stump that would take four men and a yoke of oxen two days to get out. He simply poked a hole down among the roots with a crowbar, shoved a dynamite cartridge with a fuse on it, into the hole, and lifted the tree, roots and all, into the air."

"Lovely," said Sprague. "Go on."

"Then I remembered that one spring, when there had been a washout on the West Shore Railroad, and a big boulder had come down on the track, and all the expert workmen of the neighborhood were calculating how long it would take to get it off—the engineers came up on a construction car, laid a cartridge on top of it, and blew it to flinders in about fifteen minutes. My man Mart and I uncovered some of the big stones, and several of them were as big as hogsheads. Swartout came over and looked at them. 'Cost you about five dollars and fifty cents to bury one of 'em,' said he. 'Don't intend to bury 'em,' said I. 'Cost you almost as much to drill 'em,' said he. 'Don't intend to drill 'em,' said I. He looked like a yawning gulf of compassionate superciliousness. 'Mebbe,' says he, 'you be agoin' to saw 'em up into slabs fer mantelpieces.' My dynamite man drove up one day when the women and the boy were off driving. He laid a cartridge on each one of the stones, and they fell into sharp-faced building chunks, just as nicely as if he had cut a pumpkin-pie with a knife."

"Lovely," said Sprague. "Go on."

"When Swartout came over and saw the boulders all divided up beautifully, the expression of his face paid me for the cartridges. Regular Quincy granite, some of those stones. Shouldn't wonder if they had rolled down from Massachusetts a million years ago—but this tires you."

"No, no," said Sprague. "It's a fairy tale. Go on."

"Well, sir, I said to myself, 'I can rebuild the whole of that house with such a fine quarry at my elbow.' But I haven't said it to anybody else for fear they might put me in the insane asylum."

"Have you a definite plan of the proposed house?"

"In my mind, yes. You see, I can put a stone bay on this end, the whole width, to please my wife—I ought to tell you she comes from the Bay State. Then I can run that north room out into a dining-room, and fetch the roof down in a long sweep over the porch, and put a stone tower on the north end. Do you catch the idea?"

"Exactly. I'll make a picture of it for you."

"Will you? That's just what I want. If you could put in the grounds as they will be when that cistern is working——"

"Good enough. How will they be?"

"First, a good solid piece of rustic stonework laid up in front for the fence—one of those walls about four feet high with the sharp, natural stone sticking out of them at regular intervals, with two carriage entrances flanked in time by two stone gateposts that I shall take my time to build. Then a footpath entrance in the centre, all of them laid down in hard gravel and running through a perfectly level and bright green lawn, with shrubs and heavily massed flowers bordering the roads and the path. You know the kind of flowers—petunias, sweet peas, poppies, marigolds, with flaming bunches of canna and salvia. But what I specially count on are the shadows of those old trees on the lawns."

"Lovely," said Sprague.

"The road will circle around the house and be gravelled, probably blue-stone, if it doesn't cost too much, and the *ombra* or porch of the house will come down into a suggestion of a *porte cochère*."

"Lovely," said Sprague. "What's it going to cost?"

"Just what I can afford to pay by the week—and that's the point of it. Nobody ever heard of a man doing it by the week. If I die in the attempt, I shall at least be entitled to the encomium that he tried to be original and luxurious on twenty-four hundred a year. I suppose I'm destroying what little faith you had in me. It usually acts that way with most persons."

"Not at all," said Sprague, "it's quite delicious. You'll do it. Any man who can

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dig a hole like that in spite of the opinions of mankind, can do anything that's reasonable."

"You can understand," continued John, "that there wouldn't be any fun in it if I were able to do it."

"No?" queried Sprague.

"I mean that if I were able to command it all done by fiat, it wouldn't be inspiriting. There is a kind of zest in walking on the edge of a beautiful precipice, that would be lost if one had wings. A man must overcome opposition, face incredulity, turn the other cheek also, make brains take the place of capital, and have patience enough to wait ten years; then, if he isn't broken down by contumely and drudgery, perhaps his children will get the reward."

"How lovely," said Sprague.

As John had meant this to be slightly querulous, he looked at Sprague and said, "What's lovely?"

"To be sure of your reward at the end of ten years," replied Sprague.

"But I'm not sure of it—that's the deuce of it."

"Oh, yes, you are; you are arriving all the time and bringing the reward with you."

"Do you think so?"

"Sure. I wish I had as big a hole in the ground as that to be proud of. I've seen you looking at it with admiration every half hour."

John laughed. "I suppose you are right," he said. "There is some kind of delight in shaping dull material to your will, but it is so slow and stubborn."

"Nobody knows that so well as an artist," replied Sprague. "If he could transfer his pictures from his mind to his canvas without wrestling with the earths, he would never paint—only dream. Tell me all about the hole."

"It's only a cistern. It looks like an inspiration or a bugaboo because it is so big—that's all. But when it is done and covered up, I shall feel like a man who has hidden his treasure in the ground. If I can live down the contumely meanwhile, I shall be paid. Do you know what they say in the village—I am looking for Captain Kidd's gold up here."

"Lovely," said Sprague, "and you'll find it. A man has to dig, I suppose, for everything, except——"

"Yes, except fame."

"No, I didn't mean that. I was going to say that he can get almost everything out of the earth except——"

"Yes, except what?"

"Well, except too-ral-oo-ral-a."

Then the two men looked at each other, and as Lucy and May Braddock came up, they found them shaking hands.

After this conversation, John had much more respect for Sprague, and it annoyed him to see that Lucy did not share his feeling. "I can at least tolerate Holcomb as a harmless divertisement," Lucy said, "but what you can see in Sprague to admire is beyond me."

"My dear, he is the only person I have met who sympathizes with me in my struggles."

"Well," said Lucy, "he gets red in the face while he is doing it—it must be that he is ashamed of it. Besides, he kicked the cat when he thought I did not see him."

"What," exclaimed John, trying to suppress his exultation, "kicked Medusa?"

"Yes. I did not intend to tell you, as he is your guest. But now it is out. I hope it will open your eyes."

"It does," said John.

Sprague came into the workshop the next morning. It was Sunday, and the guests were going away on the morrow. John was desecrating the day with a rip-saw.

"Sprague," he said, laying down the saw, "there are some little things that serve as links between human souls. They are trifles, but they draw men closer together."

"Are you referring to the cistern?"

"No," said John; "I am referring to the cat. You kicked her."

Sprague blushed.

"It was one of those little acts," continued John, "that make the world of masculinity kin. I have tried to kick her for a month myself, but she kept herself under the eye of my wife's mother, and I miserably failed. You detest the cat," and John held out his hand.

"I saw her eat six young bobolinks down in your meadow," said Sprague, "and not content with that, she finished off with the mother bird. But perhaps I should not have resented her act if she had not given me such a look of concentrated and sublime contempt."

"Yes," said John, "I know the look well. It is the most remarkable case of

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animal slang on record. She was brought here to kill moles. She has killed nothing but birds, and the moles run over her while she sleeps. But the women, God bless them, condone and spoil her on account of her fur. I tried my best to make friends with her when she came, but she treated me with queenly disdain from the start. I stroked her and called her Pretty Puss, at which she rolled up her yellow eyes at me and walked away contemptuously, saying as plain as a newsboy in Frankfort Street could say it, 'Oh, you go shoot yourself!' and opposed as I am to such vulgar language in my own household, I am compelled to put up with it in order to keep peace in the family. Mart tells me that since she came here she has eaten twenty-one young robins, six song sparrows, twelve bobolinks, eight meadow larks, four wrens, and three thrushes, and my respected mother-in-law says that the cat is an invalid, and that I ought to get some kind of prepared food for her because she will not eat her cream. How am I going to save the birds, Sprague, without breaking up my family?"

Sprague blushed.

The two men looked at each other in silent sympathy a moment. Then Sprague whispered: "You ought to try a bull terrier. I'll send you up a pup."

Neither of the men knew what he was about, or he would have paused. They shook hands once more, and buried in their bosoms the secret that was eventually to imperil the household.

The guests had gone away, and Lucy had noticed that May Braddock came to the station to bid Sprague good-by, and that they had some confidential adieus in a corner of the waiting-room, which led her to remark to John, "I shouldn't wonder if it were a match—there's no accounting for tastes."

Then passed several weeks, during which time John concentrated all his energies on his cistern. He stuck to it grimly. The stone walls rose slowly and the brick arch finally spanned the gulf. The plumbers came and worked wonderingly at a system of pipes that seemed superfluous. There were overflow and drainage pipes, supply pipes, pipe for kitchen pump, and pipe that was intended for an unbuilt tower—all snugly hidden down there and costing a great deal more than John had dared to contemplate. But it was finished at last, and when the soil was raked over it, and he stood on the square slab that marked the manhole, and thought of the engineering provision that he had made under his feet, he could not help wondering secretly if he would ever get the two hundred dollars back that it had cost him.

With what boyish interest he and Mart watched for the first shower; how eagerly they rushed out and turned off the jointed leader, so that the first dash of rain that washed the roof clean would not go into the reservoir, and then, as they made the connection again, and listened to the gush of water in the echoing vault, what satisfaction and pride beamed in their faces as they stood there in the downpour and watched the trembling and gushing leaders. The more furiously the rain fell, the more they exulted. "To think," said John, "that the clouds have been dropping fatness for years, and nobody thought it worth while to pick it up." With what gusto they drew the first beakerful from the kitchen pump, and how they smacked their lips over it, and insisted that it did not taste of cement, and how utterly useless it was to try and make the women like it! Mother said it had a flavor of shingles. Lucy detected a smoky taste. Her enthusiasm went no further than to acknowledge that it would be a great convenience on wash-days. So John had to work off his enthusiasm in a letter to Sprague, and was much comforted by a prompt reply that it was "lovely," to which a postscript was added to the following effect: "I send you per Wells-Fargo, a thoroughbred bull-terrier pup, out of Belcher's 'Virago,' by Pettibone's 'Pittsburgh Crib.' You will have to rig a bottle and rubber teat for him."

Then there was a season of relapse, when John and Lucy spent their evenings under the cedars quietly, listening to mother as she made a schedule of what she had preserved that day. Wesley, John said, was taking his vacation; he had not seen him for a week. "I think," he remarked, "that he is going to leave our firm; going into some new speculation. Your husband is safe from that sort of thing now, my dear."

But scarcely had they felicitated themselves on their happy immunity, when, presto, Wesley and his wife drove up to their gate.

(To be continued.)

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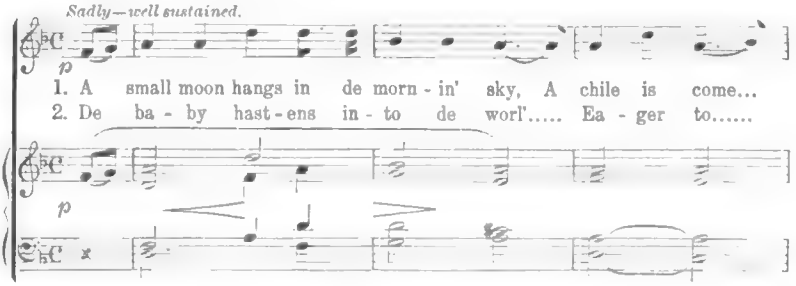
THE SONG OF THE WATCHER.

By Howard Weeden,

Author of "Songs of the Old South."

Music specially written for "Everybody's Magazine" by H. T. Burleigh.*

*Mr. Burleigh, well known as a baritone at St. George's Church, New York, and as a composer, has long been working to show that the true negro music is really worthy of serious attention, and is by no means adequately represented by the cheap "coon songs" that have so much vogue.

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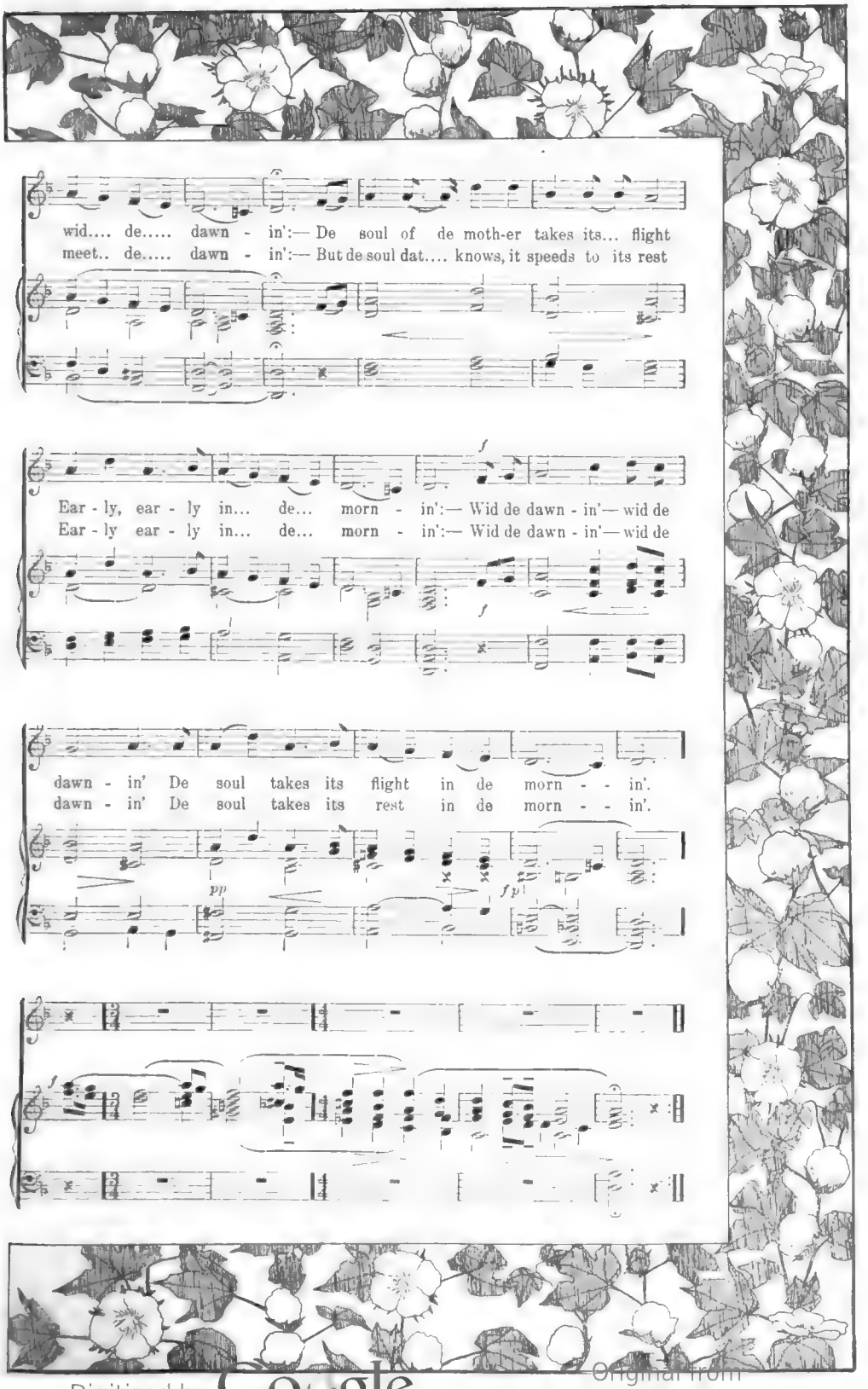
wid.... de..... dawn - in':— De soul of de moth-er takes its... flight
meet.. de..... dawn - in':— But de soul dat.... knows, it speeds to its rest
Ear - ly, ear - ly in... de... morn - in':— Wid de dawn - in'— wid de
Ear - ly ear - ly in... de... morn - in':— Wid de dawn - in'— wid de
dawn - in' De soul takes its flight in de morn - - in'.
dawn - in' De soul takes its rest in de morn - - in'.

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THE BIRTH OF A BUTTERFLY.

By L. W. Brownell.

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author.

In our growing apprehension of the linked life of the universe the flight of the butterfly has gained a significance and interest far beyond the casual appreciation of its radiance and grace. It is no longer as the frivolous saunterer, who through the sunny days flutters his life away among perfumed petals, that he figures. The beauty has its function, and subserves a vital purpose in the economy of nature. Like the bee, the butterfly is a workman in God's garden, and his mission to carry pollen from blossom to blossom, thus fertilizing and cross-fertilizing the seeds. Without these winged messengers of the air more than half the flowers in the world would be exterminated. Not only do they add to the color and loveliness of summer's pageantry, but assist in its creation. Does it not ripen the interest of the spectacle to realize that the swarm of opalescent insects one sees in the meadows, eddying in the golden sunlight, rising and falling in lazy abandon, swaying drowsily on the clover blossoms or balancing on the petals of the new-opened violets, in an existence apparently fetterless and fancy free, are really seriously at work performing the function of their being?

It is not so much of the butterfly's part in the economy of nature, however, as of the miracle of its birth, that I wish to write.

For this purpose I am going to take one of our most common species, the milkweed or molasses butterfly (*Anosia plexippus*), that large, reddish-brown fellow, with the conspicuous black veinings and white spots and markings upon his wings, who may be seen any and everywhere during the summer, flitting over the fields and gardens, or along the roadsides.

The worms or larvæ are commonly to be found feeding upon the different species of milkweed (*Asclepias*), and from this, their food plant, they take their name. They are rather striking in appearance, attaining a length of from two to two and one-half inches. They are banded throughout their entire length with transverse alternate stripes of black, yellow, and white. On the head are two black fleshy filaments, which on a full-grown worm are about half an inch long, and on the last segment of the body are two more, somewhat shorter. These the worms are continually moving and waving about, as other insects do their antennæ, and it is very probable that they are used for the same purpose.

The butterflies average about three to four inches across the wings, and are extremely numerous all over the United States; in fact, they have even migrated to other countries, and may be found, according to Dr. W. J. Holland, in Australia, Java, Sumatra, the Philippine and Cape Verde islands, and southern England.

They often congregate, especially during the fall migration, in large swarms composed of thousands of individuals. Such a swarm visited New York City two or three years ago, and settled upon the trees and grass of the parks, and even upon the roofs of the houses, in countless numbers, affording great amusement to the newsboys and other street urchins, many of whom, perhaps, had never seen a butterfly before, and who now chased them to their hearts' content. They have been known to gather on the Jersey coast, where the ocean bars farther migrations, in such immense congregations as to cover the bare trees as with a coating of leaves, and often a swarm is so large as to form a cloud so dense as to entirely obscure the sun, and of such an extent as to take several hours to pass a given point. I, myself, have seen a swarm, not quite of such a density, to be sure, that passed continuously in one direction from morning until night, never seeming to diminish materially.

I doubt if there is a man, woman, or child in the entire country who does not know this insect, at least by sight.

Most of the Lepidoptera are single brooded; that is, the butterfly or moth, as the case

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may be, emerges from its chrysalid or cocoon in the spring or early summer; the female lays her eggs almost immediately; the worms hatch in a few days; eat during the summer; pupate in the fall, and passing through the entire winter months snugly ensconced in their cocoons, or buried among the fallen herbage or under the stones or loose *débris*, emerge again in the spring as the imago. Thus we see that their metamorphosis occupies the entire twelve months of the year. With the milkweed butterfly, however, it is different. The changes are much more rapid, occupying much less time, and, consequently, there are several broods in one season.

These butterflies are migratory, passing southward in the fall in immense waves, and returning in the spring, so that, while one day may discover none, the next will often find them with us in hundreds. The undeveloped worms or chrysalids of the fall brood, when overtaken by frost, are killed, and none, apparently, live through the winter, so that the duties of propagating the race fall upon those who return from the south.

The little caterpillar whose life history is here related was found by me when not more than a day or two old, feeding upon a plant of the common milkweed (*Asclepias Syriaca*). I took him home, and by constantly supplying him with fresh stalks, kept him in a seemingly contented frame of mind. He grew very rapidly, passing, as nearly as I could judge, practically all of his time in eating. If he slept at all, it was in the dead of night, as I often found him eating as late as midnight and as early as five in the morning, and the leaves given him late in the afternoon invariably showed the effects of his voracity the next morning.

During his existence as a worm (which covered a period of ten days) he changed his raiment or, in other words, moulted five times. Each time he was sluggish for some hours before and after the casting of his skin. The moults occurred invariably in the night, so that I did not have the opportunity of actually observing the process.

On the tenth day he attained his full growth (Fig. 1), and became exceedingly restless, crawling over the leaves and stalks, taking a small nibble here and there, stopping every few moments to raise his head and the forward segments of his body from the plant and sway them about, as though trying to get a better view of his surround-

FIG. 1—LARVÆ FEEDING.

FIG. 2—LARVÆ HANGING, JUST BEFORE CHANGING TO CHRYSALID.

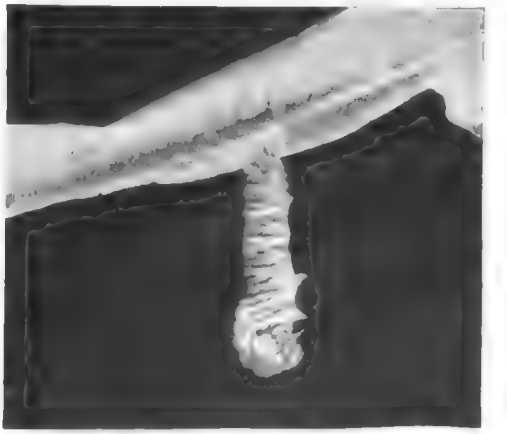

FIG. 3—CHRYSALID COMMENCING TO EMERGE FROM SKIN.

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FIG. 4—SKIN HALF-WAY OFF.

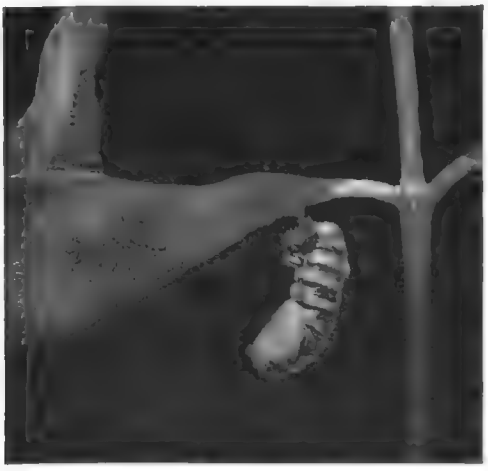

FIG. 5—CHRYSALID CASTING OFF DISCARDED SKIN.

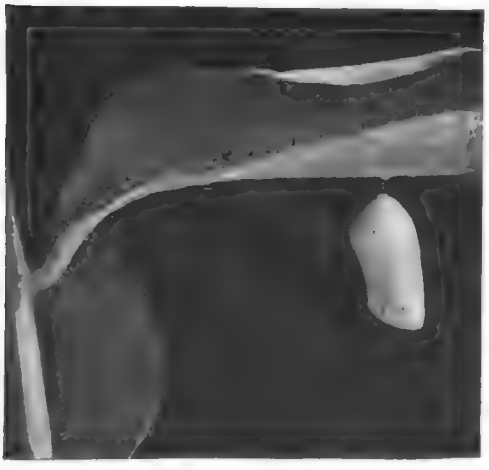

FIG. 6—PERFECT CHRYSALID.

ings. In all his actions he now appeared to be searching for something, and seemed at a loss to know just what to do next. Finally, this indecision ended, he selected a leaf and hung himself by his tail to the main vein on the under side, attaching himself to it by means of a small quantity of an adhesive, silky substance which he spun out in much the same manner as a spider spins his web.

In this position, curled up in the shape of a hook (Fig. 2), he hung for about twenty-four hours, absolutely quiescent, except when he or the plant was disturbed in any way; then he would twist and squirm about and show by every means in his power his disapproval of such motions.

During this period of inaction a marvellous change was going on in his inner mechanism, without any apparent outward indications. We were soon to see the results, however, for at the end of the twenty-four hours his body commenced to contract and expand longitudinally, the convulsions running over him in waves from his head to his tail. These lasted for about an hour, the body gradually straightening until it hung entirely perpendicular. The head and upper (or rather, as the insect was hanging head downward, the lower) parts then commenced to swell until the skin, given a greater pressure than it could bear, suddenly split between the eyes and for a short distance up the back (Fig. 3), and the chrysalid rapidly emerged from its erstwhile necessary, but now useless, covering, working it upward and backward by a continuation of the convulsions (Fig. 4), until it was contracted into a compact wad at the upper point or tail (Fig. 5). The point, armed with a small, sharp, black beak, was now withdrawn, while a small portion of the skin still remained attached to the chrysalid. This point was extended upward, and worked deeply into the silky substance by which the worm had attached himself to the leaf, until a tight connection was established, when, with a last convulsive jerk, the now entirely superfluous skin was cast off and the chrysalid hung, completely denuded of its covering.

My little friend now entered upon a period of seeming inertia, but in reality the change was still going on, although the wonderful workings of nature were completely hidden from human vision.

The chrysalid slowly changed from the

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shape shown in Fig. 5 to that in Fig. 6, this change being very gradual and occupying the best part of two hours. When entirely finished, it was a brilliant green, with a row of golden spots near the top. This object is, undoubtedly, familiar to most country children, who, finding it hanging from some wayside plant, pluck it, wondering what it is, and, squeezing it in order to discover what it is made of, end the life of the butterfly before it has really begun, and make themselves no wiser.

At the end of the twelfth day of this apparent inactivity the green color began to darken and turn brown, until, through the now transparent shell, the markings upon the wings of the enclosed butterfly could be distinctly seen. This was observed late in the afternoon, but it was not until the following morning that he escaped from his confinement.

Suddenly, and without any forewarning, the shell burst open at the lowest extremity, and the butterfly pulled himself out by the aid of his forelegs. This process occupied not more than half a minute.

The newly born insect now hung with his back downward from the empty shell (Fig. 7), his wings in such a wet and crumpled condition that to the uninitiated it would seem as though he were a deformed specimen. Slowly and gradually the wings began to expand and the wrinkles to disappear (Figs. 8, 9), until at the end of about ten minutes he left the empty and despised shell, and crawled to the top of the plant, with pinions now fully spread, but as yet damp and ineffective, so weak as to be utterly incapable of bearing even so slight a weight as the body of a butterfly (Fig. 10). The next four or five hours were spent in drying out and learning the way in which to use these newly acquired wings. When after two or three hours the warmth of the sun had sufficiently dried and strengthened them, he thought it high time to discover what, if any, use they were, so, very slowly and timorously at first, with strokes not exceeding one every three or four minutes, he commenced to open and shut them (Fig. 11).

Finding that they worked satisfactorily, after about two hours of testing he finally arrived at the point of trusting himself to them, and, leaving the plant which up to the present time during his whole life had been his home, he flitted with slow and awkward strokes to a nearby evergreen tree,

FIG. 7—BUTTERFLY IMMEDIATELY AFTER EMERGING FROM CHRYSALID SHELL.

FIG. 8—TWO MINUTES LATER.

FIG. 9—WRINKLES NEARLY GONE.

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FIG. 10—WINGS FULLY EXPANDED.

FIG. 11—TESTING AND DRYING THE WINGS.

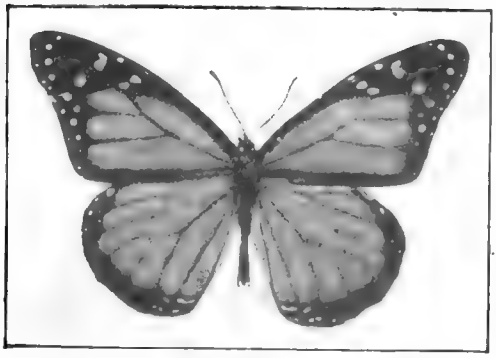

FIG. 12—THE PERFECT MILKWEED BUTTERFLY.

which he seemed to hail as a haven of refuge. To this he clung as to a friend in need, probably wondering at himself for his temerity in attempting such a hazardous undertaking, and at his good luck in having safely accomplished it. He considered, however, that this was an excellent place in which to recover from his arduous trip, and so for the next three or four hours he remained in the friendly evergreen, sunning himself with spread wings, and gaining momentarily both courage and strength for his future short life of usefulness and gayety.

Finally, probably after coming to the conclusion that what had once been successfully accomplished could be done again, if he but tried, he left his resting-place, and now, with surer, steadier strokes, gaining courage as he progressed, he sailed out into the world to seek what adventures might there await him. Following him with my eyes as long as he was in sight, I saw him dwindle to a mere speck in the clear atmosphere, and I thus lost my little friend, with whom I had become so well acquainted in the three weeks during which he had been my guest.

While the foregoing is a truthful and accurate sketch of the early life of a butterfly, still, in order to fully appreciate how wonderful the changes really are, one must study them for himself. It will fully repay any one to capture one of these worms and watch carefully its metamorphosis. I have done it very often, and I find fresh interest in it every time.

While the length of time occupied by the various changes differs somewhat, according to varying circumstances of climate and food, the little creature whose life history is here set down was entirely typical. The average length of time covered by the metamorphose from the egg to the butterfly seldom exceeds three and a half to four weeks, and never is less than three.

Before closing, just one word of caution to any one wishing to watch this process for himself: see that the worm has a constant supply of fresh leaves, and do not try to force him to eat a species of milkweed other than that upon which he is found. The most convenient and easiest way that I have found is to put a stalk of the plant into a bottle of water, and allow the worm to roam over it at will. This stalk will usually last until the leaves are all eaten, and the caterpillar will not attempt to leave it so long as there is any food left.

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TRAGEDY.

THE STORY OF A MOOSE.

By Maximilian Foster.

Illustrated by Carl Rungius.

OVER there in the north by the edge of the upper Ottawa lies a chain of ponds lost in the heart of solitude. Murmuring sedges rim their turgid waters, and summer sheets them with a rank, sick greenery of matted lily pads. Around lies a waste of bush—on one side the swamps of the black Beauchene; on the other, a wide sweep of heavy timber choked with torn and broken windfalls. Here track the moose, crossing from shore to shore, gorging on the lush and spongy lily-roots, or wallowing in the malodorous mud. Peace is theirs. Few journey in this wild, and there they grow—big moose, the bulls with antlers spreading an arm's breadth across.

Chabot—Chabot of the Algonquins—sat at his cabin door. Below, on the shore of Bumb Creek, his canoe lay beached, still piled with his pack, an axe, and three rusty bear traps. He had just come down from the north—from the Beauchene—and his larrikins showed it. One was as full of holes as a rotten rabbit blanket, and the other dragged behind a disconsolate, flapping sole. As Chabot said explosively with an oath, the Beauchene was a place to send an enemy, but never to take a friend. "Moccasin dam gone!" he exclaimed, ruefully reflecting upon the condition of his footgear. In a bucket at his elbow stood a new pair, fresh from the H. B. store, soaking against the time when he should try them on. But presently his face lightened, and his air of slow dejection vanished like a cloud before the summer sun.

"See um moose," said he—this to Peter, heir of all the Chabots. "See um one, two, four moose—one big, dam bull!" Peter evinced a proper interest, but Chabot had halted, again studying the deplorable condition of his moccasins. From this he turned to an inspection of the larrikins soaking in the bucket. Having turned the water out of them, he tried on the pair, thrusting his feet into their soggy depths. Then he arose, squashing the leather into shape with a grunt of satisfaction.

"How big dat moose?" demanded Peter, desiring accurate information.

"Um—dunno. Mebbe so big bimeby—dunno." He spread his arms to denote the width of antlers, and Peter, in derision,

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grinned. But Chabot gave no heed to the doubting of his heir. "Big moose, dat. Mos' big moose I ever saw." He turned slowly toward the north, his fat, bland face staring into the direction of the distant Beauchene. "Bimeby I go call dat moose. Mattawa feller give me 'leven—twenty—forty dollar. I kill um dat moose. Dunno—go shoot um dat moose, sure 'nuff."

Peter still sat, scratching his head in thought. A month before, by the judicious trading of certain mink and mushquash skins and an otter pelt, he had become possessed of a gun. It was an archaic arm, a relic of bygone days, and was calculated to slay all within its neighborhood without discrimination in favor of its owner. But Peter, having tried it with disastrous effect on a neighbor's geese, was eager to use it on the moose, a quarry yet to fall before him.

"Bimeby," said Peter thoughtfully, "bimeby I go kill um dat moose myself."

"Hunh!" exclaimed Chabot with scorn and disgust. "Bimeby I take um club." He reached out, and with a brawny hand in Peter's hair, his oily, black, and tangled hair, lifted Peter to his feet.

"Sure," said Chabot, "sure you go up in Beauchene, sartin you get lost. Bimeby you run round holler. Bimeby you fall down. Den *muckwa** come, and den Peter goo'-by. You try dat, sartin I take um club."

Peter frowned in recollection of that club. More than once he had felt it play a lively staccato upon his ribs—a sore memory that still stirred his imagination. But even so, he ached to go north into the Beauchene, though he knew he should ache still more were his fond parent to find him straying upon any portage in that wild.

Summer waned. Over there in the north the nights grew crisp, and a growing, glittering moon stared down upon the solitude. At midday a murmuring host of flies still came forth, but in the chill night air they died. Then the moose took comfort. Here, now, along the last pond in the chain came a herd of four—a cow, the summer's calf, and a spike-horn bull; behind them, a lord of the swamps, a great bull swinging his antlered crest lightly as if these heavy fronds were wisps of straw. His horns, though fully grown, were still in the velvet—broad, and spread widely with massive palms. Following at the heels of the cow, he swept his way through the brush, strong and valiant, a black giant, slouching and ponderous in his stride.

The sun dipped toward the hills, and already the night fog was lifting in the shadows of the trees. Stalking to the shore, the herd plunged into the shallows, and rolled, wallowing deeply in the mud. Grunting with satisfaction they lay there, and the baffled flies, droning in disappointment, withdrew and left them in peace.

But short was their peace, indeed. The cow, rising to turn around, halted, and stood fixed there rigid in alarm. Across the pond the crack of a breaking twig sounded faintly in the listless air. With twitching ears she stared into the bush; again a twig crackled under the tread of a heavy foot, and at that instant a passing breeze shook the spires of the black spruce overhead. *Woof!* With a snort of fright the cow drove the calf to its feet, and rushed to the shore, at her heels the spike-horn crazy with fear. But the big bull, facing the alarm, still stood out in the pond, his head fixed on high—temerarious, yet prepared discreetly for an instant flight.

The bushes parted and a man stepped forth, and following was a boy—Chabot and the heir-apparent Peter. Once more Chabot had come up into the Beauchene to find where the moose were using, and as a signal favor, brought Peter with him, too. Here they stood, now, and the bull stared, red-eyed and fixed with wild surprise. His gray-black mane pushed forward, jets of steam spumed from his wrinkling nostrils, and—*woof!*—he snorted loudly. Then a passing gust swept him the terrorizing taint. *Woof!* He lunged about, slow and awkward, snorted, and with a wild leap ploughed to the bank, breasted a windfall, and away went slashing through the forest.

"See um dat moose, now?" asked Chabot. "Dat big moose—mos' big moose I ever saw."

Peter stood transfixed, his mouth rounded, and his eyes great with eagerness. Then he gasped.

"Sartin dat big moose," said he. "Bimeby I shoot um dat moose—hey?"

"Hunh!" exclaimed Chabot. "Bimeby I take um club!"

There was no answer to this logic. But within Peter's soul cried out in protest. Forever—asked Peter of himself—forever was he to be a mere hewer of camp-wood;

* Algonquin for bear.

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"A COW, THE SUMMER'S CALF, AND A SPIKE-HORN BULL; BEHIND THEM, A LORD OF THE SWAMPS . . . SWINGING HIS ANTLERED CREST."

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forever a common drudge? No, cried out the inner voice; and following at his fond parent's heels, he took up the trail to camp.

Now came the frosts, touching the maple with a brush of fiery red. Overhead, the moon grew round and big, and flights of south-bound fowl traded from pond to pond. Fall had come, and along the ranges the rut was under way. Peace no longer prevailed; in the herd of four the spike-horn bull was appreciating the first sad fruits of existence. He noted with growing concern the bellicose attitude of the master-lord; for surly and jealous, the big bull mooned about the ridges grunting fiercely, or in the swamps beat his heavy antlers against the alder's trunks. Around his face hung the tattered velvet from his horns, now white and sharp about the points; and sometimes he dashed frantically down the hollows, and as frantically returned. Again, he prodded the spike-horn brusquely in the ribs, and the spike-horn wondered why. Uneasily the cow looked on. She watched these demonstrations, and bided her time. Then, one night, when the bull had gone charging down the slopes, she fled the opposite way, taking the calf, but leaving the be-puzzled spike-horn to settle his own affairs. Outraged at this desertion, he stood upon the hill-top, and felt resentment surging in his heart. Hark! There was the big bull coming back. The spike-horn's mane ruffled forward, and a red gleam shot from his eye. Rage possessed him. He spread his legs apart, squaring himself for the combat. *Oonh!* he grunted, and at the sound there was an answering roar from the oncoming lord. In masterful imitation, the spike-horn beat his clubs—still cloaked in velvet—upon the bushes. *Oonh!* he roared.

"THE COW . . . STOOD FIXED THERE RIGID IN ALARM."

Crack—crash! The big bull tore through the brush, and with glowering eyes stood confronting his younger rival. But rage had seized the spike-horn, and he cast discretion to the winds. Roaring, he fell suddenly upon the big bull's flank, and jabbed him viciously with short and stubby horns. A bellow of rage and pain burst from the giant; he swung about, and driving down upon the spike-horn, threw him heavily upon his haunches. Then he gored brutally while the vanquished young one struggled to his feet, and, turning tail, the spike-horn fled squealing down the ridges before his infuriated vanquisher.

Three days after this, still sore and aweary, the spike-horn lay in a swamp, where the black mud brought balm to his wounded ribs. Life was no longer what it had seemed in the first heyday of his youth, and solitude oppressed him. His heart grew fond with longing; he thought of a young, sleek, velvety cow he had seen days before wallowing in the upper ponds. Where was the charmer now? He heaved slowly to his feet, and slunk down to the open water. *Oonh!* he grunted softly.

What was that? From a neighboring ridge came a dulcet tremolo, a soft answer to his call. *E-ee-unh!* It arose whispering on the night-air, a seductive chord; and with his eye aflame, the spike-horn charged across the shallows, and burst his way into the arbor beyond. There stood that self-same sleek and velvety cow, blandly cropping at the browse, and quite unaffected by his masterful presence. The spike-horn was nonplussed; he halted in his stride, and stared at the charmer. Then he grunted again, and at this his adored looked superciliously about. Somehow, he had created an effect, so to push his suit, he fell to

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beating the bushes with his spikes, feeling strength and valor stirring in his breast; in his heart, a deep love. Surely the brave deserve the fair; the spike-horn lifted his head, and roared defiantly to the world. At first the world gave no answer, so the spike-horn roared again. *Oonh! Oonh!* Then more loudly—*roonh!* The echoes were still beating from the hills across the evening quiet, when an answering challenge came thundering down the flat—*Woonh! Woonh!* —hoarse and vengeful, the voice of mastery.

Silence followed. The spike-horn stood with his mane ruffled in rage, his head lowered for the affray; again the heavy answer roared across the interval. He heard the brush crash beneath the other's tread, still again he roared, and out from the timber yonder strode the big bull. Wrath possessed the colossus. He beat his horns upon the trees till they clashed like steel striking upon steel, and at a clipping stride rushed to the combat. The spike-horn irresolutely paused. He beheld his ancient foe, and his spirit weakened. There stood the cow, looking on, and then, mischievously, as if to provoke the affray, she lowed softly—*oow! eunh!*

"THE SPIKE-HORN LIFTED HIS HEAD AND ROARED DEFIANTLY TO THE WORLD."

Enough; the spike-horn blared back with valiant purpose. He roared loudly, and the big bull, rushing the cover, fell upon him like an avalanche. Then fled the cow.

The conflict was short. Once more the lord of the swamps smashed down the weakling's guard, jabbed him viciously, and with guttural bellows drove the usurper over the hill-top, and far from the scene of his wooing. So, sore and violent with impotent rage, the spike-horn again sought seclusion in a swamp, where for a week he lay in silence.

"Fine night," said Chabot; "sartin I go call um dat moose." Peter grinned. He sat on his hams intently silent, while the head of the house of Chabot stood before the fire rolling a square of birch-bark, now heating it in the flame—now bending it upon his knee. Presently, with a dexterous hand, he twisted it into shape—a moose-horn with a superior tone, fit to draw from his haunts the wariest moose. Binding it with a thong of spruce-root, Chabot trimmed the edges to his satisfaction, and then with a solemn wink at Peter, lifted it to his lips. *Oow! eunh!* he grunted seductively—*eunh!*

"Sartin call um dat moose," said he.

Peter reached out and took the horn. Often in the family manse on Bumb Creek he had listened to his parent practising; often when there was nothing else to amuse, Peter had tried a simulation of the cow's wooing call. With a sidewise look at his father, he breathed into the horn—grunted once appealingly—and then throated the long call, the sonorous whine of the love-sick charmer of the wild. Chabot nodded.

"Not so bad. Sartin bimeby you call um moose. Dunno—mebbe."

Silence lay upon the forest. Treading softly, Chabot and the eager Peter linked through the bush toward the distant pond. Chabot led, bearing his rifle and the moose-horn; Peter bearing only a frayed and dissolute H. B. blanket, many seasons the worse for wear. "Why you bring um dat blanket?" Chabot demanded, keen with scorn. "Moose-hunter—dam—take no blanket." Part of his philosophy was that to insure success one must suffer every discomfort of wet and cold. "Bimeby moose come—no say nothing—dam blanket; can't shoot." But Peter had another reason for bearing this extra burden. In a hollow log beside the canoe, he had stored his precious gun, and determination nerved him. He

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was bound to fling at least one bullet into the ribs of that lordly bull, and no threat of club could stay his purpose. But he was also aware that Chabot would never suffer him in the canoe along with this deadly arm. So the blanket was to serve a double purpose—to sit upon and to hide his destroying weapon. "Bimeby," he sniffed evasively, "bimeby catch um cold." And Chabot only grinned in derision.

They launched the canoe, and Chabot went off into the bush a piece, searching for the paddle. Peter, with a dexterous gesture, slipped his gun aboard, and hid it within the blanket.

"Don't say northin'," warned Chabot, "don't hit um canoe wit' paddle. Bimeby see moose."

Peter nodded, and they pushed from the shore.

In the quiet air arose a soft appealing murmur, a low, seductive cadence. It stole through the silent, austere forest, filling the world with a querulous echo. A gang of ducks, disturbed from the neighboring sedge, arose with a heavy splash, and whisked away above the trees, clamoring at the disturber. Back from the hills beat the sound, and after it—silence. A half-hour passed; the sun had dropped below the distant hills, and a light vapor eddied about the chill surface of the pond. Again the moose-horn tried the distant covers—louder and more appealing. No answer.

"Sartin dat moose long way off," exclaimed Chabot.

"Dunno," answered Peter, in dejection, "mebbe he got um cow a'ready."

Long shadows stole across the pond, and the moon overhead, fleecy, first, in the light of the dying sun, gave forth a radiant gleam. Darkness came. Once more Chabot tried the horn. *E-unh! E-ee-oo-ooo-oonh!* A long, wailing bellow, agonizing and full of lovelorn sorrow—loneliness, a cry of solitude.

A quick movement of the two set the canoe rocking upon the placid pond. What was *that?* They listened, their nostrils spread, their breath whistling in the stillness. *Oonh!* Then—*Runh!*

"Over there!" hissed Chabot in a whisper. He pointed to a neighboring hill, his eyes glittering with satisfaction."

"No—not over there!" cried Peter. "Hunh—listen; over here!"

They hearkened again. "By gar!" exclaimed Chabot, "hear um two moose; bimeby fight, mebbe."

The spike-horn bull stood in a cedar swamp, his feet spread apart and his head hanging low. All day he had been running up and down the ridges, and now that night was come he paused to listen. Perhaps in this quiet he would hear the voice of his charmer—perhaps; but he had scant hope. A nearby owl screamed, and he started, nervous at every unwonted sound. But then silence fell again upon the forest, and only his heavy breathing disturbed the quiet air. *Unh!* what was that? He heard a soft appealing murmur—a low, seductive cadence—steal through the whispering night. With beating heart he listened, and the echo died away. Silence again. Cautiously he moved in the direction of the sound. Once again, as he plied through the darkening forest aisles, he heard the call go up; then again—loudly and distinct. *Unh!* he grunted—*unh—oonh!*

Across the hills came another sound, a fiercer, deeper answer to the horn—*woonh—runh!* But the spike-horn, ploughing through the bush, for a while heard nothing but the dulcet obbligato, the soft appeal, the birch-horn simulating the cry of love. The big bull, swaggering and self-conscious, was bound for the wooing, too. At his heels trotted the sleek and velvet cow, vainly trying to draw him from her rival. But the big bull, arrogant in his might, was disposed to pay double court; at any rate, to look upon the charms of this other cow. *Aarnh!* whined his doleful mate—*aarnh!* But he still made on. Again she whined, crying like a whimpering hound, when the bull halted and looked back. Should he go or not? Truly he that hesitates is lost. Once more the tones of the horn floated over the interval, and with a loud answer, he pressed forward, ignoring the appeals to return.

On the hill-top overlooking the pond paused the spike-horn bull. *Oonh! Oonh!* he grunted. The effect was magical. Below from the pond came a soft, insinuating answer; from the opposite hill, a loud, roaring challenge. Eagerness fled from the heart of the spike-horn; it was his enemy's voice. He stood there, wild with rage, yet prudently prepared for flight. Once more the horn sounded, and the big bull gave the answer, ending with another challenge roar. No, the spike-horn had learned a lesson of

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"TURNING TAIL THE SPIKE-HORN FLED, SQUEALING DOWN THE RIDGES BEFORE HIS INFURIATED VANQUISHER."

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discretion, and at heavy cost. He would not answer the challenge, but still he would steal down to the pond for at least one look at his charmer. So softly, gliding like a shadow, he stepped down the ridge, silently, with no more noise than a hunting mink would make. In this way he reached the soft ground below, and was just turning toward the pond, when a light air wheeled across the flat. *Whoo!* What was that? His nose stretched forth, wrinkling, and tried the passing breeze. *Whoo!* One gulp of the tainted air turned him right about, and he fled, stealing away terrified.

On came the big bull unwarned. He reached the low ground, and stood there beating his horns upon the trees. Again he grunted, again and again. Slosh—slosh—slosh! He heard the fair one treading along the shadows; so he thought; but it was Chabot threshing the water with a paddle. *Ow-eunh!* called Chabot.

A sudden crash broke from the bush. "Coming," hissed Chabot. Peter, with a convulsive movement, dragged forth the gun beneath him. He stretched it out over the bow of the canoe, and with thumping heart, waited, his finger on the trigger. Again—another crash. Out into the shallows rushed a black hulk—a moose! It stood, for an instant revealed in the moonlight, and Chabot, dropping his gun, cursed aloud. It was the cow; she had rushed in to drive away her rival. There she stood, looking everywhere, grunting in her rage.

"Dam!" said Chabot. "See um dat dam——"

A ripping detonation cut him short; from the bow of the canoe shot forth a streak of flame lighting the black shadows under the leaning trees. Night roared with a thousand echoes, and the choking fumes of powder hung heavy upon the air. There for an instant stood the cow in silence, but only for an instant. A hoarse bellow of fear burst from her; she turned about, and galloped madly for cover. Crash—crash—crash—away she went, and before her fled the bull.

"What for you shoot um dat cow?" cried the wrathful voice of Chabot. "By gar, you miss um, too. Sartin—by gar sartin I take um—dam——"

High into the night arose the swift staccato of a thumping club and the loud yells of Peter, heir of all the Chabots.

Once frightened, a moose goes far. For three days Chabot tracked the forest, circling widely, before he found again where the big moose was ranging with his cow. Meanwhile, Peter was marooned in camp, his back and ribs still a sore reminder of that dramatic night. Beyond the last of the Beauchene ponds Chabot at last ran upon the quarry's track—a deep-beaten runway where the moose came down to the water in the night. An open barren lay around the pond—a dark pug-hole fathoms deep with mud. Chabot looked about. He picked up the trail, and followed, marking the way toward the timber. Deviously it led along the barren's edge, and at last turned toward a neighboring ridge. Under foot, the dried leaves lay deep, noisy, and alarming, and for fear of starting the game again, Chabot dared go no farther. But he made sure before returning that it was the big bull, or, at any rate, one quite as large; for where the moose passed between two trees at least an arm's breadth across, his horns had chipped the bark on both.

"Sartin dat big moose," Chabot reflected; "sartin dat same bull."

Peter still sat by the fire cleaning his beloved gun, when a cracking twig gave warning. Thrusting the rifle into the bushes, he settled into a dejected attitude, and gave no answer to Chabot's surly "Hunh!" But presently Peter noted that his father's sullen reserve was melting like spring snow on a southern hillside.

"See um dat moose?" asked Peter, tentatively.

Chabot turned round. "No see um moose—find track."

Delight spread upon Peter's solemn face. "You find um, hey? *Moom*—good! Bimeby I go——"

Chabot's hand reached for the kettle-prop—a long and supple staff of ash—and his fingers closed upon it. "Hoh!" he cried, and Peter said no more.

"Bimeby *I* go call um dat moose," Chabot announced; "bimeby *I* go kill um."

He settled himself before the fire, and with his skinning-knife fell to trimming the edges of his moose-horn. Peter debated. What course should he pursue? Over yonder was the big bull, and he had never killed a moose. Forever should he be a hewer of camp-wood; forever a common drudge?

"Where you see um dat moose?" he asked, his keen eyes belying the innocence

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of his voice, and Chabot fell a victim to the duplicity of his son and heir.

"No see um moose—find um by big barren—hunh!"

Peter arose and sauntered into the bush. Once out of sight, he took to his heels, and ten minutes later was stripping a square of bark from a birch, and twisting it horn-shape; whistling gayly as he worked. This finished, he slouched back to the fire.

"Peter, you sit by fire; I go call um moose." Chabot arose, gun in hand. "Fine night, sure 'nuff; hear um moose—bimeby see um."

He strode off up the trail, and Peter leaped to his feet. He waited till the retreating footsteps died away; then kicked out the fire and snatched up his gun and horn. With one last look around, he sped away in pursuit, and silence once more resumed her own.

Up and down the ranges ran the spike-horn, still looking for his cow. From the lower Beauchene, eastward into the edge of the big barren, his chase led on. He raced along the ridges, grunting now and then, or in the swamps halted, pawing pot-holes in the black mire and beating the alders with his horns. A frenzy possessed him, for the rutting rage had filled him anew with valor. What was the big bull to him, or any foe before him? *Runh!* he grunted hoarsely, and almost as if in echo, the droning call of a wooing cow sounded across the barren. A moment's silence; then he roared the answer.

On a neighboring ridge lay the big bull and his cow. He, too, heard the call and pricked his ears. *Unh!* he grunted softly, and the cow, lying in a neighboring thicket, lifted to her feet. There she stood, listening, her ears wagging like a semaphore, and a sullen light in her eye. In truth, the course of true love to her had proved a rough, uneven path; an experience hardly to be desired. Before her lord she had been driven from range to range—knocked about in the bull's moments of frenzied displeasure—goaded, gored, and harried along the runways. Now she awaited only the opportunity to flee his presence; and once more the call of another charmer sounded in his ears.

Runh! Runh! The big bull swept his horns from side to side, beating the bushes in his way. With a long stride he marched down toward the barren, the cow close at his heels. She was silent now—on the watch, waiting. She followed till they reached the edge of the cover, and there the bull raised his voice again—*wunh! runh!* Across the barren came an answer—*unh! oonh!*—the challenge of the spike-horn. Then silence.

A light air sighed among the trees. It swept over the bull and his cow, eddied a moment among the tops, and then blew straight across the opening. *Whoo!* The spike-horn sniffed the breeze, tainted with the blended scent of man and moose. *Whoo!* he sniffed, and was silent. Softly he crept along the forest-edge, cautiously trying the air. But once more the breeze had died away, and the scent was gone. Now came again the horn's low voice, stirring the echoes on the hill. Hoarsely, the big bull answered, and forgetting all, the spike-horn roared the challenge back.

Far down the barren arose the cry of another cow. Dismally soft, it wavered over the sleeping forest and murmured to the skies, rising and falling in waves of sorrowful sound. Chabot, hidden in the brush out there upon the barren, heard, and raised his head to look.

"Hunh! Dam cow call um away."

A dense silence fell upon the forest-world; on one side stood the big bull listening, on the other the spike-horn raptly intent. Then breaking from the cover, the spike-horn raced down the open barren, grunting as he sped along. *Runh!* roared the big bull, following. In vain Chabot yodled upon his horn. Once he stopped the pair, but a soft grunt from the other charmer down below tolled them along anew.

"Hunh!" exclaimed Chabot, suddenly and with attentive ear. "Hunh! What dat?" He listened anew to the other call, heard it come floating out of the distance, throaty and alluring, and with a savage curse, struck his hand upon his knee.

"Who call um dat moose?" he cried aloud.

It was Peter—the graceless Peter—gone moose-hunting on his own account. Chabot swore again.

The spike-horn bull halted with a crash of breaking wood. *Whoo!* The air was rank with the scent of man. *Whoo!* he snuffed aloud, and the big bull heard him snorting. But before he could turn to flee —*aarn! aarn! e-unh!*—came the whine of a moose-calf. Peter, indeed, was trying

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all his arts. Again the big bull roared, and though the spike-horn had detected the cheat of the horn, he stood there, awaiting the climax.

Oonh! Oonh! he grunted, and at the challenge, out rushed the big bull, crashing down the thickets, and like a whirlwind tearing into the open. *Oonh! Woonh!* he bellowed—and a crash like a clap of thunder broke from the bush before him.

Hill spoke to hill in the trail of the ripping report. Over the barren floated a cloud of white and fleecy smoke, and the air was rancid with its odor. Cling-bang! Again the night shocked with the thunderburst, and with one wild plunge, the big bull swayed, gasped with a deep-drawn breath, and fell to his knees. His head, crowned with massive horns, shook from side to side; his breath whistled in a deep-drawn sigh. Clip-bang! His head fell forward, he heaved once with a violent shudder, and fell, rolling upon his side.

Out of the thicket raced a form—wild-eyed, with a white and drawn face. With demoniac yells of joy, it raced up to the flank of the dying quarry, and screamed anew. It was Peter, and around his head he waved a smoking gun, ruined forever now, and with its fore-end shattered from the barrel. "Whoop!" he yelled, and at that juncture, a stout hand reached out in the darkness and seized him by the hair. With an agile wrench, Peter tore himself free.

"Sartin I kill um dat bull!" he yelled. "Look—you see um dead!"

Chabot looked, and his mouth opened wide. There lay the bull, a colossus, whose head was crowned with antlers an arm's breadth across. "By gar!" he exclaimed, "sartin you kill um big moose."

Beyond, among the ridges, a pair of moose swept along the runways. One was a sleek and velvety cow, the other a spike-horn bull.

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STEERING BALLOONS BY UPPER AIR CURRENTS.

By John M. Bacon.

Illustrated from Photographs.

MR. LOW, the famous American balloonist, who succeeded once in actually establishing telegraphic communication between his balloon, when floating over the field of battle, and the seat of government at Washington, often speculated on the possibility of a yet greater triumph. He spoke confidently of the use that might be made of the varying trends of upper currents to pilot a balloon in free space, arguing that as a current in a fluid in one direction induces necessarily a compensating one in another, it might be practicable for a balloonist who desired to convey his craft in any given direction, to accomplish this end simply by rising through successive currents of the atmosphere until he encountered one that would directly serve his purpose.

As may be supposed, this same idea had already occurred to others, though it had not been put to actual test in any systematic manner. More than twenty years before, Mr. Wise, who has been well styled "the most practical of American aëronauts," had recorded the fact of his having found not only diverse upper currents, but that "at a certain elevation varying occasionally, but always within ten thousand feet of the earth, a current from west, or rather from the north of west, invariably prevailed." About the same period, too, the famous English aëronaut, Charles Green, recorded similar experiences. During his very numerous voyages he had noted that at varying heights above the earth he encountered currents of air which carried him in a different direction from that in which the wind on the ground would have borne him. He suggested, therefore, that were it only possible to maintain any desired altitude indefinitely it might be in the power of a balloonist to travel in any direction he wished by first finding the right current, and then remaining uniformly within its influence.

Both Wise and Green were practically in accord in their view of this possible mode of guiding a balloon. Both, moreover, were prepared and anxious to attempt to sail the skies from America to England by means of the prevailing upper west wind already mentioned, if only the necessary funds were forthcoming.

A more hopeful application of the same available means of piloting a balloon's course occurred lately to the writer, suggested at least in part by the incidents of the most famous of all Mr. Green's voyages —that from London to Weilburg in 1833. On that memorable occasion, before the light of day had disappeared, it had become apparent to the sky sailors that their balloon, when about to leave the coast of Kent, was heading too much towards the north over the German Ocean, whereupon Green sought to make a more direct passage of the Channel simply by ascending into a higher current which he judged to trend in the right direction. "Nothing," wrote Mr. Monck Mason, the chronicler of the party, "could exceed the beauty of the manœuvre or the success that attended it."

Now, undoubtedly the element of chance contributed very largely to the success of the voyages on this occasion. Green was fortunate enough to find a current that would suit him, and he practically maintained the same direction simply by remaining as far as possible at the same sufficient altitude. Had he, however, wished to make for any particular spot on the Continent, say Brussels or Berlin or Hamburg, which was not the case, he could hardly have counted on achieving his object by finding the exact wind that would drift him to any of these places. And yet, maybe the very winds which he had already exploited would have been fully sufficient for his purpose. The upper current, it is true, would have taken him too far south, while the lower one would have diverted him too much to the northward, yet if he only had sufficient ballast—and the story goes that he had a ton!—he could have made use of both currents alternately, and so "tacked" his aërial ship across the heavens until he

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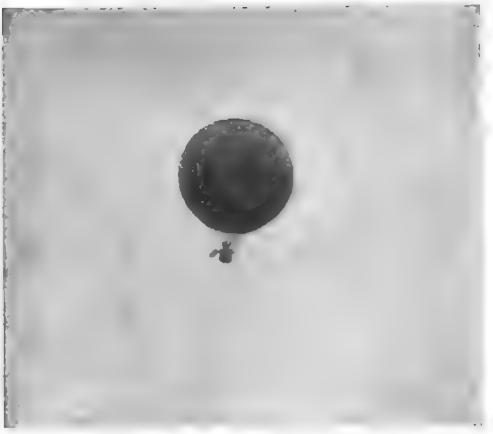
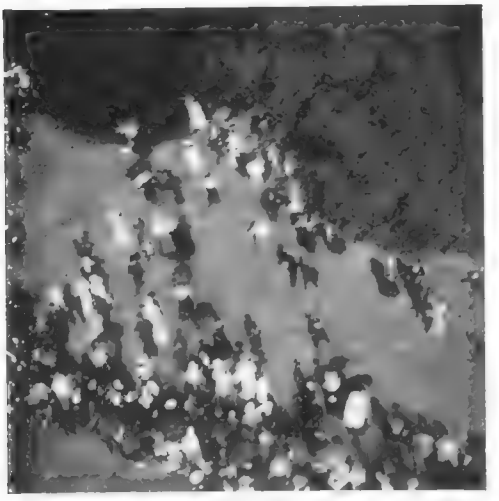
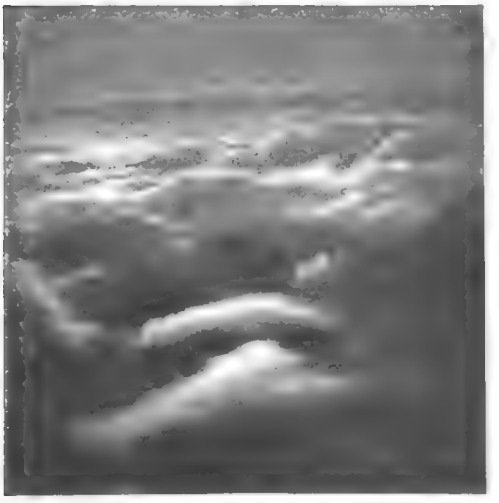


THE RETREATING BALLOON.



LEAVING THE GROUNDS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



ABOVE THE CLOUD FLOOR.

brought it at least within measurable distance of his goal, always assuming that the view of earth was sufficiently clear.

It will thus be seen that for the benefit of the adventurous voyagers there were available two distinct currents blowing definitely within certain limits, and it is the experience of the writer that a favorable choice of winds is very constantly to be met with aloft in even what may be considered unlikely weather. Two typical examples of this shall be given.

Starting from the Crystal Palace, England, on an August afternoon in the midst of the long-continued hot summer weather of 1898, my colleagues and myself commenced to drift lazily eastward with a ground current so feeble as to induce the belief that an extended voyage would be impracticable on that afternoon. But on reaching an altitude of five thousand feet, with perfect suddenness a strong upper current from the north-north-west was encountered, and the balloon at once took a rapid flight towards Beachey Head, making it clear that before the afternoon was spent the English coast could be reached and, possibly, that of France if only our store of ballast sufficed. There was some considerable leakage of gas, however, and the balloon frequently dipped into the lower current, requiring to be corrected by constant expenditure of sand, so that our course assumed a wavy line. Moreover, the life of the balloon being curtailed, it became imperative to land on English soil, and a rapid and somewhat sensational descent was made on the bare edge of the cliffs at Hastings. Here it was found that the ground current which we had observed at starting still prevailed, blowing sensibly in the same direction as at the Crystal Palace, but with the important difference that it was no longer a feeble wind, but one of sufficient strength to make fast travelling. Thus, so far as winds were concerned, we had it in our power not only to cross the Channel but to direct our passage within somewhat wide limits.

On another occasion, in spring weather of the following year, we learned a yet more striking lesson with regard to upper currents. The ascent again was from the Crystal Palace, but the wind, which was from the east as we left the earth, was blowing at a velocity of some twenty miles an hour. The afternoon was densely overcast, and at fifteen hundred feet we entered a thick

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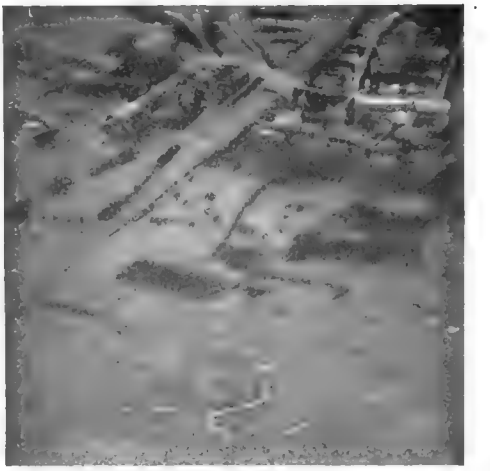
cloud layer which overspread the entire British Isles. At three thousand feet we had emerged clear above this gloomy barrier, having an unsullied sky of purest blue above us, but gaining not the smallest glimpse anywhere of earth, and in this condition of affairs we remained at a uniform altitude for a period of two hours, at the end of which time we judged it prudent to dip down through the cloud floor for the purpose of making sure of our whereabouts. We knew nothing about this, though we had not the smallest reason to suppose that at this moderate height our original course had greatly altered.

A moment's consideration will suffice to show that though possessed of a compass it was impossible for us to gain the smallest clew as to our actual drift, inasmuch as the floor below us was without fixed or definite features, being in constant turmoil and changing from moment to moment like the surface of a troubled sea. We calculated, however, from the speed and direction of the wind, which we had noticed on leaving the earth, that we should find ourselves over the heart of the home counties, presumably somewere beyond Reading.

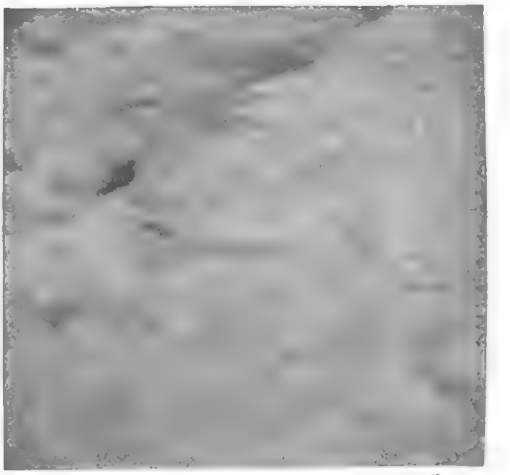
As we shot down through the thick cloud our ears were assailed with a strange splashing sound, which, though altogether new, we surmised must be caused by a downfall of rain on one of the large woods, say, of Berkshire. Greatly to our surprise, however, as we emerged, below us there lay the sea, out over which we had been fast but unconsciously drifting. More surprising still was the fact that we were off the east coast of England, while the approaching land told us that we were, as at the start, still going west. Thus it was evident that at an altitude of only half a mile we had, entirely without our knowledge, been taken aback by a strong current blowing in a direction diametrically opposed to that which held sway near the earth.

I shall now, I hope, be pardoned for having entertained the idea that during the earlier British operations in South Africa the balloon had not been put to all the uses of which it is undoubtedly capable. Remembering my own experiences through a long series of ascents, in which very accurate meteorological observations had been made, it had become a question in my mind whether an expert balloonist might not have been able to tack his balloon, by the method



OVER KENT.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE SEA.



"LIKE THE SURFACE OF A TROUBLED SEA."

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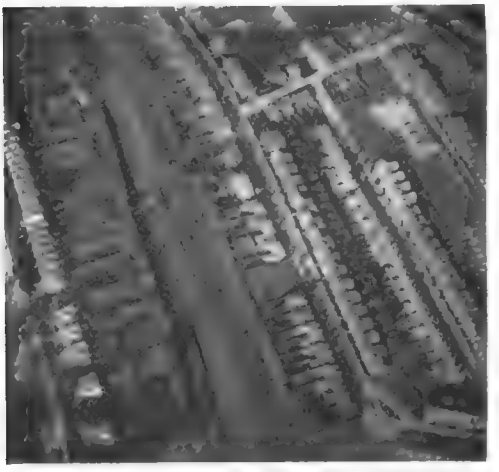
OVER NEWBURY.



LEAVING THE SUBURBS OF NEWBURY, BERKSHIRE.

SENSATIONAL DESCENT ON THE CLIFFS AT HASTINGS.

already indicated, over hostile country so as to have come within signalling distance of even a remote and isolated centre such as Kimberley or Mafeking. I was, at any rate, resolved to seek some solution of this question.

However, about this period it became my mission to visit America, having been placed in charge of the only English expedition that crossed the Atlantic to observe the total solar eclipse under the exceptionally favorable conditions to be found in the Southern States. Thus it came about that before I was ready and equipped to undertake the ballooning experiments to which I stood committed it was once again summer weather and gentle August breezes were all that seemed available for my purpose.

The equipment which seemed sufficient for a trial trip was by no means elaborate. First, a number of small paper parachutes attached to post-cards and addressed to one of the leading London papers, which had warmly taken up the experiment and announced it freely for some time previously. Each post card simply bore a printed request begging the finder to place it in the post, having first entered upon it the name of the spot where it fell. These missives, cast out at regular intervals, would then serve the double purpose of indicating the diverse drifts encountered as we proceeded over the country, and of enabling the true course of the balloon to be afterwards accurately mapped out. Next, the actual signalling apparatus taken up was merely that occasionally adopted in the service, usually suspended from a mast-head and known by the name of a "collapsing drum." This consists of a skeleton frame, in shape like a drum or barrel, over which some material is stretched of such a color as to show well against either blue sky or gray. It thus forms a very conspicuous signal even at long range, while by a simple contrivance it can be readily collapsed into an object of almost vanishing dimensions. To the observer its mode of operation somewhat resembles that of an umbrella when it is made to open and shut at pleasure squarely to the line of view.

It was found that this drum, when hanging in the clear below the car of the balloon, could be seen by the aid of field glasses at a distance of from ten to fifteen miles—an abundantly satisfactory result—while as a recognized service signal its mode of con-

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veying messages would hardly need pointing out. A long pause, with the drum extended, would naturally represent a dash, a short pause a dot, and thus the ordinary Morse code signs could be clearly and rapidly produced and read. It might be taken for granted that in every town, or almost every village, near to which we might pass there would be several individuals, such as post-office clerks, retired service men, and others, who would be able to recognize any messages that were being flashed, and to say if they were capable of being interpreted. The seeing of the signals, however, was not left to mere chance observation, for added to the equipment already described was a supply of detonating fog signals, which could be lowered to a safe distance below the car, and then fired electrically. These sufficed to immediately attract the attention of any one within ear-shot.

As I am describing an actual experiment I can hardly omit mention of our first trial, which affords its own special lesson, but which, in spite of elaborate preparation, ended in disappointment, almost in disaster.

It was a day when diverse and conflicting currents were too much in evidence. Pilot balloons, sent up during the morning hours, seemed possessed of many minds, travelling hither and thither fitfully, and when about mid-day cumulus clouds began to show themselves, they peered over the horizon in unlooked-for quarters. A little later, a series of thunderstorms broke over Newbury—our starting point—which should have been taken as sufficient proof of much atmospheric disturbance, and a condition of affairs eminently unsuitable for the purpose in hand.

But the balloon was already inflated, and might at any rate serve sufficiently well for a trial trip, so about five P.M., after what appeared to be a clearing shower, we cast off with our apparatus complete and in working order. A parting "Good-by, all!" was flashed with the giant drum, followed by the salute of a fog signal, and with this our experiments for that day began and closed. For in less than twenty minutes a thunderstorm, as black and threatening as any I can recall, met us, coming up against the wind after the way of its kind. In my own belief the explanation of this phenomenon is simply that the cloud was riding an adverse upper current, and the atmospheric conflict thus created may have been in part the very cause of the electrical condition of the storm.

This storm, which gathered intensely black about us with extraordinary rapidity, was one of the worst experienced in our part of the country for many years, causing much destruction of life and property. Almost before we were aware of it, we found ourselves embosomed in the very heart of the cloud, the lightning flashing incessantly all around us, and hailstones rattling against the car and silk with the whistle of rifle bullets. Though aëronauts have frequently been aloft in thunderstorms, I am not aware that any experience has been recorded which was similar to our own. Laborers who were watching us from below, and who presently came to our assistance, told us that our escape appeared impossible, as the balloon was literally encircled by the lightning. Though to ourselves our position seemed scarcely so alarming, yet clearly no signalling work was to be done that night, and we were glad to seek shelter, which we did by coming to earth as soon as possible, falling in Savernake Forest.

Only a month later, starting from the same point and with the same equipment, we carried out our projected experiment with entire success. At this time there were five military camps established on Salisbury Plain, all lying to the southwest of Newbury, and distant some twenty miles or so. It became my ambition then, if possible, to convey a message by aërial signals to at least one of these camps, and it will be seen that in the end we were successful in directing our course so as actually to travel immediately over three of the camps, and practically within signalling distance of the other two.

The accompanying map shows, indicated by black crosses, the sites of the various camps. It also makes clear the fact that the country traversed is, comparatively speaking, sparsely inhabited. As on so many previous occasions, two distinct currents were found and determined before an altitude of six thousand feet was reached. The lower current, within which we remained for a considerable period, was obviously taking us too far south. We therefore cast out ballast and ascended several hundred feet, having, it must be confessed—for clouds told us little about upper drifts—no clear knowledge of what would be the result of the

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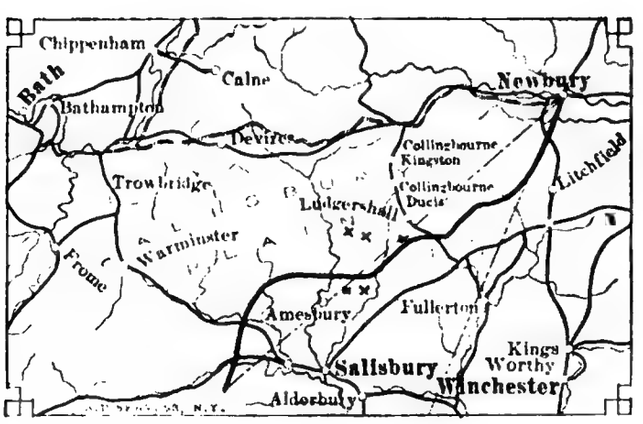
manœuvre. Greatly to our satisfaction, however, we were soon and rapidly borne in a more westerly direction, and fortune was yet further with us, for owing to the barrenness of the country it was becoming exceedingly difficult to make sure of our exact neighborhood, when suddenly the first and nearest of the camps loomed white and large, and right ahead of us. We had adopted the right device, and had been promptly rewarded. It was now easy to make sure of striking the approaching camp, while riding at a height which would have been beyond the reach of hostile bullets, but well adapted for signalling. Carrying out the details of our programme we "summoned" the camp by means of our powerful detonators, commencing immediately afterwards to operate our drum signals. We were travelling fast, but ere the outlying tents were reached we caught sight of a heliograph instrument which was already being brought to bear upon us. As may be supposed, this particular form of instrument was found extremely difficult to keep bearing on the balloon, while, on the contrary, the signalling from aloft was uniformly visible to those below.

The determination of the remainder of our voyage was now entirely at our discretion; and having learned our whereabouts we practically chose our route, as also our ultimate point of descent, rejecting one line of rail as not suited to our convenience, passing on to a more distant but main line, selecting a station thereon, and actually striking this so accurately that on reaching *terra firma* we had only to climb a gate and shout to the railway porters, now within easy hail, to bring a hand barrow and wheel our entire belongings on to their own platform.

The signal success of the experiment, as also the full extent of our capabilities that afternoon, will also be made apparent by the accompanying chart, which has been carefully plotted. Had we desired to signal to Andover we should have maintained the lower drift. If Devizes, then we should have committed ourselves as far as possible to the upper current. If Salisbury—within ten miles of our point of descent—had been our goal, then a slight and easy modification of our actual course would have sufficed.

In fine, there was practically a large wedge of country lying within the thin lines drawn on the chart, any region within which should have proved perfectly accessible.



MAP OF SALISBURY PLAIN, SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE BALLOON FROM NEWBURY TO THE POINT OF DESCENT. THE SITES OF THE FIVE MILITARY CAMPS ARE MARKED BY CROSSES.

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GENERAL LESLIE'S DELUSION.

By Alfred R. Calhoun.

COLONEL FITZHUGH LESLIE'S regiment of Virginians was near the right of Pickett's division in the charge on the Union centre at Gettysburg.

Had the Civil War not come in '61, Colonel Leslie would have been retired as a major in July, 1863. He was educated at West Point, and had distinguished himself in Florida and Mexico before joining the Second Dragoons, in which command were Lee, Thomas, Kearny, Chilton, and others destined to win fame under opposing banners before the end came.

When Leslie's men neared the crest where Stannard's Vermonters were kneeling with the desperation of death in their hearts, they swayed to the left before the sirocco blast that came from the right. When again, with their hats drawn over their eyes, like men facing a blinding storm, the Virginians rushed on, Leslie was not in the advance.

"Don't mind me! Forward! Forward!"

That is what the hatless, gray-haired Colonel shouted to his command, as he stood with his sword dangling by its knot from his shattered right wrist, and a crimson gash across his face, just below the black brows.

From the front, from the right, from the left, and from the heaven above and the earth beneath, the deluge of crashing iron and hissing lead swept, fell, and ascended.

"Come in! Come in!" shouted the men of the Iron Brigade.

Colonel Leslie did not respond, for he could not hear above the hell-roar of Hunt's artillery and the ceaseless crash of Hancock's rifles the well-meant calls of the Vermonters. His eyes had been burned out in the battle furnace; still flames leaped through his brain, and the cheers and yells of desperate men in blue and gray rang in his ears.

In broken brigades, fragments of regiments, crumbs of companies, panting groups, and tottering, bleeding couples, the remnant of the peerless division fell sullenly, but not slowly, back over the red road of the advance.

"Forward! Forward! Rally on the colors, men! Forward! Forward!"

From the front of the Iron Brigade the wounded Stannard had shouted the order, "Cease firing!" Hunt's batteries, in very admiration of the magnificent daring of the Southmen, became dumb for the time, and Warren's men on Round Top stopped for breath.

In that heart-breaking retreat, the one hundred and seventeen men left of the four hundred and eleven that had followed Leslie in the charge came upon him, kneeling, for another shot had shattered his left ankle; but still the dripping sword arm was extended, and with weakening voice he shouted:

"Forward, men of Virginia! Forward! Forward!"

Dick Howard, the bugler who had sounded the charge in the Peach Orchard, although the youngest, was at this time the most active, if not the strongest, man in the command.

"We must get back, Colonel; the Yanks have got the call——"

"But the colors, Bugler Howard?"

"Safe, sir; safe! But no time to explain. Yell at me if I ain't as gentle as I want to be."

The young giant lifted the Colonel to his back, and, ignoring the eager aid of comrades, ran to where Alexander, the handsome young chief of Longstreet's artillery, was standing, with horror in his eyes.

"He can't live!"

"It is better he shouldn't."

"Ought to 've died on the hill; but Leslie's a powerful strong man, even if he is sixty-four."

"'Tisn't the strength, but the heart and the brain that keep him from petering out."

So spoke the Colonel's brother officers. Even the doctors shook their heads ominously as they placed the sorely wounded man in an ambulance that must keep up with that restless retreat to the south side of the Potomac.

"We'll tote Mauss Fitz back to ole Vahginny, or die a-tryin'." That is what Les-

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lie's men said to those who would stay them, and, because of their love, they had their way.

The devoted men watched, and the exhausted doctors did all that knowledge could suggest, though ever doubting of the result, during the eighteen days of jolting torture. The ordeal would have killed a weaker man, if starting unwounded. The Colonel improved on the march.

Once back at Grandview, where his grandfather, killed under Light-Horse Harry, was born and buried, and where his own father, shot through the heart near Baltimore in the last war with England, lay beside him, Colonel Leslie found love and rest.

"You'll soon be back with the boys again!"

"We'll be awaitin' to whoop fo' yo', Colonel!"

"Jest rest, and git strong; then come to us!"

The soldiers of the old command shook the remaining hand, and not a few kissed and bathed with tears the bandaged face as they left him. But the deceit was prompted by affection. The youngest and most unreasoning of the brave lot knew that their old Colonel could never again lead them. Yet never for a moment did the Colonel believe that sight and strength would not return, or that he would not live to see the triumph of the cause so dear to his heart; and it was this feeling that kept him alive.

Wife, daughter, and doctors encouraged the Colonel's delusion. No one was so truthfully heartless as to tell him that the light had forever left. He paid slight heed to the lost right hand; how could he miss it with such loving watchers about him? And the shattered ankle—that would mend, and he would ride again with the grip of thigh and touch of stirrup that had distinguished him as the darling horseman of the Second Dragoons.

The authorities at Richmond recognized the splendid services of Colonel Leslie by making him a major-general. The commission was sent through the secret mail, but the Colonel did not know it. He was ever inside his own lines. His men had left with him the splintered staff and tattered, blood-browned flag they had carried in the Gettysburg charge. This sacred rag became the old soldier's fetich. It was placed by his bed at night, and he touched it before he did the coffee Jennie brought him in the morning.

And now began the General's increasing delusion, and the twenty months of merciful deceit on the part of Jennie and her mother. A "Yankee" doctor had taken the place of the Confederate, but this gentle, humane man learned the General's story, and entered into the kindly conspiracy. To the invalid Dr. Worden was a "rebel," and he fostered the hope not only that the General would again be able to command, but that the cause of the South would succeed; but to the mother and the daughter he said frankly:

"The sight is forever gone. We cannot restore the amputated right hand, and the shattered ankle bones will never knit. By this time you must see that the cause of the South is hopeless. We can be frank; but if the General knew what we do, he would die within the hour. His life depends on keeping up the delusion."

Mrs. Leslie and Jennie understood the situation, and appreciated to the full Dr. Worden's words and kindness, nor did they for one instant question the ethics of a deceit to which they were eager parties.

When wounded and paroled prisoners of the old command came home they were always drilled in their parts before seeing the General. To this the boys gladly lent themselves.

Lee was master of Pennsylvania, for Gettysburg had been redeemed at Carlisle. Washington was the temporary capital of the Confederacy. California, Oregon, and the Pacific territories—as the General had foreseen—had seceded and applied for admission to the Southern Confederacy. The West was in revolt. The New England States were considering the question of joining the Dominion to the north. Whatever the old soldier wished for, that was the thing that happened. In reading of the desperate work before Petersburg, Mrs. Leslie or Jennie changed the scene to New York. At such times the General would rub his blank eyes and say with a heart sigh:

"Hang those Yankees! I knew they were brave, just as I knew that we should beat them. Yet they are mostly our own folks, after all, and I'm for giving them honorable terms. Oh, we'll all be back in the old Republic once more, thank God!"

The Veteran Reserve Corps was a body of Union soldiers who had been incapaci-

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tated by wounds for active work at the front, but whose experience made them the very best material for garrison duty at the second line.

Captain Harry Forsyth had been rushed out of West Point in '62, and was hurried to the front. In the furious charge on "The Crater" at Petersburg, the young Captain lost his left arm, and soon after, being assigned to the Veteran Reserves, was placed in command of that part of Loudon County in which General Leslie lived. Forsyth's father—killed by the Comanches in '58—had been a classmate, a room-mate of Fitzhugh Leslie at West Point. The young soldier had not been long in Loudon before he heard of General Leslie's delusion, and with a generous man's appreciation of the situation, he made up his mind to help the mother and daughter, whom he had known as a boy.

With a fine sense of the proprieties, the Captain held back. It was Jennie who sought him out. Depredations had been committed on the plantation, and she wanted protection. After that there were no intrusions. With the consent of Mrs. Leslie, the Captain set up his tent on the lawn, and to intimidate the lawless, the headquarters flag of the district waved every day over General Leslie's house. The old soldier knew that the flag rose with the sun, and came down when the sun set, but for him it was the flag of the Confederacy.

It was not that one was a blonde and the other a brunette, that one was stalwart and the other slender, that one was a Yankee and the other a rebel, for the attraction of opposites cannot be reckoned with here. Harry Forsyth and Jennie Leslie came to love without knowing it till the affection was rooted.

Mrs. Leslie was the first to take in the situation; so that she pretended no surprise when Harry told her what he wanted. In her quiet way she said:

"My husband likes you, Harry; but till the war is over, he will oppose you. You know you are here a prisoner on parole. God help me; how am I to tell him the inevitable?"

Petersburg had fallen. Richmond was abandoned. Lee's ragged remnant had surrendered at Appomattox. Harry Forsyth felt that the time had come to reveal himself, if not the true situation, to the General.

Twenty months of darkness had intensified the old soldier's sense of hearing. Alone in the library, he recognized the foot-fall of the young soldier in the hall.

"Hello, Harry," he called out.

"Hello, General. How are you this evening?" responded the Captain.

"I'm sorry, Harry, I couldn't have had you exchanged, so that you could have been up with your mother in Maine these months. Of course, we are glad to have you here, and it is something to have you paroled in my charge. This shutting down on exchange is a disgrace to both sides."

"So it is, General; but while my love for the Union has not weakened," responded the younger man, as he nervously stroked his yellow moustache, "I do not regret my capture, nor the fact that the end has come."

"That the end has come?" repeated the General, and the strong remaining hand grasped the arm of his chair till it creaked.

"I mean, General," stammered Harry, with a nervous glance at the door, "that—that the war is over."

"Over?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will to men."

Leslie's strong face was aglow. He reached down for his crutch, but failing to touch it, he extended his hand to Harry, and continued, but the ring of triumph in his voice gave place to a tone of gentle sympathy:

"It is the will of the Father; cheer up, my boy!"

The silence that followed was broken by the rustle of a skirt, and the solemn ticking of the high clock in the hall.

Before Forsyth could unburden his heart, the General added solemnly:

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty, the Maker of Heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ His only-begotten Son—" He paused for a few seconds, but not as one who has forgotten his Credo. Then slowly straightening up, he said in a changed voice, but in the same key: "And so believing, I have ever felt that this awful war must end in a way that would save republican institutions, and lift the oppressed to liberty."

Ashamed of his joy in the triumph of the cause that had absorbed his life, the General realized on the instant the presence of the defeated, the son of his old comrade.

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Reaching out the left hand, which the Captain took in his right, he remained for some time silent.

Again the Captain spoke:

"To-morrow, General, the remnant of your old regiment comes back to Loudon, and will greet you. Unless you bid me stay, I shall at once go home to my kin in Maine."

"Why, Harry—" the General's forced laugh ended in a nervous little cough. "I know it's hard, mighty hard for a brave man to acknowledge himself beaten, but I'd do it—I think. Why, I've always braced myself to hear the worst, and I'd have borne it had it not been better. You must at once go home and see the dear mother. And, I say, my boy, fetch her back with you, and we'll cheer her up. I can't get you a pension, Harry, but if I have any influence, I will get you a commission in our new army. Will that suit you, my son?"

"Surely, General, and I thank you; but there is another matter, a matter of more importance to me."

Seeing that Harry hesitated, the General repeated:

"Another matter! What do you mean?"

"The war is over, General; yet I must remain a prisoner till you free me."

"How is that?"

"I love Jennie!"

"The mother has more than once hinted that. Ah, my boy, if all North and South had been like the Leslies of Virginia and the Forsyths of Maine, there would have been no war."

"Then you consent?" cried the eager Captain.

"Not now; wait."

"But if you do not oppose me, why wait? Jennie is at the door. Her happiness and mine depend on your consent. Is it ours?"

Harry beckoned to the girl at the door, and she drew near with hesitating steps.

The General heard the stifled gasp, and his sensitive ears caught the rustle of the girl's dress. A light flashed over his face, and, extending his trembling hand, he said:

"Come nearer to Harry, my darling; you can never be nearer to me!"

Kneeling beside her father's chair, Jennie kissed his hand.

"Dear father, we could not help it!" she sobbed.

"I would not have you help it. But I cannot give my consent at this time," said the General, with affected sternness.

"Why not now?" stammered Harry.

"I must first have the full assurance."

"The full assurance, General?"

"Yes; that peace has come. While I do not doubt you, Harry, it is right that I should hear the news from the lips of my old comrades. I want Howard, who is now a Captain, to come to the portico and sound 'taps.' This is a sentiment; but let me have my own way for this once."

. . . . . .

The remnants of a half-dozen Union regiments were encamped on General Leslie's grounds—prisoners. Forty-seven men, sole survivors of the old command, had been sent home from Washington. The Loudon Quakers were out in First Day attire, for the peace they had prayed for had come.

The delusion was kept up. Too late to stop it now.

"I wore that full-dress Confederate uniform but once, and that was when I called on our President, after the Seven Days' Fight. To-day I'll wear it in honor of the return of my boys." This is what the General said to his wife, when he was making ready on that, to him, joyous morning. "And, Jennie!" he called out, "bring me the old regimental colors; I must wave them as the boys come up the park. And the banner of the new Republic, that has floated from the roof so long, have it brought down and laid on my shoulders. Harry will not be offended, for he says it looks like the old Stars and Stripes."

. . . . . .

It was a beautiful afternoon near the close of April. The odor of bursting lilacs and the mating calls of robins and orioles filled the air. The pink snow of peach and cherry blossoms drifted through the pillars, between which the General sat, with the tattered battle flag in his remaining hand.

Away in the distance a bugle sounded the "Advance." Leslie's ears caught the sound of measured steps and the command: "Right shoulder, shift arms!" Then followed the throbbing of drums, and the stirring notes of fifes, as they shrilled off the garrison call, "Peas upon a Trencher."

Down between the lines of dusty blue which stood at a "present," marched under the command of Howard, sole surviving officer, two-score ragged, unarmed men and boys—all that were left of Leslie's old command.

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Their haversacks, so often slack before, were filled with the rations of their late foemen. But what words can express the fulness of their hearts as they marched up the drive, all eager actors in this sad but merciful drama.

Supported by his wife and daughter, the General rose as the tramping came nearer.

"Three cheers for our old commander!" shouted the last officer of the old command, when he had brought his men to a halt in front of the General.

The cheers would have been weak for numbers, had not three hundred Yankee veterans joined in.

"Thank God, my countrymen—my comrades, for the lasting peace that has come," cried the General, as he leaned forward on his crutch and waved the old battle flag.

A deeper and more thrilling cheer greeted the words.

"We have won; no more war among Americans. Dick Howard, brave boy, where is the Gettysburg bugle?"

"In my hand, General," came the ringing response.

"Sound taps; then come to me."

"Taps" rang out, though the sun was yet hours high.

The men of the old command eased the General into his chair; but he still held the flag. From over the dark river came the call of the mystic angel's bugle, and the veteran responded; and, healed of wounds, and with the delusion gone, he passed to the white tents of the silent, and joined the comrades gone before.

KNOWLEDGE.

By Alberta Bancroft.

MY uncle has a long white beard,
And he has crossed the plains;
And when there's any work to do
He takes a deal of pains.

"Don't shingle when the moon is full,"
He orders with a frown.
"The moon will loosen all the nails;
The shingles will blow down!"

And when potato planting comes,
He looks up in the sky,
And then looks up the almanac
And reads it with a sigh.

"Can't put 'em in this week," he growls;
"The pesky moon is wrong."
You see, he knows so much, because
His beard has grown so long.

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OPPORTUNITIES FOR CAPITAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

AVENUES OF ENTERPRISE STILL OPEN IN AGRICULTURE AND MANUFACTURING.

By O. P. Austin,

Chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics.

WHAT are the great commercial opportunities that are offered to the capital, the energy, and the inventive genius of the American poople at the opening of the new century? Are there undeveloped enterprises "left over" from the last century of unparalleled expansion which promise success to the capital and acumen evolved in the past century, and employment and prosperity to the financier, the inventor, the artisan, and the agriculturist?

Yes. The past century has merely enlightened us as to the resources of this great country of ours—whose conditions of climate, soil, mineral resources, natural transportation routes, and supplies of natural power surpass those of any other land under the sun.

With its climate varying from temperate to subtropical, its soils of all varieties, its unbounded supplies of minerals, its magnificent water-courses, by which sea-going vessels should be able to penetrate to its very centre, and its innumerable waterfalls, which should furnish the power, light, and heat for use in transforming into the finished product the supplies which nature has so lavishly provided, we have but crossed the threshold of our possibilities. The Twentieth Century is pregnant with opportunity.

To other parts of the world we disburse annually over eight hundred million dollars for foodstuffs, manufacturers' materials, and manufactures. Of this sum, two hundred million dollars is for foodstuffs, three hundred million dollars for manufacturers' materials, and three hundred million dollars for manufactures. Do natural conditions, or conditions which we can create, make it practicable for us to furnish any considerable share of this vast mass of necessary material for which we now send enough money abroad each year to furnish employment to immense numbers of people and to large sums of invested capital? Will not a proper appliication of our knowledge and resources increase our facilities for supplying the world with what we have in such profusion and for supplying it in the manufactured form in such manner that our labor as well as our capital may reap the greatest profit? Can we so develop our facilities for manufacture and for transportation that we can successfully compete with the busy world and yet give good wages and all their accompaniments to our workmen?

The foodstuffs for which the United States sends the most money abroad are sugar, coffee, tea, and tropical fruits and nuts; the most important classes of material imported for manufacturing are hides and skins, silks, fibres, and wool; the most important manufactures imported are chemicals, and manufactures of cotton, silk, fibres, and wool, and iron and steel. These importations amount to over five hundred millions of dollars annually.

OUR BILL FOR SUGAR.

THE first of them which should be considered is sugar, both because it is the largest single item and because the field seems to be especially ripe for the harvest. While we have been evolving an enormous sugar appetite, the world has discovered that sugar may be made from a plant which can be grown in the temperate zone, while our own scientists and experimenters have demonstrated that it can be successfully produced in a score of States and Territories, stretching in an unbroken but circuitous line from the Atlantic to the Pacific. One hundred millions of dollars is the sum of the sugar bill paid to foreign countries in

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the year 1900. In the middle of the last century our sugar bill to other nations was but twenty million dollars annually, but then we consumed only twenty-five pounds per capita in the twelve months. Now it is sixty-five pounds per capita. Then the annual importation of sugar was less than four hundred million pounds, now it is over four billion pounds. In 1840 sugar beets supplied less than five per cent. of the world's consumption of sugar; now they supply over sixty-seven per cent. of the greatly increased consumption. Then the total beet-sugar production of the world was but fifty thousand tons per annum; now it is nearly six million tons per annum. Then we did not know or suspect that we could produce the sugar beet; now it is a well-established fact that it can be successfully grown and sugar produced from it in paying quantities in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Utah, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington. The Department of Agriculture has earnestly pushed its experiments, and encouraged the agriculturists and capitalists to coöperate until the beet area is clearly defined and assurance given to the farmer and manufacturer that they may safely enter upon the enterprise of supplying the four billion pounds of sugar for which we now send across the waters one hundred million dollars a year. Most of this experimentation has occurred during the last decade, and the expert of the Agricultural Department, who has reported fully upon it for the United States census, unqualifiedly declares that "the statistics demonstrate that beet-sugar manufacture is a commercial success in America. More than one-third of the sugar produced in the United States in 1900 was," he adds, "obtained from the beet, and this in a year of extremely unfavorable agricultural conditions in the beet district; . . . and even under these unfavorable conditions the value of the products was larger than the expenditure, and a number of factories earned a fair return on their investments."

In 1880 there were four beet-sugar factories in the United States, located in four States, with a total capital of $365,000, employing 350 hands, and turning out products valued at $282,572; in 1900 the number of factories was 31, located in eleven States and Territories, with a total capital of $20,958,519, employing 1,970 wage-earners, and turning out products valued at $7,323,857.

The work of these pioneer factories develops another very interesting fact—the capacity of the American workman and inventor not only to supply the necessary machinery for any line of work which may call for their genius, but to actually do it better than the inventors or workmen of other countries. American workshops are now supplying all kinds of beet-sugar machinery required to fully equip American factories, and American machines and inventions are in some cases being introduced in European beet-sugar factories. The Agricultural Department has also shown that the manufacture of sugar from the farmer's beets can be most successfully performed by large factories which require a considerable outlay of capital. Thus this great home industry offers a field for the coöperation of capital, skilled workmen, and agriculturists in any of the twenty States and Territories where beets may be successfully produced.

OPPORTUNITIES IN FRUIT AND NUT CULTURE AND COFFEE.

THREE other items in the list of foodstuffs imported may well be considered, it seems to me, from the standpoint of commercial and business opportunities. These are fruits and nuts, of which the importations amount to about $20,000,000 annually, and tea, of which we take about $10,000,000 per annum. Of fruits and nuts the producing capacities and possibilities of the country have already been demonstrated. The southern tier of States extending from Florida to the Pacific coast are capable of growing, in greater or less quantities, oranges, lemons, pineapples, bananas, figs, olives, and other fruits of a tropical or subtropical character, and this subtropical belt swings up the western coast of the United States as far north as Oregon, while in Florida experiments with cocoanuts have also been quite successful. The possibilities are shown by the fact that the shipments of citrus fruits from California have grown from 34,209 tons in 1890 to 180,650 tons in 1898; raisins, from 20,560 tons in 1890 to 47,796 tons in 1898; nuts, from 787 tons in 1890 to 5,815 tons in 1898;

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canned fruits, from 40,060 tons in 1890 to 75,240 tons in 1899, and green and deciduous fruits from 34,042 tons in 1890 to 96,943 tons in 1899. Think of a single State sending to other parts of the country raisins not only by the ton but by the thousands of tons, and nuts not only by the thousands of tons but by the tens of thousands of tons! Consider that this single State produces in excess of her own consumption four hundred thousand tons of fruits and nuts every year, and then remember that a belt stretching from eastern Florida to southern Oregon is capable of producing fruits of this character. The business opportunity of supplying to our own people the twenty million dollars' worth of fruits and nuts which we now buy from abroad every year invites solution, and certainly affords a great and immediate opportunity for capital. Add to this the fact that California alone makes from twenty to thirty millions of gallons of wine per annum, and has eighty thousand acres of bearing grapevines producing on an average 250,000 tons of grapes per annum, and you have further business possibilities, for our importation of wines ranges from seven to ten million dollars a year.

Our tea importations average about $10,000,000 per annum. The experiments of the Department of Agriculture in tea culture in the South have led the Secretary and his aids to the conclusion that tea culture is entirely practicable in the United States. Charles U. Shephard, special agent in charge of tea-culture investigations, reports that experiments in South Carolina, Florida, and others of the Gulf States, have proved eminently successful, and convince him that soil and climate are fitted for the production of the shrub. As soon as American inventive genius and the adaptation of machinery render it practicable to perform by machinery such share of the labor now done by hand in China, Japan, and Ceylon as to render competition with them practicable, the United States may produce all of its own tea, and much more. The tests have been conducted for several years and through several trying winters, and show that the plants thrive in our climate, while the quality of the tea and the quantity per acre compare favorably with the highest average in the Orient. In a statement upon this subject Mr. Shephard says: "According to our own experience ordinarily skilful and industrious laborers may be safely paid as much in tea-gardens as in cotton, corn, or rice fields," and concludes: "The writer is a firm believer in the future if not the present of American tea, as his fifty acres of tea gardens attest." His 1898 crop amounted to 3,000 pounds, and was sold at a profit of 25 per cent., which certainly seems suggestive from a business standpoint when an annual market for $10,000,000 worth of the article is at hand in our own country. Coffee is the second largest item in the importation of our foodstuffs and amounts to from fifty to seventy-five or eighty million dollars per annum. Whether we shall ever produce this in paying quantities in the United States is yet a problem, but one worthy of consideration by business men. The Department of Agriculture has satisfied itself of the feasibility of coffee production in the islands which have recently come under control of the United States, but is not yet certain that it can be profitably grown on the mainland within our borders. Some coffee is now being produced in the southern part of California and a little in Florida, but the experiments thus far have not justified the belief that it would be available as a commercial crop. The berry is easily handled, and the cost of transportation forming a small proportion of its actual value, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippine Islands can easily produce all the coffee which we require, with profit to those who may choose to engage in the industry.

Other foodstuffs, such as rice, vegetables from the tropics for winter use, dairy products, etc., aggregate easily another ten million dollars of imports, which, added to the sugar, fruits and nuts, wines and tea, make a total of over one hundred and fifty million dollars per annum, which may be easily and profitably produced at home.

MATERIAL OF MANUFACTURE AND MANUFACTURING.

THE group of imports classed as manufacturers' materials amounts in value to three hundred million dollars. In this list the most important items are chemicals, fifty-four million dollars; hides and skins, fifty-eight millions; silk, forty-five millions; fibres, twenty-six millions; wool, twenty millions; and wood, twenty millions. The chemical industries of the United States have made wonderful progress in the past few years. The value of their products in

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1890, according to Mr. Henry Bower, an authority on the subject, was one hundred and seventy-seven million dollars, an enormous increase over 1880, and it is probable that the figures for 1900 will show an even greater gain, especially through the utilization of by-products which formerly were accounted of no value. This seems to show that the manufacturers of the country may in the near future furnish much of the fifty million dollars' worth of chemicals now annually imported. Nearly one-half of the fifty-eight million dollars' worth of hides and skins brought in are goat skins, and the Department of Agriculture has recently shown that all of these can readily be produced in the United States by agricultural and village communities. Of the twenty-six million dollars' worth of fibres imported, nearly one-half is sisal hemp, which is successfully grown in Florida, in the Bahama Islands just off the coast of Florida, and in Yucatan, where the conditions of soil and climate do not differ materially from those of southern Florida. The plants thrive upon the almost naked coral rocks of the islands and keys along the coast of Florida, and in large numbers have been transported to the Bahamas to stock the sisal plantations there which are rapidly becoming profitable. Jute, of which we import nearly four million dollars' worth annually, has been successfully grown in the United States, and so have others of the imported fibres. In addition to the twenty-six million dollars' worth of fibres imported, there are importations of manufactured fibres to the amount of thirty-two million dollars, most of which would be spun and woven in American mills if the raw material were produced here. The Agricultural Department, which has carefully investigated this subject, declares: "Where twenty million dollars' worth of fibres are now manufactured in this country it might be possible to manufacture forty million dollars' worth, and thus double the home fibre industries, and it might easily be possible to produce home-grown fibres to the extent of one-half of the supply needed."

Whether we shall grow the thirty to forty million dollars' worth of raw silk which we are now importing depends more upon the question of feasibility than that of possibility. Silk has been produced in many of the States, even as far north as New England, and as far south as Florida; but for various causes, chiefly lack of experience and the competition of the cheap labor of the Orient and Italy, it has not been a financial success. The application of the intelligence and skill which have brought success in other lines of long-neglected industry may change all this. The number of silk manufacturing establishments in the United States is increasing every year, thirty-nine new plants having been established in 1900 alone; and their product now amounts to over one hundred million dollars annually. It is not improbable that American genius supported by American capital may yet find a way of supplying from our industries the forty million dollars' worth of raw materials which these factories require.

Considering all of these facts, it is safe to assert that we are entirely capable of supplying from our home industries at least one hundred million dollars of the three hundred million dollars of manufacturers' materials now imported, and in this case, as in that of foodstuffs, the work and the profits will be divided among the agriculturist, the artisan, and the capitalist. Turning to the manufactures imported, which amount to about three hundred million dollars per annum, it is only necessary to say that the cotton goods brought in during 1900 amounted to over forty million dollars; fibres, to thirty-two million dollars; silk, thirty million dollars; wool, fifteen million dollars, and iron and steel, twenty million dollars. In each of these lines we are already eminently successful. The value of our textile manufactures in 1850 amounted to but one hundred and twenty-nine million dollars; in 1870, to five hundred and twenty million dollars; in 1890, to seven hundred and twenty-two million dollars; and the figures for 1900 will probably reach a billion dollars, showing that our manufacturers have but to make the effort to capture another one hundred and fifty million dollars of business which is now going into foreign hands and foreign pockets.

UTILIZATION OF WATER POWER.

THESE considerations suggest another great business and commercial possibility—supplying to mills and manufactories natural power to take the place of that which they are now utilizing in the form of coal. "Plant the factory alongside the cotton field and iron mine" has been the watchword among the shrewdest leaders of industry during the past decade.

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in which manufacturing has made such remarkable progress; but if to this we can add, "and carry to it the natural power with which nature has so lavishly supplied us," why may not development be equally great in the next century as in that just closed? Over the waterfalls of the United States, great and small, are passing untold millions of horse-power awaiting only the application of well-known principles to convert them into electricity and apply them to the factory twenty, perhaps a hundred miles away, providing a power cleaner and cheaper than coal, which is to-day the great source of motion and light. Professor Unwin, a distinguished engineer, has estimated that at Niagara alone seven millions of horse-power are available. The experiments there have shown the practicability of readily conveying electricity from twenty to one hundred miles, and distinguished engineers express the opinion that for manufacturing and industrial purposes it can be successfully sent as far as three hundred and fifty miles. A better understanding of conditions will so increase the possibilities as to make it practicable, after having "planted the factory alongside the cotton field or iron mine," to convey the waterfall to it by a wire, and thus obtain the necessary power from natural sources.

The application of electricity to the propulsion of vehicles for pleasure, business, and general transportation in city and country, the practicability of which has been fully demonstrated, offers to the business man of the opening century great commercial opportunities. Produced from natural water-power or from cheap coal mined by electrical machinery, the use of electricity for vehicles of all descriptions will be a matter of every-day life, and the nickel-in-the-slot electrical supply-tanks at the roadside will furnish power in every country highway as well as those of the great cities.

Another great business undertaking which the new century offers is the opening of a ship canal between the Atlantic and the Great Lakes. The development of the United States during the past century is due to the opening of transportation from the seaboard to the interior. Canals were the first medium of intercourse, but they were displaced by rail; and of the five thousand miles of waterways formerly existing in the United States probably not one-half are now in use. Those which are now successful and important connect great bodies of water, and permit the classes of vessels which sail the oceans to pass uninterruptedly from the one to the other, thus giving direct transportation, without breaking bulk, from the point of production to the point of consumption. The tonnage passing through the Sault Ste. Marie canal, which connects Lake Superior with the lower lakes, is now twice as great as that which passes through the Suez Canal, for the territory fronting upon the Great Lakes is the most productive part of the United States. Its wheat, its corn, its provisions, its iron, and its petroleum are in demand all over the world.

This will indicate in some degree the value of a great waterway connecting the Lake system with the Atlantic, and this is one of the undertakings which confronts the new century. Since 1870 the tonnage of the Suez Canal has increased from 436,609 tons to over ten million tons, and its stock, according to Mr. Charles H. Cochran, an authority upon this subject, is quoted at about five times its par value. Such an enterprise as I have suggested, with its enormous business and future possibilities, is worthy of the serious consideration of capitalists. The Suez, which is ninety-five miles long, cost, at a depth of twenty-six feet, about eighty-three million dollars, at a time when the powerful and effective machinery now applied to work of this kind was unknown. The Manchester ship canal, built in 1894, is thirty-five miles long, and cost seventy-five million dollars, the large proportionate expense being due to its extreme width of one hundred and twenty-five feet at the bottom. The Baltic and North Sea canal is sixty-one miles long and twenty-nine and a half feet deep, and cost forty million dollars. This canal was constructed merely to save the detour around the north shore of Denmark. The Manchester canal was constructed simply to connect one city, Manchester, with the sea. The Corinth canal, which cost twelve million dollars, was constructed for the purpose of saving two hundred miles of navigation. Yet any or all of these economies or advantages are trifling when compared with that which would make the Great Lakes practically a part of the Atlantic and extend ocean navigation to the heart of the great producing centre of the most productive continent of the world.

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TANGLED UP IN BEULAH LAND.

By an Author.

I.—THE DISTURBING DUCKLING.

MY excellent half-sister, Madame Petunia Dewey, looked at me with a sparkling superiority as she said:

"A conscience in a disreputably comfortable man of fifty-four is nothing more than a moral gout. Its twinges annoy without awakening him. He wraps some more flannels about his judgment, and waits for the east wind to stop blowing."

Petunia looked light and airy in her morning wrap. I often thought that her conversation was a sort of glitter, like her white hands when she made a gesture, as if she had gems that she wished to exhibit. Even her reproaches shone a little when she had that crêpe wrap on. But she was a woman of the world, and had acquired some kind of perfumed wisdom from many parterres, or had it acquired for her, like a queen bee, so I forgave the prompt monitorial attitude, and tried to let her see that I bowed to her superiority.

"Petunia," I said, "I am a little worried."

"I don't believe it," she replied. "You are trying to coax yourself into the belief that you can be worried like other human beings. You cannot even assume the air of it."

"Oh, but I am. I never was good at assuming airs. If I suffer at all, it is undramatically. My feelings are singularly devoid of local color."

"Has your valet struck?"

"Try and be serious a moment."

"Has your doctor cut down on your cigars?"

"My dear Petunia, I think I have passed the point at which these things annoy me."

She assumed an attitude and expression of profound curiosity. "Will you tell me," she said, "what things *can* annoy you?"

"You are a very brilliant example of one of the things that cannot. Try and put yourself in my place a moment."

"It is the most preposterous of impossibilities. Ask me to have myself embalmed before death; to take the veil, or hasheesh—or give absent treatment—anything, Rufus, except to put myself in your place. Why should one indulge in such fantastic feats of the imagination?"

"Because," I said mildly, "it would be more rational than to indulge in unbridled persiflage when a human being and a brother comes to you with a misgiving and asks you for advice."

"Brother, I allow," she replied, "I cannot help myself. But human being, Rufus—isn't that rather a large assumption? Human beings are supposed to have some relation to the rest of the world. You are only related to your club and your son."

"Can it be possible that you regard the latter attachment as a misfortune?"

"Certainly, to the son. He was probably intended, in the nature of things, to be part of the social system. You have succeeded in making him an annex of your own comfort."

"You are disposed to be exceedingly ungracious this morning," I said. "If your acerbity is the result of the social fruit, I ought to congratulate myself that Charlie has been kept out of the orchard."

"I think," she remarked, "that if he had been allowed to eat a few of the green apples it would have benefited him. Life has its necessary colics—at least for young men, and they are probably disciplinary. Does it ever occur to you that you have been trying to teach your one duckling that it is immoral to swim."

"It is rather unjust to assume that I have detached myself from all human interests because your Thursday nights bore me a little. I try to do my duty to society in a comfortable way. I lent my name to a reform club, though I'm not aware that anything has been reformed. I give a hundred dollars a year to your University Settlement affair somewhere, and I suppose the money is properly wasted in committees. I have recently served one term on the Grand Jury and helped to indict a number of my fellow-citizens. It interfered

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very much with my afternoon nap, but it left a comfortable feeling that nothing would ever come of the indictments. Do you know what my pew costs me? I rented it to please you."

"I don't see why you should growl about that. It was understood that if you paid in advance, you would not be expected to occupy it."

"I make it a matter of conscience," I said, "to go to the opera with Charlie occasionally, and I think I can say truthfully that I try to look interested, and never by any means betray that I've heard the Jewel Song regularly for the last thirty years, and read the same article about it every morning during that time."

"Delightful," exclaimed Petunia. "After all, perhaps you are exhausted by your public duties. That had not occurred to me."

"On the contrary, it is my private duty that I wish to speak to you about. You feel, at least, a woman's interest in the future of that boy. Consider a moment—his mother left him in trust to me sacredly. I have given up most of the things in life that a man at my age enjoys in order to guard and shape his future. We have been companions, confidants, ever since he and I came out of that experiment in the Hotchkiss woods ten years ago. I have made it the one purpose of my life to correct and redeem in his the errors and shortcomings of mine. I think that you will acknowledge that Charlie has been kept clean and sweet as a girl, shielded from all the temptations, and unsmirched by any of the profligacies that make up the curriculum of the well-to-do young man of our day."

My excellent sister took a long breath at the end of my preludium, but she did it very much as if she had said, "you are not candid enough to gasp at your own folly, so I will do it for you." Then she remarked quite purringly:

"Very well, conceding the superhuman beauty of your paternalism, what is it is worrying you? Has the moral superiority of your duckling begun to frighten you?"

"Charlie," I observed, "is of a fine, susceptible nature, liable to make irremediable mistakes on the side of his affections, and though I have endeavored to strengthen his judgment and develop his moral sense of values——"

"The boy is in love," said Petunia; "is that it?"

"I don't think that he could reach that unfortunate condition without confiding it to me. No, I will not say that he is in love, but it might result in that."

"What might?"

"His boyish fancy for some passing and possibly unworthy person."

"Who is it?"

"I have not the slightest idea."

"Certainly—I might have known that."

"You understand that our relations are such that I trust entirely to his honor, his training, and his habit of confiding in me. But, with the very best of educational advantages, a boy of nineteen is apt to be blinded by his senses."

"It isn't the worst kind of blindness," remarked Petunia. "He never can be morally stone blind till he reaches fifty-four."

"Oh, come now, you do not think that I am blind."

"Totally and irretrievably, so far as that boy is concerned. You are afflicted by what ought to be called doting cataracts. What is it you have discovered?"

"Nothing of any importance, I assure you. Perhaps I am inclined to magnify trifles, but the other night, when he had gone out, I came upon a little half-open note that he had left on the table carelessly."

"Ah," said Petunia, with suddenly awakened interest, "you read it."

"Pardon me; I did not. I would not take advantage of his carelessness. But I saw one line before I could help it."

"What incredible forbearance—and that line was——"

"Darling."

Petunia seemed to break out into an extra bloom of laughter. Perhaps the word awoke tender and joyful memories in her.

"You do not detect anything sad in it?" I inquired.

"Sad," she exclaimed. "Why, it is the first peep of exultant nature."

"But there was something else visible at the top of the paper, and I could not avoid seeing it."

"Yes," said my sister, holding her jewelled fingers over her mouth, "it was, 'My only, onliest,' or some other throbbing incoherence."

"No. It was—Wallack's Theatre."

"Yes," said Petunia, in quite a matter-of-fact way, "how fortunate! It might have been vaudeville."

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"The association does not appear to startle you."

"No. It lacks the element of surprise."

"Then you knew something of it?"

"How could I help it? Everybody is not as blind as you are."

"And you never told me," I said pathetically, as I buttoned my coat.

"My dear Rufus, a man who will not read his son's letters will not take his sister's advice. Besides, it is not proper form to nip love's young dream in the bud nowadays. The boy will have his own way, and why waste anxiety about it?"

"Pardon me," I said; "I don't intend that he shall, and, for that matter," I added as I got up, "neither shall you."

"Really now, you speak as if I furnished him with money and shut my eyes on his conduct and believed in his archangel nature. You are doing me a great injustice, Rufus, and it wounds me."

And then my sister drew her handkerchief across one eye with a dainty flourish.

"Are you aware," I said, as I stood in the middle of the room in a suspensive attitude, between an indignant retreat and a final appeal—"are you aware of what boyish folly of this kind may result in?"

"I can estimate the chances," she said. "Ordinarily a flirtation and some needed experience. But with a specially susceptible duckling, liable to have fifteen or twenty thousand a year, it's like the scarlet fever, and apt to leave chronic complications. Have you inquired—they may be married already, you know, and up to their ankles in spilt milk."

Something in my appearance must have touched her at last, for she got up and came to me, leaving her badinage behind her.

"I see you are shocked," she said.

"Terribly. You do not understand how fatally my life is wound up in that boy's."

"I am glad," she said, "if I have shocked you. I hardly believed it possible, and shock is such a necessary method of nature and art, from earthquakes to idols. You take it too seriously. Men are different from women; somebody has said that if they were never knocked down they would never get up—it must have been an Irishman. At the worst, the affair would only be temporary. Charlie would probably get divorced in six months."

"Petunia," I replied, with as much dignity as I could command, "I feel that in this matter we are talking at each other from different worlds. You do not know how deep it reaches down into my hopes and happiness."

"No," she said, "I haven't thought it necessary to dive so deep, when a small amount of practical sense on your part would stop the nonsense by stopping the supplies."

She must have seen me shrink a little at the proposition, for she added:

"But of course you will never do that, on account of the boy's confidence in you."

"I am not thinking of punitive measures—only of the temperament, the inexperience, and the sad disappointment."

"Isn't that about what the hen said to the duckling. Consider the dry barnyard, the comfortable roost, and beware of the duck pond, with its snapping turtles and bullfrogs. Do you know what the duckling said? You have probably forgotten. It was this: 'I prefer them—it is life.'"

My interview with Petunia was discouraging. She evidently knew more about the conduct of Charlie than she had cared to tell me. Then, too, I had an ill-defined consciousness of my own comfortable remissness, upon which she had so adroitly put her flashing finger. I found myself hurrying away in my walk, very much as if there was not much time.

I had gone to a woman of the world in what I conceived to be a purely worldly matter. I would now try a man of the world. Men grasped these matters more firmly. There was my old friend, Major Downs at the Club; he had just the kind of sagacity to handle such a case. Somebody had said he was a Major Pendennis. With a Fotheringay on my hands, what could be more appropriate than a Major Pendennis.

He sat, as usual, at the Club window, watching the afternoon procession on the Avenue. If it were not for his white side-whiskers and equally white mustache and very pink cheeks, I should have likened him to a gargoyle over a temple door, for he was always there, watching the coming and going, with the same unalterable stare. The animated drift of equipages had for him some kind of personal responsibility, as if he had become its automatic indicator, and must note correctly every day in the year if A were driving his bays and B had his tandem out and C was in proper fettle.

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"Pull a chair up," he said. "The turnout is very fine to-day. D has just gone up with his drag. I really didn't know he was back."

"D," I said to myself; "it will take him an hour to get through the rest of the alphabet.

"I'm going to smoke a cigar in the reading-room, Major. I wish you would join me at dinner when the show is over."

"Yes, yes," he replied impatiently, as if I were disturbing his view, as he bowed to somebody, "yes, yes, E is in F's landau. They must have made up. New coachman, too. I suppose that old match will be consummated now."

"I will be in the reading-room," I said, and walked away.

When he joined me later at dinner, he was so full of the afternoon drift that it was some time before I could get him around to my affairs, and I had to approach the matter with a guarded indifference.

"Don't you find the season intolerably dull?" I asked.

"Oh, just the usual dulness. I haven't noticed anything extra in it. Nothing happens this time of year."

"Nothing going on even at the theatres?"

He looked up from his plate as if the drop from society to the theatre was not altogether excusable. "I don't think any of our set are going to the theatres now," he said. "It's a little late in the season."

"By our set you mean the old fellows."

"Oh, the young fellows have no regard for the calendar. Some of them would go to the theatre on Good Friday if the ballet was a new one."

"Major," I said, "you can give me a little advice. Did you not have some trouble as guardian with your nephews?"

"Oh, just the ordinary trouble, the regular thing."

"One of the boys made a mesalliance——"

"Oh, that affair was just the ordinary thing. They were divorced, you know, and the matter fixed up."

"But you tried to prevent it?"

"Not I. I never try to prevent that sort of thing. Go it, I said to the young scamp. If you didn't do this, you would do something worse. Go it while you're young."

"Oh," I remarked, somewhat taken aback, "I got the impression somewhere that you succeeded in preventing the affair, and I was going to ask you how you set about it."

"Prevent it?" said the Major with admirable surprise, as he held the bottle of Burgundy over his wine glass. "You can't prevent it—exploded idea, sir. Much the best plan to let the fellow have his swing and have done with it."

"You speak as if a swing limited itself."

"Quite right—quite right. It's like any other debauch. Is your colt kicking?"

"No, no—not at all—not at all."

"If he is, give him the run of the paddock. Whatever you pour into his head will run out of his heels. When he gets tired he will come into the box stall and behave himself."

"And bring another colt with him perhaps."

"Oh, temporarily—just the ordinary affilly-ation," and the Major smacked his lips at his pun.

"As you are pleased to use the stock-breeder's language, Major," I said, "let me remind you that society would do well to imitate his scrupulous care of his stock."

"Egad," said the Major, "I suppose it does try to, but the tendency of the times is against it, and the stock insist on taking care of themselves. This is a liberal age, you know. Too d——d liberal, I suppose, for some of us old fellows. We can't keep up the lines of caste now without going abroad to live. Why, sir, when you and I were young men and had our swing—and we did have it, old chap—we drew the line at anything like permanent alliances. By Jove, the old governors wouldn't have it. I remember, in the 'sixties, I was smitten, along with a number of other young fellows, by Bonfanti—you remember Bonfanti?"

"Bonfanti," I repeated; "the name sounds familiar. A French actress?"

"No, just a *premiere assoluta*. We used to squander a good deal of money on tuberoses and japonicas—you remember tuberoses and japonicas were the rage in the early 'sixties—but, by Jove, sir, nobody thought of setting her down in his family circle. Why, sir, we had dowagers then who would have blighted her with a look. We took our divertisements like gentlemen then, not like business men. I don't know whether the theatre has come up or society has come down, but I'll be hanged if the old chalk-line between them hasn't disappeared. Madame Grampus said a good thing

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the other night at the Polcher's—what the deuce was it; wait a moment—oh, yes, says she, 'The theatre is a place now where the curtain alone separates the professional beauties who have their chance, from the professional beauties who haven't.' Rather good that, eh?"

"Rather a sweeping imputation, Major," I remarked.

"Deuced clever, though," replied the Major, his idea of what is deucedly clever being much more liberal than mine.

"You know," he went on, "one of the Polcher boys was educated for a clergyman, and he came home one day with a soubrette on his arm."

"Married?"

"Well, that was the professional claim. I think it cost old Polcher something like ten thousand to get his cub out of it, and the fun of it was that the girl turned out to have a better theological education than the Polcher. Now, you wouldn't look for that sort of thing on the stage when we were young, would you? Let them alone for a year, I said to old Polcher, and it will fix itself. What can you expect if you begin to hamper these young fellows with theology before they get their eye teeth cut. They must have their experience first and their morality afterwards."

I had never given much attention to large educational matters, but this presentation of the rising generation as inverted pyramids, must have lit up my face as if a popular cartoon had passed by. The Major must have seen it, for he went on assuringly:

"Fact, sure as you live. Why, I remember when our governors used to say, train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not bolt the track. You remember that it was the school motto over the teacher's desk. Bless my soul, those old fellows really believed it. But you don't see it now. Got broader views. Leave them alone, and they'll come home and bring their tails behind them, doesn't look well worked in worsted—so now we work it in taffeta."

These glistening gems of thought, thrown off over his wine, by the Major, made me feel very lonely, and I could not help regarding the Major for the moment as a social syphon intent only on aërating the conversation.

I had a personal grievance, a private bereavement, and it was very plain that the Major would regard it as one of those weaknesses out of which a man of the world should grow. I ought to have arrived at "just the ordinary indifference," to any such foolishness as was involved in trying to keep my boy from traversing my old tracks. It was impossible either to make my excellent half-sister or the Major understand how my mature roots had become entangled in this sapling, and how I resented, with all my might, the idea of giving him up to his "swing."

The boy had come home from college six months before, looking a little worn and pale, and the physician had said he must have a year's rest. We had taken the elegant apartments uptown, and had gone into that luxurious bachelor chumship so seldom sustained by father and son, and which I fondly believed was a renewal of the pleasant companionship of former days, when we were boys together off there in the Hotchkiss woods.

Now that there was some uncertain danger of being compelled to give the fellow up to his own courses, I became aware of how inextricably woven into me were all the hopes and gentler ambitions and reliant affections that our companionship had nurtured. I believe I could have given the rascal up and said, "God speed, Comrade," if I had been confident that his departure was insured against the pitfalls, the rocks, the sirens, and the miserable mistakes through which I had laboriously come. It would be unbearably forlorn for me, no doubt, but I would weather it through somehow. The covert allusions of my sister and the Major hurt me. They both assumed that Charlie had easily and naturally lent himself to some kind of hypocrisy, and was leading one life to my face and another behind my back. I blushed at the recreancy to Charlie of such a thought. I would read the truth in his candid face. At the worst, I said, I have the matter in my own hands, and can at any time shut off the supplies and bring him up with a round turn.

He did not return to the rooms until one o'clock that night. When he opened the door he started a little, I thought, to see me sitting up so late.

"Been to the theatre?" I asked as unconcernedly as possible.

"Yes."

"What theatre?"

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"Wallack's," and he bustled round getting off his dress coat and slipping on a jacket.

"Anything interesting to be seen there?"

"English burlesque. Some interesting people in it."

"Ah—would it interest me?"

"Hardly; you are not easily interested, Dad."

This, I thought, was the first intimation that there was a divergence in our tastes. He came over to the table and saw the open letter with its tell-tale heading, where he had dropped it, and, picking it up with a passing expression of annoyance at his own carelessness, put it in his jacket pocket. It was a fine example of the delicacy of our relationship that he knew I had not read it. "What kept you up so late to-night?" he asked.

"Was looking over some old papers."

"Did you dine at the Club?"

"Yes, with Major Downs. It was very dull. In fact, the town has got so dull that I was going to propose that we run away somewheres."

"You don't mean abroad?" with a little, sudden start, I thought.

"Why not? I'm getting almost lonely."

"Why, I was saying only this morning, how pleasant the town is becoming, now that the bores are all leaving it."

"Perhaps you would like me to clear out on that theory, Comrade?"

He had gone over to the bookcase, and was looking for a novel, with his back toward me. At this remark he turned squarely around and looked at me inquiringly, with a copy of Meredith in his hands.

I could not help remarking to myself how handsome he looked, as his mother's features and her unruffled candor of expression came out in the light of the chandelier as he stood there.

"Go without me?" he said. "You speak as if you thought it might please me."

"Well, I have fallen into such a habit of accommodating you, that I suppose I could do even that if it would make you more comfortable."

"Oh, then cut it," he said. "I'd look like a detached spar floating around in these rooms without you."

"What do you suppose I would look like, floating around Europe without you?"

"Well, you can at least wait till the season is over."

"Do you mean the theatrical season?"

He did not answer me promptly, and I fumbled something on the table, trying to recall the words of Iago about "trifles light as air," and failing. I was never good at quoting anything literally. The theatrical company would be going back to England at the end of the season. I waited. I felt, rather than saw, that there was in Charlie's face an expression of inquiry—a possible pause between suspicion and doubt. Then he came up to me and put his hand on my shoulder in his old affectionate way, and I felt, even before he spoke, that candor had taken the bit in its mouth.

"Dad," he said, "I never lied to you in my life, and it is too late to begin now. If there is anything on your mind give it to me straight and let's have it out."

I was not equal to having it out. Something forewarned me that if I precipitated the issue, he would have the best of it.

"I never doubted you, Comrade," I said, "and it's too far into the night to open a new catechism. I am going to bed. Good-night."

"Good-night, Dad."

I felt when I was alone that I had temporized with the matter in the most craven manner. Some kind of passive rage took possession of me and kept me awake. It was not indignation at Charlie, but at some impalpable danger that threatened to come between us.

About half-past two, tired of my own foolish perplexities, and seeing the light reflected from the sitting-room, I got up softly and, going along the passage, peeped through the portière. He was sitting at the table. Meredith's novel was turned face down, and, lying back in the chair, Charlie was staring at a photograph which he held in his hand, and his face wore an expression that I had never seen before.

(To be continued.)

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"LANDSCAPE WITH SHEEP."

By Clarence H. White.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART.

V.—OTHER METHODS OF INDIVIDUAL EXPRESSION; ILLUSTRATED BY THE WORK OF CLARENCE H. WHITE AND WILLIAM B. DYER.

By Charles H. Caffin.

WE are continuing in this chapter a study of the possibilities and means of personal expression in photography. Whether there are, indeed, possibilities represents the actual crux of the question: Is photography to be reckoned among the fine arts?

By those who have followed the course of this series, I venture to hope that the question has been answered in the affirmative. But ignorance or indifference on the subject is very widely spread. I am reminded as I write that the authorities of the Pan-American Exposition have made no provision for photography in the art section; on the other hand, that those of the International Exhibition at Glasgow have not only done so, but sent over to this country a special commissioner to secure a good representation of American prints, and that these are attracting much favorable comment in comparison with the British, French, German, and Austrian work, simultaneously shown. Evidently the Scotchman has "a bee in his bonnet," or else on this particular point he is far ahead of the progressive American. Our authorities at Buffalo seem to share the common notion that photography is only a mechanical process; that a piece of glass, coated with a film of bromide of silver, is put into a dark-box, exposed to the light, and "there you have it!" But what? The negative; and this is only the first step in the process; one, indeed, that needs artistic feeling and knowledge, as we have tried to show in previous chapters, but only a step towards the ultimate result. The photographer so far has reached a point corresponding to that arrived at by the student when he succeeds in gaining admission to a university. It is then that the actual development of his character and mental machinery must begin: which course of study shall he select in order best to develop the inherent possibilities of his attainments and temperament?

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Just so the photographer is confronted with the choice of many ways of producing a print from his negative. The latter has certain qualities which suggest the advisability of using one out of these many processes, and the photographer has certain motives of his own which he thinks the negative can be made to yield. So by the choice of a method and by the skill and feeling with which he uses it will be determined whether the resultant print is an ordinary record of certain facts or an expression of individual artistic purpose.

It is here that the commercial photographer is apt to design from those who can afford the time to treat the subject artistically. His objective is a definite financial profit; he cannot afford to experiment, and adopts a certain process which in the long run produces the best average of results and sticks to it. On the other hand, the photographer who allows himself the luxury of study and reflection, either varies his process according to the qualities of each negative, or if he make a practice of one process, preserves a continual attitude of experimenting in the care and thought with which he applies it or reapplies it until the result he has in mind and heart be reached. It is this which determines the money value of a print. Some readers may be surprised to know that considerably over a hundred dollars has been paid for many. Such an amount, however, they will agree is a small one to pay for an oil painting, because it is engrained in their minds that an oil painting is necessarily expensive. But why? Oil is cheap enough, paints not extravagantly dear, and neither canvas nor frames exorbitant in price. What we pay for is not these ingredients, but an added value, the indefinable something put into them by the personality of the artist. Equally it is not the price of paper and chemicals or even of the photographer's time at so much the hour that sums up the value of a photograph, but the skill and feeling of the operator which transmutes the result and makes it a work of art.

And how shall we know it for a work of art? you ask. Frankly, there is no comprehensive, infallible test, for feeling as well as fact is to be reckoned with; the fact being certain rules of composition, themselves various and contradictory; differing, for example, in a Japanese print and in a picture recognized by the academies of Europe; the feeling is a matter for ourselves to decide. If the picture affects us pleasurably, it is, at least to ourselves, a work of art. The fellow who "knows it all" may tell us we are wrong. Let us listen to his arguments; in time we may find he is right; perhaps, however, he is not right, having only his own store of facts and feelings to work by; meanwhile, we have got our enjoyment, and this way of thinkingly recognizing "what we like" brings with it a continuously developing appreciation and knowledge; our old loves are replaced by others more congenial to our riper and wider judgment; we ourselves develop and our taste correspondingly. But never be satisfied with the other fellow's dictum; let our judgments and fancies in the matter of art, whether right or wrong in others' eyes, be matters of our own conviction.

In the previous chapter various methods of manipulating the negative or print were considered. Here we will briefly touch on the platinotype and gum-bichromate methods of development, using them as pegs on which to hang a discussion of the work of Clarence H. White and of William B. Dyer; not exhaustively from the point of view either of the expert or the critic, but following our plan of treating various phases of the art and of illustrating them by reference to some of their leading exponents. All the prints of Mr. White, kindly submitted for this article, are platinotypes, while the best of Mr. Dyer's are gum-bichromates. Hence the adjustment of our thought. On the other hand, both these gentlemen frequently indulge in figure subjects, as distinguished from portraits or landscape. On this point, however, I shall touch but lightly, as it will be the topic specially considered in a later chapter.

Mr. White appears to find in the platinotype process the best expression of his purpose. When platinum paper is exposed to light in the printing frame the dark parts come out first in a temporary image of iron or silver, which in the subsequent process of development is in some cases overlaid with, in others exchanged for, a permanent image in metallic platinum. This is the scientific statement, which may mean much or nothing to the reader; but the main thing is that the platinum, being distributed over the paper with exceeding fineness, yields exquisitely graduated tones of black and gray. This black, blue-black or brown-

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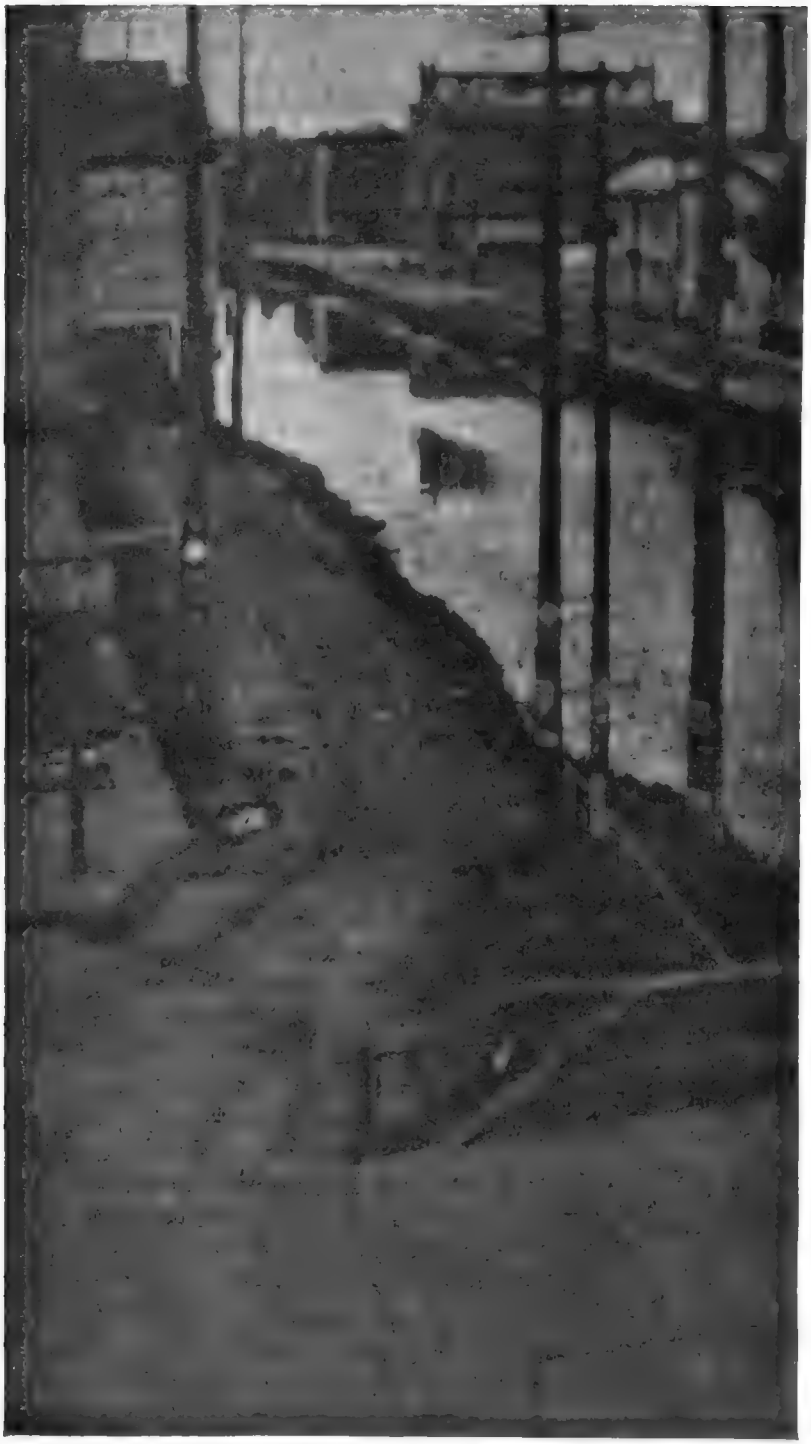

From a platinotype by Clarence H. White.

"TELEGRAPH POLES."

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By Clarence H. White

"PORTRAIT OF MRS. D."

black, but deep and full of color and the delicate differences of gray, are the distinguishing characteristics of this process. It lends itself, therefore, equally to rich and dainty effects, and is invaluable when tender differences of tone are desired or sumptuous depth of color. For an example of the former may be cited the "Portrait of Mrs. D.," in which the stiffness and glare of a white piqué costume is reduced to a mingling of soft radiance and equally soft shadow, daintily differentiated from the light wall behind the figure. The picture recalls a somewhat similar subject by the painter John S. Sargent, inspired by the same artistic motive of preserving the freshness of the fabric while controlling its angularity and sharp obtrusiveness; and, although the painting has more style, the print is equally artistic in a more gracious manner.

It opens up a consideration of Mr. White's work from the artistic standpoint. After knowing his prints only in driblets at various exhibitions, I have had the pleasure on this occasion of examining over one hundred, and they offer quite a revelation. Probably there is not one in which genuine artistic feeling fails to appear. Moreover, it has been cultivated. He has mastered the principles of composition and trained his sense of line; places the figures excellently in their space, surrounds them with atmosphere, and distributes over and around them a fascinating web of light and shade, using also the simplest objects to complete the picture, but with a judgment that makes them contribute to the beauty of the design. In many prints, for example, recurs a little ice-chest, but its homeliness is forgotten in the suggestive way in which it has been used to secure a solid mass when such was needed. The most notable instance of Mr. White's ability to extract beauty from the homeliest material is the print entitled "Telegraph Poles." The scene appears to be a canal, on the banks of which are poles and irregular buildings, separated by vacant spaces, like teeth and stumps and gaps in an old crone's jaw; an unsightly, even squalid spot. At least to the stranger; but to the man who has seen it under all sorts of aspects of light and weather, moreover with an artist's eye, alive to the abstract fascination of mere lines and masses, of mingled variety of tone, this most unsuggestive subject has revealed possibilities which have yielded an original and strikingly beautiful picture. It is being exhibited at Glasgow, and has attracted warm commendation. Meanwhile (let me rub in the fact) it is not to be seen at Buffalo! If I am addressing any one who has hitherto regarded art as the mere imitating of objects, this picture should open up a new idea. It would seem that it is not so much the objects as the use which the artist makes of them that constitutes art, the little something of himself mixed in with the ingredients, the personal alchemy that transmutes the commonplace into the beautiful. So if you want your portrait taken, it may be less important what clothes

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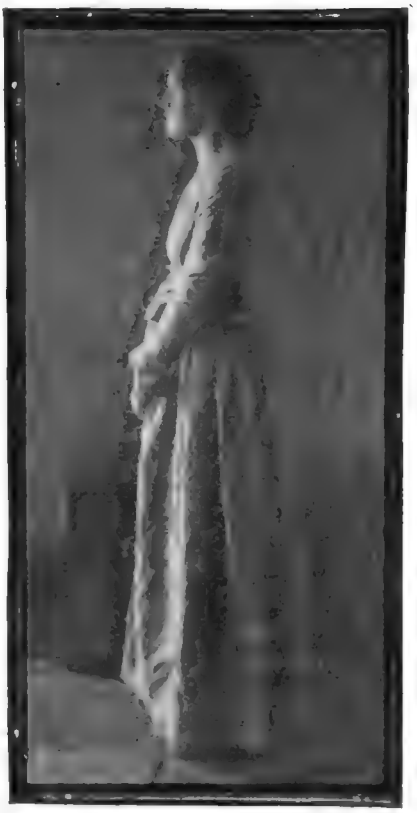
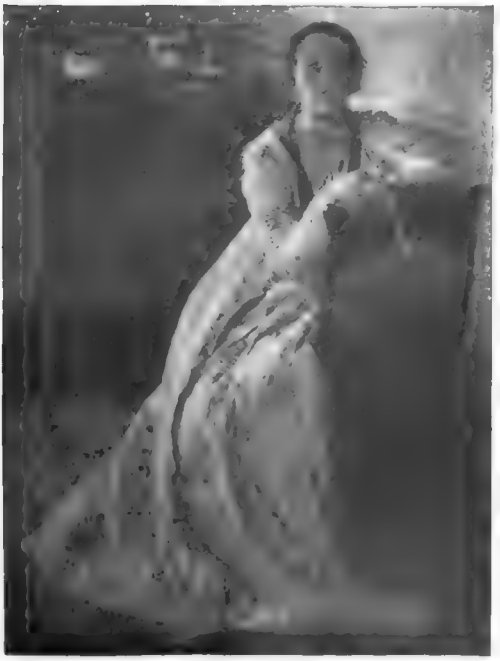
you wear than whom you select to photograph them.

A print that gives increasing satisfaction is "Self-oblivious." In view of the simple elegance of the apartment (*simplex munditiis*, as Horace, writing in the days of Roman ostentation, has it), and the dainty artifice of the little bits of china and foliage-sprays, I dare to be honest and to express a wish that the impetuosity of the artist had allowed the lady time to finish the arrangement of her hair. Its disarray troubles the serenity of the composition; but, accepting it as we find it, how dignified is the picture with its ample passages of dark and voluminous mass of lighter drapery, the latter so simple and yet expressive in its well-chosen lines. One may find the lighted contour of the dress a little hard and insistent, lacking in atmosphere; and while on this subject we may refer to the print entitled "The Puritan," an upright panel with the standing figure of a woman, seen in profile. In the soft rim of light down the front of the dress there is greater mystery, and more subtlety in the relation of the darker tones and in their differentiation from the background; and these qualities have a direct artistic reference to the feeling and sentiment of the picture. What exceeding simplicity there is in the composition, its frank contrast of long upright lines with a horizontal mass (the ice-chest by the way). It emphasizes most admirably a point that many a young photographer might well take to heart—that there is no necessary virtue in elaboration, but that the simplest principles, cunningly applied, will yield most satisfactory results. In both these last two prints the key-note is simplicity; in the one case with a large suggestion, in the other with a gentle reticence.



By Clarence H. White.

"THE PURITAN."



By Clarence H. White.

"SELF-OBLIVIOUS."

Let us compare with these the subject "What Shall I Say?" a young lady seated before a writing bureau. This seems by comparison a manufactured article; cleverly devised, no doubt, but lacking—what? Apparently simplicity, which might have been secured by merging into masses some of the separate details. The lace curtain, patterned carpet, and chair trouble us with distinct definition; the paraphernalia of the bureau, on the other hand, is sketchily sug-

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"EVENING—INTERIOR." *By Clarence H. White.*

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By Clarence H. White.

"'WHAT SHALL I SAY?'"

gestive, giving an idea of papers and litter of stationery without the facts being forced upon our notice. This part of the picture is impressionistic, the before-mentioned details obvious and by contrast commonplace. The lady, again, is charmingly presented, but the pose lacks spontaneity; she did not assume it temporarily, one feels she was put there and will stay. I dwell upon these points because this is just the sort of a picture that amuses the inexpert, like those pretty oil paintings of the Düsseldorf school and of some of our own painters, with their "seeing's believing" accuracy of definition and "what-a-lot-for-your-money" profusion of detail. It lacks simplicity, synthesis, and spontaneousness, being too diffusive and insistent upon trifles.

Compare with it the print called "Evening—Interior"; light filtering in through windows upon a seated woman; everything told in a moment, nothing interfering with the suggestion of peace and restfulness—a true bit of impressionism. The picture is saturated with tranquil light, even the shadowed parts of the wall and the woman's figure being luminous; there is no shock of light and dark, but, as it were, a pervasiveness of musing quiet. Surely if we prefer to have our imagination stimulated rather than to have a little statement of fact categorically related, we shall prefer this picture to the "What Shall I Say?" The management of the light in this "Evening" suggests a reference to the "Landscape with Sheep," reproduced as a headpiece to this number of our series. The original is steeped in warm atmosphere. Looking at the picture one seems to feel the atmosphere, and the quality of fading light is equally well suggested. The tops of the trees are dark against the

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sky, but lower down their shadows are still loose and luminous; light still lingers on the sloping banks and glints on the fleece of the sheep. As you peer into the dark spots of the picture, hints of detail are faintly visible, and curious and unexpected pranks of light, which lend a mystery and suggestiveness, such as the scene would have in nature. These subtle effects, as was urged in the previous chapter, seem to be one great advantage of a "straight" photograph, skilfully controlled, over the much manipulated print, which must depend chiefly on broad and general effects. This subject of "sheep" is printed in tones of warm brown; hence, I fancy, the suggestion of evening, whereas, if delicate grays had been used, it would probably have been an equally true representation of very early morning. If this be so, it gives a clew to the range of possibilities in treating the negative, so as to make it yield what the operator desires. And let not any painter smile at this turning of morning into evening effect or *vice versa* at will, for it is often difficult in an oil painting to decide which of the two hours has been intended. The phenomena of both are sometimes very similar, differing only in the degree of warmth or coolness in the atmosphere; and as the morning may be warm and the evening cool, even this distinction is not always reliable; and age, too, yellows pictures, so one may not infrequently be in doubt.

"MORNING." By Clarence H. White.

The early morning suggestion, by use of gray tones, is beautifully represented in the picture of a lady walking in a garden, entitled "Morning." The cool light steals softly through the early mistiness of atmosphere, sprinkling leaves and flowers, and creeping under the bushy masses of the apple trees. What a pure and fragrant scene, and how charmingly the figure is treated, detached so tenderly from its surroundings, and yet in feeling and placing entirely a part of them! The picture is as dainty as a fragment of rose-point lace, the darker mass of the lady's head being the embossed centre of the design; it might have been breathed upon the paper, and yet the evanescent appearance will be permanent—one of the benefits of the platinotype process. And note, this tenderness is not obtained at the expense of reality and substance. The figure is very tangible, the path solid and sufficiently detailed, the nearby foliage

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detaches itself in parts, and the distance under the apple trees is suggested. These only are blurred, as they might be in nature at this hour. I mention this because there is a prevalent notion that the necessary and infallible recipe for tenderness in a picture is blur and muzziness. One often sees such pictures, consisting merely of several masses of tone melting into one another; very pretty, but inadequate as studies of nature because they generalize too much and obliterate the sense of facts. It is a virtue of this one that, while the facts are subordinated to the general impression, they are sufficiently indicated to ensure a ready acceptance of them as real and beautiful in themselves. On the other hand, the charm of "At the Window"—another design of delicate grays—would have been much increased if some hint of the scene outside the window had been given. As it is, the

By Clarence H. White.

"AT THE WINDOW."

lady draws back the transparent curtain to reveal nothing but formless and unlovely blurrs. You will agree at once that the diffused atmospheric effect has much to do with the beauty of this picture; but, lest it should seem essential, compare "The Readers," in which everything is shown in clear light. The subject is full of pensive tranquillity, and yet there is no muzziness; on the contrary, a strong composition of well-defined darks and lights and intermediate tones, a pattern admirably bold and emphatic. Its harmonious quiet is the result of serene, unbroken lines, ample simplicity of spacing, and the complete balance preserved in the masses and tones.

In most of these prints the composition has been deliberately arranged with a decorative end in view. A fine example is seen in the "Portrait of Mrs. D.," which attracts for another reason, that it is the only subject, illustrated here, in which Mr. White has shown an artist's joy in the beauty of rounded flesh; the play of full light on the soft boss of the shoulder, and the showing of the firmly modelled arm through the delicate mesh of the sleeve. Moreover, there is a languorous ease about this picture which

By Clarence H. White.

"THE READERS."

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By Clarence H. White.

"PORTRAIT OF MRS. D."

is pleasant by way of occasional contrast to the strained earnestness in some of the others. We do not care a fig for a man who is not in earnest, yet the earnestness should not obtrude; it should be felt rather than clearly stated. In some of these prints the model is keyed up to such a serious consciousness of the part she is playing that we experience ourselves a sense of strain and fatigue. With most photographers the difficulty is to find a model that can enter into their motives. Mr. White has been more fortunate. Two ladies appear and reappear throughout his pictures, and to their

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intelligence and sympathy he owes, no doubt, a large measure of the beautiful results secured. I cannot but feel, however, that they would often help the picture by a little more lightsomeness of feeling. In the well-rounded artistic temperament there seems always to be a savor of this, even an occasional petulance of contempt for art, as being, after all, so inadequate to express everything the artist has to say. It acts as salt to the imagination, keeping it fresh and racy; helps the artist to step outside himself and see what he is doing as a man; prevents him from circling too persistently around the centre of himself, and widens the orbit until its direction appears to be spontaneous. In a spirit of sympathy with Mr. White's motives and out of admiration for his work I commend this thought to his reflection.

So far we have been discussing platinotypes, almost all of them "straight" prints, such manipulation as occurs being only to secure a loosening of the color in the shadowed parts. Mr. Dyer also works in this medium, but the examples I have selected introduce us to the gum-bichromate process, for in this he seems to have accomplished the most notable results. Color and tone would appear to be the qualities that he best understands, for in composition he shows weakness, the lines and masses being often angular, jerky, and harsh, and the patterns confused. But in the gum-bichromate process, wherein tone and color count so much, he has struck a vein which should yield rich results.

The process briefly is as follows: The operator, having taken his negative, prepares the paper for printing by spreading it with a mixture of gum, water color, and potassium bichromate. When the coating is dry the paper is exposed to the light through a negative in a printing frame in the usual manner. The sunlight renders the gum insoluble in proportion to the amount of light which gets through the negative. Thus under the clearest parts (which, it will be remembered, represent the shadows of the actual picture) the gum becomes insoluble, while under the darkest parts (which will be the lightest) the gum remains soluble, and a gradation of insolubility is reached in the intermediate parts. The paper is then washed in water, which removes the gum according to the degree of its solubility, and with the gum the coloring matter in it. If the photographer leaves the paper in the printing frame until the light has accomplished its work thoroughly, the result will be a straight photograph. But if he takes it out after an exposure merely sufficient to indicate the outlines of the image, he can by simple application of water remove much or little or all of the gum in any part he wishes. In this way he is able to alter the tones, remove any details, and to entirely alter the character of the subject. Through this complete freedom of manipulation, joined to a wide range in the choice of color and quality of paper, this process offers the greatest possibilities of personal expression, and in the hands of any one of artistic knowledge as well as artistic temperament, may be made to give surprisingly beautiful results in certain subjects. For it is not suitable in all cases. "It is generally said to be specially indicated for broad, sketchy effects," writes Mr. F. A. Waugh, an expert of the process, in *The Photo Miniature*, "and perhaps this phrase comes as near covering the case as can anything short of personal experience. I find it particularly useful for the fine texture it gives, especially with lampblack. This texture gives the best rendering I have ever seen for old mossy stones, for dilapidated architectural masses, light and shadow on old tree trunks, and the like. It is incomparably useful in showing trees, especially when leafless, and when only the outlines of the trunks and tops or the tracery of the branches are wanted. I find it difficult to interpret water surfaces in most compositions (though not in all) by this process. It is difficult to print in clouds which may be in the negative, but supremely easy to 'fake' in clouds not in the negative. . . . It is not generally useful for portraiture, though it gives the happiest results in certain cases."

It will be noticed that Mr. Waugh uses the term "fake," placing it, however, in quotations, for elsewhere in his interesting brochure he alludes to it as a charge brought by others against the manipulation of prints, whereas he claims the right to do anything to secure the desired result. In the previous paper I tried to sum up a just conclusion of this matter, and what was said in relation to the glycerine process may fairly be urged in connection with the gum-bichromate. Successful manipulation demands artistic training, the ability to draw, as well

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From a gum-bichromate by William B. Dyer.

"STUDY OF A HEAD."

as the trained eye for values and tones, and the results in this process will be of a "broad and sketchy" kind. This last statement seems to bear out what I said in speaking of the glycerine process, and that both these methods of printing are unsuited to subtle effects and delicate distinctions of tone, as, for example, appear in some landscapes. The point is worth insisting upon, for the fascinating liberty of action which

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both allow the operator may easily blind him to their deficiencies. On the other hand, there are possibilities in the gum-bichromate process of printing which fully justify the enthusiasm of those who use it and their belief that it offers the most fertile soil for further development of the art. A well-known "straight" photographer tells me (very significantly) that if he had the requisite skill in drawing he would be

From a gum-bichromate by William B. Dyer.

"BEFORE AGINCOURT."

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devoted to the process; though, he adds, not so much to change as to modify the straight record of the negative. I fancy, however, that when his enthusiasm became aroused over a certain point, he might easily find himself going beyond this self-appointed boundary. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, but thou canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth;" the wind, in this case, of personal expression trying to free itself.

Mr. Dyer, so far as I know, has limited the use of this process to idealized representations of the human figure. The originals of the examples illustrated here are colored brownish-red in the darker parts and warm buff in the lights, and, except for the merging of the drapery into the background, are straight prints from negatives a little under-exposed. I find it difficult to take an interest in "Before Agincourt"; it conveys little meaning, and its sentiment seems concocted; nor are the lines agreeable, the arm and open sleeve being particularly devoid of feeling, while the lower part of the figure is not accounted for or its support sufficiently indicated. But the "Study of a Head" has many beautiful qualities. The design is bold, while the sentiment is tender and dreamy; there is impressiveness of mass and mystery of parts; beauty of firm, ripe flesh and pleasant contrast of foamy drapery; agreeable color and real suggestion of atmosphere. While the figure in the other picture seems fading into or out of the wall, you feel that there is space beyond this head, that itself is real and tangible, and the haze, which envelopes it, is luminous and penetrable. One wonders if the negative were taken in the open air. Certainly this method of using the process to secure flat tints, modelled but slightly, would suggest its suitability for out-of-door studies of the human figure. For it may not have occurred to every reader that in a studio the light, being partial, is accompanied by shadows which throw the modelling up in strong relief, but that the greater diffusion of light in the open air reduces the appearance of bulk in objects; flattens them, in fact, and for contrasts of light and shadow substitutes faintly different planes of tone. If, therefore, Mr. Dyer's experiments have not already led him in this direction, one may hope he will essay it.

We shall realize more fully the possibilities of the gum-bichromate process, if we think for a moment how the print might have been developed. The background, instead of being washed away, might have been left dark, the head merging into it; or the head might have been made light as a contrast, or lights might have been introduced in parts of it; the drapery might have been defined or indicated merely by a few sketchy lines. Any one of these devices, and doubtless there are others, would have transformed the character of the picture, giving it not only a different appearance, but another kind of sentiment. No wonder the operator is fascinated! He can improvise like a pianist upon the keys.

In this and the previous chapter I have tried to explain some of the ways in which photographers can control, modify, and even alter the statement of the camera; not, indeed, exhaustively; touching, in fact, only "the fringe upon the petticoat," yet surely enough to make clear that, if they are artists by temperament and training, they can make their print a medium of personal expression. Like the painters, they may not always try to nor always succeed when they try; but the possibilities are within their reach, and many photographers have grasped them. To admit this is to recognize photography as one of the fine arts. For do not let us be cheated by a name. There is much in painting, in sculpture, and architecture which bears the same relation to Art (with a capital letter) as the husk bears to the grain; necessary in the evolution of things, but unsatisfactory as nutriment. If a picture speaks right home to me, or I know that it has to generations of men before me, I hail it as a work of art; if it merely gives me a record of facts, more or less perfectly represented, it leaves me cold, and I count it only journeyman's work. So, while the photographs that figure in the shop windows very often contradict all recognized canons of art, there are others, such as those we have been considering, and many more, which not only satisfy a cultivated taste, but bring to one a personal message, a hint of human character, a whiff of fresh country air, or the poetic fancy of an artist's mind. Such are acceptable as works of art.

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SPREADING HIS FEATHERS FOR A RAIN BATH.

DAYS WITH THE MOCKING-BIRDS.

By I. W. Blake.

Illustrated from Photographs by A. R. Dugmore.

TO those deluded human beings who have fancied bird-life in the sunny South to be care-free, paradisiacal, or one joyous roundelay of song and ecstatic praises to his Maker, the wear and tear of the daily life of the free and untrammeled mocking-bird is an interesting study; since, from the rising to the setting of the sun, the ways of a mocker, to a greater degree, perhaps, than of almost any other bird, are thoroughly individual and characteristic.

In Florida, the mocking-bird is both tame and omnipresent. Go where you will, look where you please, and lo! balanced airily upon some slender, ever-swaying branch, his sleek gray coat glistening like frosted steel in the hot rays of the semi-tropical sun, there will be a mocker waiting to greet you.

Long, slender, clean-cut, and elegant; breezy and full of grace as he lightly rises or falls in wide-sweeping curves from place to place; dull and insignificant of plumage when in the shade; bright of eye, sociable, insolent, and overbearing; a welcome friend, an endless nuisance; a cheery neighbor; a remorseless thief, a clear-witted rascal, and—excepting the nightingale—the most gifted and the most wonderful songster of the feathered race. Ah, who does not learn to love, and yet—to detest the mocker?

For pugnacity, and as a widespread pest, the English sparrow undoubtedly, at the North, carries off the palm; the more disliked, perhaps, because he has no song to balance patience in his favor; but the English sparrow, with all his faults, is not one whit more exasperating in his fearlessness, his energy, independence, and omnipresence, than is the mocking-bird, when long residence in the South has bred for the latter in our hardened hearts that familiarity which sooner or later leads onward to contempt.

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THE HOME OF THE MOCKING-BIRD.

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AFTER WAKING, THE MOCKING-BIRD INDULGES IN A STRETCH, SPREADING HIS TAIL AND DRAWING ALONG IT HIS WING AND LEG.

To know the mocker, one needs only to summer and winter with him; because, social to a fault, and utterly devoid of any delicacy about thrusting himself and his family, with all their strong personality, individually and collectively before us, he literally leaves nothing untold. All humanity has its joys and its trials; but pride and a certain dread of public opinion tend to suppress much outward expression. Not so the mocker. What he feels he shows, and what he thinks he says, so but a few months are required to have known him a lifetime.

Observation, then, will show that the mocker, wholly aside from his astonishing powers of mimicry and ventriloquism, possesses a remarkable variety of mental and moral emotions. His moods and intenses are precisely as changeable as are those of human beings, and his feelings find vent in sounds and acts that are not easily misunderstood by any one accustomed to the ways of birds and animals. Thus he jeers, teases, snarls, croaks, frets, whines, and sulks like any peevish school-boy; and he croons, "spoons," woos, and gushes like any human lover. He quarrels hourly with his mate, cheerfully making up with caresses loud and fervent. Indeed, from his attitude, voice, or manner may easily be read surprise, affection, indifference, distress, indignation, wonder, fear, jealousy, joy, pertness, inquisitiveness, and, too often, consummate ugliness. Yet with it all, he possesses at times a certain repose of manner and decisive dignity of bearing which are most attractive, for the mocker is an aristocrat, and the majority of his idiosyncrasies may, with all forbearance and patience, be set down to his high-strung temperament, with the excuse that he "was born thus, and cannot help it."

Promptly at earliest dawn, with a curious shake or rustle, the mocker stirs. Since his lodging-place, with all proper indifference for miserable victims of insomnia, is usually within the dark recesses of some orange or lemon tree that stands touching the window, sleep is at an end until our mocker has delivered his morning speech. This begins with a series of lazy, two-note, high-keyed whines. Five minutes of additional whines, interlarded with whimpering snarls, precisely like those of the boy who hates to be reminded of the early worm, and our mocker is awake. By this time from all the adjoining trees come, sleepily, responsive stirs and whines, long and fretful; until, surrounding the house, there seem to be forty or more birds, each, not loudly praising the new-born day, as the picture-books of childhood would have us believe, but, sad to relate, apparently filled with thoughts and expressions most irreverent.

A pause, a quiver of the dark-green leaves, and our torment appears, his sleek, gray coat shining in the rays of the now fast-rising sun. A few fierce exchanges of "chip-upon-the-shoulder" sentiments with his nearest male neighbors, just to get himself into running order; a marvellous trill or two, artlessly directed at somebody not far away; a long and fluffy whiff, for no other words will describe the soft and pretty sound, a flash of white and black among the gray, and our mocker has gone, to recommence his long and vainglorious round—if a bachelor—of food-cramming, fruit-stealing, courting, singing, dancing, fighting, and general depravity; or, if a bird of family, to again take up, with his overworked and peevish spouse, their anxious thread of matrimonial life at the point where it had been restfully dropped the evening before.

The family duties of a pair of mockers are not to be regarded lightly. Three broods a year, with usually four or five young to be raised at each nesting, make a load of care that verges on nervous prostration, before the last lot of little ones are large enough to shift for themselves.

Always haunted by that curious, far-

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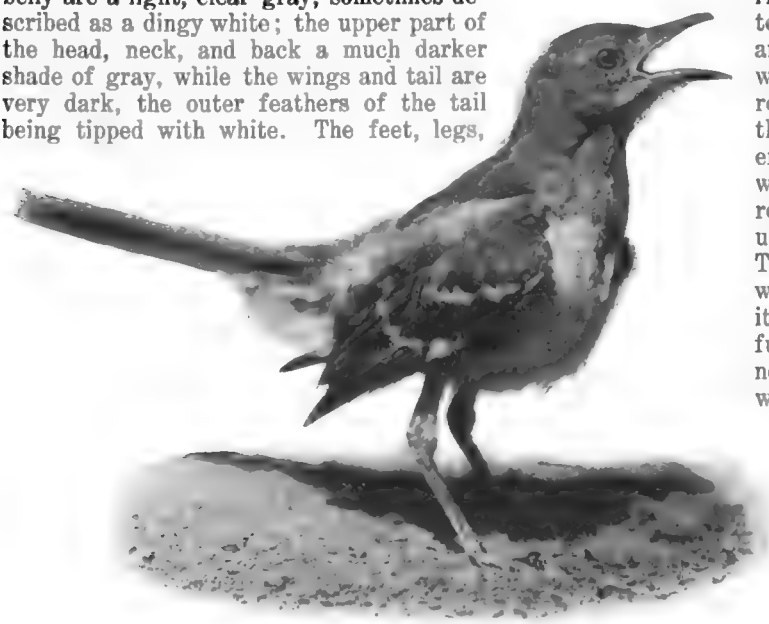
reaching food-cry—a whistling, seething sound—most tiresome to hear, because incessant; worn and gaunt from constant journeyings, these parent birds essay the almost hopeless task of filling those ever-open beaks, those yellow-lined, yawning, bottomless pits! Verily, as monotonous a task and as thankless as that of the stoker at the furnace, and yet these baby mockers, these fluffy, puffy, greedy little balls of spiky feathers are such funny fellows.

Mocking-birds vary in size, especially in length, ranging from nine and a half to eleven inches. The throat, breast, and belly are a light, clear gray, sometimes described as a dingy white; the upper part of the head, neck, and back a much darker shade of gray, while the wings and tail are very dark, the outer feathers of the tail being tipped with white. The feet, legs, and beak are black. The white, upon the male, extends all over the primaries, down to and over the coverts; these, too, are dingy white, sometimes tipped with brown. In the female the white is not quite so conspicuous, extending over seven or eight of the primaries only, and the black upon the wings is not so deep. The female is also a little smaller than the male. The breast of the young bird after the first moulting is spotted somewhat like that of the brown thrush, but these markings soon disappear.



"KEEP OFF MY RANGE."

The eggs are four or five, pale bluish-green, or pale blue, sometimes with a brownish tinge, rather heavily spotted or blotched, chiefly at the larger end, with cinnamon or rufous brown. The nest is commonly in a thicket or bushy tree, like the orange or lemon, and is made from light, dry twigs, mixed with wool and straw, with a lining of soft, fibrous roots. The period of incubation is fourteen days.

In middle Florida the male mocker begins to sing in February, and by the first of March the air rings with his music. It is naturally during the rivalry of courtship, the charms of the honeymoon, and the expectant days of incubation that the bird is at his best.

The mocking-bird of America is well named, for *Mimus polyglottus* signifies an imitator of many tongues or throats, and his song is not a well-defined tune, but really a series of clear-throated notes, gathered from every bird within hearing, and repeated in even or uneven succession. These, reproduced with wonderful fidelity, he adds to his own full and mellow native notes, delivering all with astonishing strength, clearness, purity, and sweetness, commonly varying them with the most intricate quirks, trills, calls, pipes, and whistles of his own improvisation. All these selections he practises with great care, often quite low at first, as though whispering to himself, then suddenly producing them at some delightfully opportune moment.

Yet the song of the mocker seems permeated with the characteristic seriousness of the bird; for, although he himself thrills in every fibre of his little gray body with the keen animal enjoyment of the melody of his own creating, we will discover that these notes are not rollicking, care-free, and reckless, like those of the robin and many other birds. His voice may be loud, low, soft, sweet, or melancholy; or, when singing in rivalry, often harsh, angry, rapid, and confused, but it does not possess that

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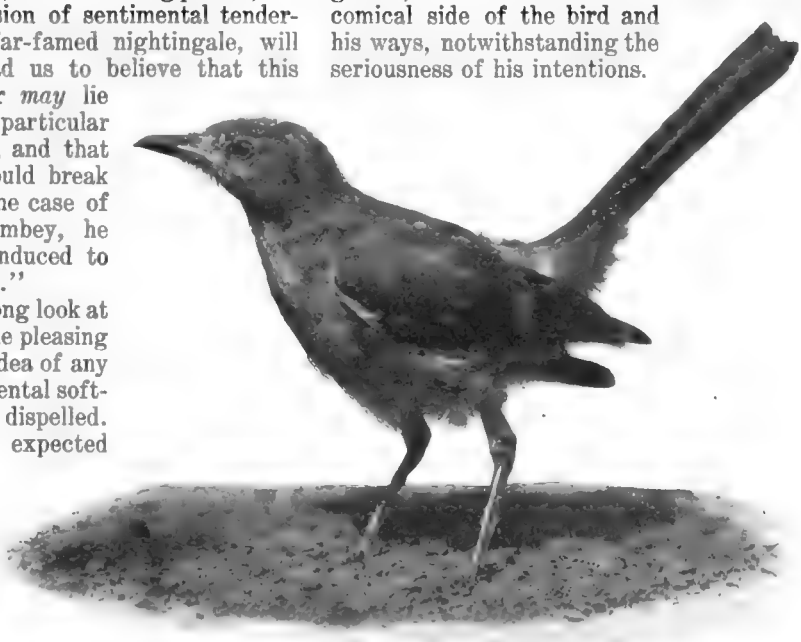
which might be termed a jolly ring even in his most ecstatic moments.

Opinions vary in regard to the song of the mocker. By some he is declared "to create intense admiration, but without touching the soul," much depending, of course, upon the degrees of tenderness or callosity of the soul of each individual listener. Seriously, however, the power of song varies greatly, and among some fifty birds there may be but one whose notes, even though they do not exactly possess "the tender and exquisite touches, the enchanting pathos, the elevated expression of sentimental tenderness" of the far-famed nightingale, will involuntarily lead us to believe that this wonderful power *may* lie dormant in this particular mocker's breast, and that it could and would break forth if, as in the case of poor Fanny Dombey, he might only be induced to "make an effort."

Then take a long look at a mocker, and the pleasing and nonsensical idea of any unusually sentimental softness will be soon dispelled. It could not be expected from a bird of his build, for notwithstanding his delicate appearance, he was undeniably made for the sensible, practical side of life. Although he flows forth quaint and marvellous combinations and trill effects, and quirks and quavers without end, he never sits with eyes half-closed, gazing lovelorn at his mate. Too wideawake a pirate is this sleek fellow. Indeed, keenly admiring his own music though he does, he never shrinks from stopping short in the very middle of his choicest notes to scold like a veritable buccaneer, and to have "it" all out then and there, in the hottest kind of haste, with any usurper that dares to intrude upon his privacy.

Yet the mocker is not a vicious bird by nature. He is never wantonly cruel, like the butcher bird, nor noisy and roughly mischievous, like the blue jay, nor a prize-fighter, like the English sparrow. He robs no nests, kills no young of other species, and never attacks other birds out of sheer brutality. His ever-present self-appreciation, his high-strung temperament, and the inherent desire to be let alone, and to be sole master of all that which he regards as being rightfully his own—no matter how wrongfully—seems to be really the foundation of much of his perpetual fretting. As an individual he requires plenty of breathing room; therefore he complains until he gets it, and one cannot fail to smile at the comical side of the bird and his ways, notwithstanding the seriousness of his intentions.



ON THE LOOKOUT FOR TROUBLE.

Another possible accounting for the fretting of the mocker may be his invincible determination to defend his "range," as will be explained.

In the autumn, when the breeding season is over, he establishes himself upon a carefully selected patch or tract of land, which will yield him food enough to last until he is ready to move on. This "range" may be smaller or larger, dependent somewhat upon the quantity and quality of the food that is in sight or which may be in prospect, for the mocking-bird is an inordinately greedy fellow, asking for, and generally getting, ten times more than would be amply sufficient for his actual needs. It is said that these tracts, varying from thirty

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to perhaps a hundred yards square, are laid out, with respect to their boundaries, with as much accuracy as would be required by any mine or land prospector; and instances have been known where the bird has defended his "title" even with his life, for he will not knowingly permit any other seed-eating bird to rest within his lines.

If a "range" should include the winding of a small stream, so much the better, for the mocker is a great lover of water, and yet, so strict are the unspoken rules and regulations, that a less fortunate bird will often forego for some time this necessity of life, obtaining what drink he can from dew-laden grass and plants, rather than risk leaving his own waterless province, lest some usurper should coolly step in and take possession of the abandoned claim.

If the stream be not far distant, however, the bird will venture to make the trip, but he does so with every precaution. He first rises perpendicularly to a considerable height. As he passes over the numerous "ranges" that may lie between him and the coveted drink, each owner in turn, loudly protesting, starts in angry pursuit of the thirsty bird; but each does not pursue the latter, it is believed, beyond the limits of his individual claim, passing him over, so to speak, to the neighboring landlord, who promptly takes up the chase.

The mocker has a number of pretty habits, to which the charm of unconsciousness is added. One is a curious way of repeatedly opening and shutting the wings, precisely like the movements of a man were he to throw open a light summer coat, then close it quickly again many times in succession, as though fanning his body on a very warm day. It is a very airy gesture, so to speak, full of sprightly grace. Another is a way of flying to a near-by perch in a curve, instead of a straight line, thus reaching the desired spot either by rising in an upward, beautifully swelling curve, or downward, by first a rising, then a falling sweep. This he accomplishes with supreme ease and lightness.

SINGING HIS MORNING SONG.

The courtship dance of a pair of mockingbirds is a pretty sight, for these birds take even their pleasures seriously, and their sedate and solemn manner as they both stolidly assume their positions for this unique dance is highly entertaining. Even a Quaker could not be more dignified.

The general intention of the dancers seems to be that they shall hop, or rather bound slowly and quite heavily away from each other for a few feet, always in a straight line; then to return, hopping or bounding, to pass each other in the opposite direction, and not for any one moment to stand abreast, except at the moment of passing.

With eyes steadily fixed, bodies straight and stiff, heads erect and feathers flattened, wings drooping loosely forward, but tails elevated at a marvellously acute angle to the body, the dance begins. Back and forth, back and forth, always keeping the lines about a foot apart, the mockers execute this movement of bounding, rising about three inches from the earth each time, from one end of the line to the other. Before turning to go back, each one, nearing his or her end of the line, slowly and with great dignity revolves in a complete circle, then again faces the other, always diagonally, and slowly hops back to repeat the movement at the other end. Sometimes, before starting upon the return trip after the ceremonious circle turning, one of the birds will pause to gaze at some distant object, as though wholly indifferent to the wiles of courtship, and then resume the dance for an instant longer, soon ending the pretty sight by flying away.

The parental love displayed for their young, among some species of birds, is remarkable. The cardinals, or red birds, for ex-

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A LONG-DRAWN-OUT, SLIM BIRD DOES HE APPEAR AT TIMES.

ample, bewail their loss in a painfully human way; but it is doubtful if this affection, or at least this *regret*, is as strongly developed in the mocking-bird. Experience would say that it is not, for there have come within our personal observation five distinct instances, each one seeming to confirm the doubt.

Two of these were where, for good and sufficient reasons, the half-fledged young were removed and the nests destroyed. After only a few moments of angry grief the adult mockers ceased their lamentations, and cold-hearted as it may be to tell, seemed positively relieved to be free from family cares. At all events, their sorrows in both cases were conspicuously transient, and after a short rest the males renewed their song, and new nests were on the way, the lost families forgotten. Nor in either case did the adult birds seem to retain any sense of the injury, for the new nests were built practically upon the sites of the old.

Another instance where, if ever, two parent birds would have had just reason to mourn, was that of the destruction of three young mockers by a cruel loggerhead, which is the southern name of the shrike, or butcher bird. This nest had been snugly placed in the heart of a wide spreading lime tree, growing not ten feet distant from the house, and upon visiting the spot one morning we noted particularly that all seemed peaceful with the well-packed family. A half-hour later, upon passing, a moment's leisure prompted us to again step to the tree, but the scene had changed, and a piteous sight it was. The murderous loggerhead had been there before us. He had left two shapeless but faintly quivering and still living little bodies impaled upon the tree thorns, close to the devastated home, while below lay the third, torn and bleeding upon the sand—an incident, alas! not infrequent in Florida.

Yet these parent birds had made no call for help, and the crime had been committed but a short distance from human assistance. When the tragedy was discovered, the old ones were not in sight, unless a bird which, with curiously flattened plumage, flitting silently among the branches of a neighboring orange tree, might have been one of the frightened pair.

Nevertheless, if the young mockers are

THE IMMATURE BIRD HAS HIS BREAST SPOTTED. THESE SPOTS DISAPPEAR WHEN HE IS OLD.

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JUST OUT OF THE WOODS WHERE THE MOCKING-BIRD LIVES.

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threatened by a cat, dog, or snake, every possible outcry is made; still, should the birds be killed, the parent birds' grief seems short-lived. In such instances the old birds make a gallant fight for their young, and, as a rule, so fierce is their attack that the intruders are driven away in dismay.

JUST ABLE TO FLY AND STILL HUNGRY.

Twilight is nearing, and the mockers are returning for the night. One by one the tired and sleepy birds appear, each one bent upon having the best and softest branch in the grove for his perch. Perhaps the night before this particular bird may not have been comfortable. His bed may have been damp, or it may have been too breezy, so now our mocker is hastening to his mentally-selected retreat. Alas! some stout-legged rival has stepped in ahead, and he stops short, wondering if the odds in a fight would be too heavy against him.

Glaring at the stranger, he whines. An interval of portentous silence, then he lets drop a few words which are forcible though inelegant. He waits to watch the effect. Perhaps the usurper is touched, more likely he is not. Then, if he is not, it is a comical sight—one well worth the journey to Florida to witness, since it is of almost nightly occurrence—to watch the disappointed and disgusted bird, after a prolonged argument of volcanic delivery, fly angrily from tree to tree, scolding most outrageously at every inoffensive neighbor nestling quietly therein, and telling the whole assembly just what he thinks of them, singly and collectively, until the entire premises are literally ablaze with their fiery protestations.

After a time, when he has at last freed his mind to his own personal satisfaction, and has replied in an appropriate manner to perhaps the most cutting of the sarcastic remarks that, with all justifiable retaliation, have recklessly been hurled at him, he sulkily, by almost endlessly slow stages, betakes himself to some adjacent tree; but it is only after a prodigious deal of rustling, nestling, chuckling, fussing, and whimpering that this aroused and indignant community at length composes itself to sleep, to dream, perhaps, of the morrow with its coming round of sunlight and shadow.

WHO GOES THERE?

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HENRY J. HUTT

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THE STAR WHO PLAYED LEADING LADY.

By Eleanor Hoyt.

Illustrated by Henry Hutt.

"YOU haven't heard about the Texan, Bobby. I've been improving the shining hours while you idled at Palm Beach. Out upon you, drone!"

"'One more unfortunate'?" asked the man who came often. "Where is the victim?"

Nancy sighed.

"I don't know."

"But, gracious powers, I've been gone only a week. Don't tell me you've allowed a guilty man to escape!"

Bobby's tone was distinctly hopeful. He longed to hear that some resolute fellowman had resisted Nancy's wiles and vindicated his sex.

Nancy's upper lip took on a pathetic droop. It is an interesting upper lip. It smiles, and weeps, and is angry before any other part of the face wakens.

"He stayed only one day," the young woman said mournfully, "and things were just becoming so interesting."

"I could love that Texan like a brother," murmured Bobby fervently.

"But he made considerable progress while he was here," twinkled Nancy. "They do these things better in Texas. They evidently understand the value of time down there. Their ideas don't develop by geological formation. They are quick on the trigger, these Texans."

"It's a habit they contract through social relations with horse-thieves," said the man who came often. "Did this Texan drop from a clear sky, or did he blow in with Buffalo Bill?"

"The Rollins captured him. Then they didn't know what to do with such big game, so they sent for me. Mrs. Rollins wrote a most beseeching note. She said Jim—that's her husband, you know—was mixed up with this Texan in some big deal, and they had to do things for him. They were to dine at Delmonico's that night, and she really couldn't bear the brunt alone. She was sure I could put the man at his ease, and she would be everlastingly indebted to me if I would come to her rescue; but she feared she was imposing on me, for Jim said the guest was intensely Western.

"Now, Bobby, Mrs. Rollins was a Bostonian before she fell from grace and married a New York man. I knew that what Jim probably did say was that the Texan was a 'corker—a wild and woolly Indian.' That's Jim's style, but translation into Bostonese does soften the outlines of language.

"I had been awfully dull. You really shouldn't leave town in Lent, Bobby. I call it inconsiderate."

"It's a season for fasting," protested Bobby.

"Well, I've always insisted that self-mortification can be carried too far. I'd rather see consistent self-denial throughout the year than one orgy of asceticism. That's why I don't allow you to come as often as you'd like during the season, and I don't mind giving you up on Fridays during Lent, but one must have some amusement for the rest of the week evenings, and there's nothing going on.

"You were at Palm Beach. I needed

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entertainment. Enter Texan. I call that excellent stage management. The only trouble was that the curtain was hurried. In the words of the poet, 'I only knew he came and went.'

"I wrote to Mrs. Rollins and told her I would be glad to oblige her. It wasn't necessary to say that I regarded her as an angel benefactress, but I did.

"She and Mr. Rollins called for me at 6.45.

"When we drove up to the *porte-cochère*, a man who was standing on the steps threw away a cigar, bowled the carriage man out of the way as if he had been a ten-pin, and opened the door for us.

"He was glad to meet us. He said Rollins had proved what he thought of Mrs. Rollins by marrying her, and had said I was the real thing, and he had lots of confidence in Rollins's judgment, so he reckoned our references were good. He'd about come to the conclusion we were short on appetite. Dinner had been waiting for him since twelve o'clock. They always had noon dinners in Wahoo. One New York woman went down there once and had late dinners. She wanted her nigger cook to come to the door and say 'Dinner is served,' but the cook drew the line right there.

"Finally some Eastern syndicate men were to dine at the house, and the missis told the nigger she'd have to announce dinner or chuck her job. (This isn't my vocabulary, Bobby; it's the Texan's.)

"Everybody was sitting in the parlor at 6.30 that evening when the door opened and Mammy stuck her head in, looking scared to death.

"'Say, folks, yah dinnah's dished,' she yelled. Then she slammed the door and ran.

"He told us all this while we were going up the steps. He hadn't a comma concealed about him.

"Breezy? A fifty-mile-an-hour gale is a dead calm compared with him, Bobby.

"He had a voice that wasn't exactly loud, but had a queer ringing quality that made it carry wonderfully. I never met 'clarion tones' outside of a poem, but I guess those were clarion tones. He said he had tuned up his pipes riding round and round bunches of cattle and singing to them to keep them from stampeding. His voice was so fresh and clear that it would have been beautiful on a thirty-thousand-acre range, but there seemed to be rather too much of it for Delmonico's.

"Everybody turned to look at the man, and grinned.

"'Is this the modest, shrinking violet I was to put at ease?' I asked Mrs. Rollins in the cloak-room. She only groaned. Boston and Texas have no points of contact. Now, I thought the man delicious. As for being made conspicuous—well, I had on my pink cloth. That gown could stand the bright white light that beat upon the Texan and his party.

"We found a table. Bill dominated the room.—No, I didn't call him 'Bill;' but that's what the boys call him in Texas, and it fits him much better than his conventional title.

"Bobby, he was the biggest thing I've ever seen. He was miles high, and broad proportionately, and yet he didn't seem to have an ounce of superfluous flesh. He looked as though he had been made out of whalebone and rawhide. Everything about him worked on springs. I wouldn't have been surprised to see him pull out a six-shooter and begin snuffing the candles, or get up and play leap-frog over the tables. It was like playing with an electric dynamo to associate with him. He seemed to have limitless possibilities of explosion. I never realized before how smooth-running and colorless the ordinary man is.

"No one else in the room tried to talk. Our wild man from Wahoo held the floor, from oysters to coffee. He didn't pay much attention to Mrs. Rollins, and he dropped Mr. Rollins with the *entrée*. After that my only rival was the head waiter. The conversation was addressed to us. Bill's vocabulary wasn't like any English I knew, but we always seemed to catch his meaning. So did the waiters. So did everybody in the room except an exquisite Frenchman, who sat at one of the tables near us and stared at the Texan as if hypnotized. I'd like to read that Frenchman's 'Impressions d'Amérique.' We'll be in it.

"Bill wasn't wearing evening clothes, but he didn't care. His foot was on his native heath, and he patronized us all, including the head waiter.

"I've always been afraid of that head waiter myself, and I felt that I could love a man who wasn't awed by him.

"We had a vanishing procession of waiters all evening. One came and stood by the

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"'YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT THE TEXAN, BOBBY.'"

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table, looking like a wooden image until, suddenly, his face began to twitch, and he showed signs of apoplexy. Then he fled, to save his professional reputation, and another took his place. The continuous performance bothered Bill, and he called the head waiter.

"'Old man,' he said, 'your boys aren't on to their job. It makes me dizzy, this trying to keep track of our man. You ought to get niggers. They'll bear watching, but they beat anything for waiting on table. I used to have a nigger in Texas—a nigger and a Chinaman. They ran the shack, and, say, they were the smoothest combination I ever saw.'

"I wish you could have seen that head waiter, Bobby. He looked most unhappy. His dignity was tottering to a fall, and yet he wanted to stay and see the thing through. Duty triumphed. He tore himself away. Our Texan was disappointed. He liked that head waiter—said he had an expression a good deal like that of a friend of his who was shot in a little card-table difficulty last fall. 'Nothing could make a muscle of Jack's face quiver,' he added.

"The head waiter being gone, he finished his story for my benefit. The nigger and the Chinaman stole him blind, Bobby, but they certainly did make him comfortable while they were doing it.

"They would do anything—including Bill. They fell over each other to wait on him. Then, when he went away, they fell over each other running for loot. John worked harder, but Sam was smoother. The nigger generally got there first, but the Chinaman was thorough, when he did arrive. Bill had the finest driving-horse in that part of the country. Sam used to hitch up that horse, the moment his master's back was turned, and take his dusky damsels driving. John went one better. He couldn't get the horse as often as Sam did, but when he did get him he took the horse and buckboard out to the darkey camp-meeting, two miles from town, and hired them out at twenty-five cents a drive.

"He was thrifty, that Chinaman. I hope you are interested, Bobby."

"Absorbingly interested. It strikes me that for once in a way a man is starring and you are only leading lady. It's refreshing. Your plays aren't usually cast that way."

"Look at Bernhardt in Roxane! I, too, can be noble. I dare say, though, that she thinks 'L'Aiglon' and 'Hamlet' are dramas greater than 'Cyrano.'

"Well, to go back to domestic affairs in the shack. Bill finally got hot and fired the whole shooting-match. That's the way he put it.

"'After they had gone,' he said, 'I found there wasn't much left. I hadn't a stitch of clothes except what I happened to be wearing. It was big luck that I happened to have on a coat that day. Still, you ought to have niggers here. These gentlemen with sky-blue upper lips don't know the game.'

"He was beautiful, Bobby. I wanted to buy him, so that I could take him out and play with him whenever life grew dull. One would need a strong box for him between whiles, though.

"I smiled on him—my very best smile."

"Poor, lucky beggar," commented Bobby, paradoxically.

"I urged him on. I've never seen anything so untrammelled, so sublimely unconscious as that Texan. He hadn't an idea that he was attracting attention. I expected him to make breaks about the dinner. He didn't. He took the weird French concoctions as calmly as if his darkey and Chinaman had served them to him every day down in the Texan shack. There wasn't even a touch of awkwardness about him. He would sit down at a royal table with cheerful unconcern. I'm sure of it.

"It's fine, Bobby—that vigorous, direct manhood that looks, clear-eyed, at life, and sees only the realities. I wonder if it takes broad horizons and broader freedom to make such men. Do we raise them here, between brick walls?"

"We breed the strength and the sincerity here sometimes—never the freedom," said the man who came often, and Nancy missed the smile from his voice.

There were times when the Bobby whom she teased suddenly grew up and made her feel very young and foolish. She never encouraged the pose, but in her heart she liked it. The normal woman will look up to a man, even if she has to sit down in order to do it.

Still, being a woman, Nancy tacked, and bore away from seriousness.

"We took him to the theatre," she went on lightly. "He kept quiet while the curtain was up, but between the acts he entertained every one within six rows of us.

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"'YOU OUGHT TO GET NIGGERS. THEY'D BEAT WATCHING, BUT THEY BEAT ANYTHING FOR WAITING ON TABLE.'"

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"He didn't rave over the star. She couldn't hold a candle to me—in fact, he hadn't seen any one who could. He thought I'd like Texas. The prettiest girl in Wahoo had miles of cow-ponies hitched in front of her place every evening, and she couldn't even be entered in the same class with me.

"Subtle, wasn't it? And yet, Bobby, somehow or other it wasn't banal or vulgar. He said I was pretty, just as he would have said that grass is green or that skies are blue.

"I knew he believed what he said, and, since it was true, he couldn't see any reason for wrapping it round with subtleties. The compliment of civilization is one of the most perfect exponents of decadence, Bobby. It is a concession to false ideas of delicacy. It says, 'If I speak directly, she will know I am lying. I must be discreet.'

"A direct compliment isn't vulgar if it is genuine. We consider all direct compliments vulgar. You can draw your own conclusions."

"Nancy," said the man who came often, speaking with slow deliberation, "you have the most adorable eyes and the most kissable lips I ever beheld. I'll swear to it before a notary. Therefore you have no right to resent my direct, unvarnished statement."

He caught a cushion dexterously, and scored one.

"Let us return to our simple and guileless friend William," he urged.

"Of course you wouldn't understand him," said Nancy hotly. "He would have little in common with a New York broker."

"But I gather from your story that William and I have much in common," objected Bobby. "Our opinion of your eyes and lips, for instance."

"He didn't mention my eyes or lips."

"Then he isn't the man I took him for. I'm afraid this new friend of yours merely goes in for glittering generalities. A man of specialized detail is the man to tie to, Nancy. What did he mention?"

"He told me about Texas. He actually lowered his voice to do it; and, Bobby, do you know, he positively made me homesick for the place. He could make one feel the sweep and the breadth and the freedom of it—and I wanted to breathe.

"But I smoothed my Paris frock and played with my lorgnette chain, and tried to remember that New York probably wears better than Wahoo.

"He was born twenty-seven miles from Wahoo, Bobby. Isn't that awful? To be born in Wahoo is bad enough, though I don't know anything about the place, except it's name.

"But to be born twenty-seven miles from Wahoo! That opens up a dismal vista of desolation and isolation. We left him in front of the theatre. He held my hand quite a long time."

"Didn't kiss you good-night?" inquired Bobby, briskly.

Nancy flushed angrily.

"He certainly did not."

"Oh, tut-tut. A Texan and afeard?—and he so simple and direct in his methods, too! What about the next day?"

"Well, the next morning, before I was up, Mary staggered in with a perfect cart-load of American Beauties, and while I was dressing a five-pound box of chocolates came."

"In their ultimate form of expression all methods of courtship look alike to me," mused Bobby.

"Then, just as I was breakfasting, Bill was announced. He came out and watched me drink coffee. He wasn't in the least embarrassed by finding that he had called before breakfast. He had been up for five hours, and he looked preternaturally wide-awake; but he didn't talk so much as he did the night before. I did most of the talking."

"Probably he had just discovered that your innocent prattle has its good points. Did you talk to him about other men? "I have a taste for that sort of thing—a carefully cultivated taste—but some men are unreasonable and primitive in their tastes. I've an idea your Texan wouldn't enjoy hearing about other men."

"We talked about—well, about ideals and things."

Bobby nodded understandingly.

"Yes, I know those ideals."

"He has the most beautiful ideas about woman."

"That isn't indigenous to Texas, Nancy. It's eternal masculine. It's a feature of the universal kingdom of youth."

"You are getting old, Bobby."

"I have ideas about a woman instead of having ideas about woman. That's the only difference."

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"But my Texan was awfully interesting," said Nancy hastily. "We went for a walk in the Park. He didn't like it. He said he would butt his head against the biggest tree he could find and go mad if that were all the country within his reach. I don't think I ever saw a man fret against things before."

"We do our fretting inside in the effete East."

"No, you don't fret that way. You are used to things."

"Men are never used to things, little girl. Men endure things."

Nancy shook her head. Women seldom understand.

"We went riding together in the afternoon. He borrowed Mr. Rollins's saddle-horse, but he wasn't very grateful. He said it looked well, but that it wasn't bridle wise, and that it had a gait like a tipsy camel.

"He breathed fire when I wouldn't ride fast, because it would be conspicuous and the police wouldn't approve, and he thought the men and women on trotting-horses were horrors. He said the Lord's original plan kept me from looking foolish, but that he'd like to pick me up and carry me down to the ranch, and teach me to ride.

"Shades of my German riding-master! —and I was a star pupil!

"I'd like to ride across that ranch, though, Bobby—with a good cow-pony under me, and the prairie billowing off to the horizon line on every side of me, and the birds whirring out of the buffalo-grass at my feet—with no noise but the thud of the horses' hoofs and no one within sight but the comrade riding with me. One could get away from shams down there, Bobby, and live—live!"

Her eyes were burning and her cheeks were aflame.

"Bless her dear restless heart!" said the man who came often, and knew her. "We all want the gallop; but the sun down there is intolerable, and the grass burns up, and there's not a tree to cast a shadow. The life is rough, and the food is coarse, and the days are long and lonely. It's a big heart that is sufficient to itself, little woman, and we can't always be galloping across a green prairie on a cool, clear day —not even if one lives in Texas."

He had grown up again.

Nancy's eyes were wistful.

"I know. One never finds it anywhere —but one goes on wanting, and I liked the ring of my Texan's prairie song."

A moment's silence, and Nancy continued:

"He came to the house that evening. I went down to see him, and he stayed for half an hour. I don't think he said five words, but he sat, looking me straight in the face, with a queer doubt growing in his eyes.

"I didn't quite understand. I was horribly nervous. He wasn't like any one else. I couldn't treat him as I treat other men.

"Suddenly he got up. He filled the room, Bobby. He didn't look at me then, but stared at an absurd Japanese bronze on the table. His lips were set in a straight line. There was something wrong with my breath, Bobby. A foolish thought that he looked rather like the head waiter and 'Jack' went floating through my head, and I wondered how women who have hysterics feel.

"'I came up to-night to ask you for something,' he said, 'but I was a fool. I'll go back to Texas to-night. I've got to ride it off. Good-by.'

"He didn't even take my hand. He bolted, and I heard the door slam. Now an Eastern man—what would an Eastern man have done, Bobby?"

"Held on like grim death and waited," said the man who came often.

"But he was sensible—very sensible. One doesn't buy an impressionist's picture for one's living-room. The academicians wear better," sighed Nancy.

THE END

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"WHENEVER . . . SA-TURN SEN'S FO'TH DE WORD DAT HE AI' GWI' BUDGE, DEYS GWI' BE CONSIDERBLE RUMPUS."

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RETRIBUTION.

By Mrs. W. A. Leland.

Illustrated by E. W. Kemble.

WHAT is it, this something so dear to the colored race, collectively and individually? Is it, or is it not, religion? If it is, it passes all understanding, and is the scapegoat for ways darker and tricks vainer than were ever conceived by the "heathen Chinee" in his most ambitious moments.

They are light-fingered, these dusky people, as light of finger as they are of heart, and to steal for their clergy is more of a duty than an error. "I 'clare ter Gawd," one cook whispered, "I would'n had de heart to tech dis ham ef hit wan't fur de good o' de chu'ch," and in so doing she lived up to the common custom. Where is the housekeeper whose Sunday dinner has not ofttimes proven a snare and a delusion? And where is the poorly fed colored parson?

Aunt Hannah's case being an exception proved the rule. She was honest to a degree, and at the same time professed no religion. In her own words, she was "cole-hearted," and her long-suffering husband had reason to know the same. He was a faithful church-member, and one whose highest ambition was to sit in the seat of an elder, yet so perverse was Aunt Hannah that Isham's religion was like a thorn in the flesh. As he himself said, her "dander" seemed to rise on the Sabbath, and only the flimsiest excuse was necessary to put the little cabin in a state of uproar. Or, if there was nothing to get mad about, and if she had hidden his clothes on a previous Sunday, and was forced to resort to other means by which to thwart his church-going propensities, the direst of maladies would seize Aunt Hannah, only to disappear at the hour when services closed. And almost any warm Sunday the aspiring elder could be seen in his cabin door, or under the shade of a spreading tree, sad at heart yet uncomplaining.

But there came a day when the tables were turned—when by certain infallible signs, such as incoherent mutterings and incessant rolling of the eyes, it was seen that Aunt Hannah was herself embracing religion; and while it would be a pity to have to chronicle that Isham exulted, even in a slight degree, over so serious a condition, this much is certain, his face wore a blander, less careworn expression than it had in the whole of his married life, even though Aunt Hannah, having fallen into a trance, was, to all intents and purposes, dead. "Hits bleeged ter go hard wid 'er," was the only remark vouchsafed by him, and as he stood by the river-side a few days later, with sundry shawls and blankets on his arm, one could but notice that he wore the look of peace. It was Aunt Hannah's "babtizin'," and a proud moment for Brer Tormpson. In all the years of his ministry, no one had withstood the fire of his eloquence as had Aunt Hannah, and as he looked at her, at the placid water, and waiting crowd, it was with the air of a commanding general that he stretched forth his hand for silence. This was scarcely necessary, so profound was the stillness, so intent the crowd on hearing every word of Aunt Hannah's experience.

"People," began she, "I dunno ef I'm sanctified yit, but" ("Do, Lord," came in trembling accents from Isham) "I'm sho I ain' vi-grus no mo."

"Thank Gawd fur dat much," exclaimed Isham.

"Ner neither is I susprised dat I come thu hard. Becaze you kin set dis down, whenever de Sperrit exvances on Sa-turn, and Sa-turn sen's fo'th de word dat he ai' gwi' budge, deys gwi' be considerble rumpus."

What kind of a rumpus there had been in Aunt Hannah's case, it was unnecessary to state. Broken chairs, cups, saucers, water buckets, and other demolished household articles told the tale, while trances were so common in her neighborhood that to touch on their ordinary phases was like retelling an old, old story. Aunt Hannah had no such idea. The sounds that had reached her ears, and the sights that had met her clarified vision left no thought of minor details.

"Dat's jes' de way 'twuz. Atter I stiffened off an' got outer mah head, de Sperrit He kep' er exvancin' an' Sa-turn he got dat contrary, tell somehow nuther dey carried me down ter torment. An' oh, dat place!!!

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Bad ez de name hit toats, hit's wusser an' mo' skeerful den we ben led ter b'leve. Seem like ole Sa-turn sot down, den he crost his legs an' uv all de cookin' dat ever wuz done in keration, I seed it down dar mongst de coals. He biled some an' stewed some, he tar-biled dis'n an' ground up dat'n, tell fyeard ez I wuz, I could'n help heavin' at de sight. Dat ain' nigh all, but you know niggers ain' got de consignment o' langwidge, an' Brer Tormpson he done exvise me ter cut de nar'tive short. So long todes de en' o' de trance, an' widout de leas' resentment o' whut wuz comin', I turnt inter er fow'ul [fowl], an' hit floatin' long in de element. 'Twan't no mockin'-bird nuther; 'twan't eb'n er rain crow. 'Twuz one er dese ole turkey buzzards dat flies so conservative on er July day. An' aldough de Sperrit wuz right dar beside me, seem like I wuz turrble flustered, pertickler ef dey wuz water ter cross. Hit gim me er oncommon swingin' in de head; I flapt dis wing an' I flapt de yuther wing, but all de flustration did'n do no good, de Sperrit wuz dat sot on gwine long. An' atter while, when I got sorter pacified an' de white clouds wuz restin' 'roun' us, de Sperrit He spoke dese words, 'Look down, 'oman, an' dizzurn de condition o' yo' pass,' an' buzzard er no, I felt mighty shame. Dar wuz all de fractious ways, all de belittlin', onderminin' behavior I ever had done, salted out an' ready fur me ter look at—de fightin' here, de lawin' dar, right on up ter de present time. Den de Sperrit He spoke ergin, 'Look hard, 'oman, an' dizzurn de wus!' Wid dat I hyeard de quackin' o' er desolate duck, an' de foot-fallin' o' niggers way off in de distance. Seem like I wuz dat sorrerful tell I busted out cryin', an' de Sperrit ain' had no feelin' in de worl'. Dar I wuz, er varmint in de element, seein' my own se'f act vi-grus on de earth. 'Twuz harrowin' ter be sho, an' jes' ez natchul ez life. Dar I wuz settin' in de fence corner restin', dar wuz de duck-nes', dough Gawd knows whar de duck wuz, an' I went dar ter feed her, too. Anyhow, I rickolect dat dey come er gust o' win', an' on dat win' I hyeard two voices, whilse down de road dey come two niggers. Brer Tormpson, I wuz mad! I'm gwi' tell yer why, too. 'Twuz Isham wid his beaver on de side uv his head, an' Sis Lou steppin' mighty proud; an' de nigher dey come, an' de mo' I considered my min', de mo' I seed dey wuz gwi' be trouble. Seem like I laid off ter beat Isham dat night, an' but fur de duck throwin' temptashun in de way, de rod hit would'n been spared. But when dem brazen niggers got objict to whar I wuz; when I hyeard how he admired her waterfall, an' how much neater her wais' wuz den mine, Brer Tormpson, I gethered dem eggs an' riz. An' de questions I axed wuz very scornful: 'Gwine callin', is yer? Lef' yer work ter do little cotin', is yer? S'posin' yer teck dese eggs 'long ef yer ai' got no killone [cologne]?' An', sir, de aim I tuck wuz good ez dese patridge hunters. An' run? When de las' egg popped down de road dey wa' nair human in sight but me.

"I'm jes' ez sorry's ef dey'd been thowed at me!" Aunt Hannah called out, as Brer Tormpson led her to where the water was deep; and the song that rose on the evening air, with Isham "bassin" with all his might, and Sis Lou "altoin' in behind," must have meant that Aunt Hannah's forgiveness, on earth at least, was complete.

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TAKING BIOGRAPH PICTURES FROM A LOCOMOTIVE PILOT.

PICTURES THAT SHOW MOTION.

By Roy L. McCardell.

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ON the night of October 26, 1896, the first biograph pictures were shown to the American public, among them being one of William McKinley crossing the lawn of his home in Canton, and one of the Empire State Express rushing toward the spectator at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The effect of the latter was immense; the accompanying track-sounds, noise of "property" steam, bells ringing, and whistles blowing added conviction. Men and women sprang from their seats as the presentment of the great express bore down upon them out of the canvas; and then, as it dashed out of view and darkness succeeded, there was a burst of applause that did not cease until the picture-film was wound back and projected life-size on the screen again. Thus began the career of the biograph.

"Br-r-r-r-ring! Br-r-r-r-ring! Br-r-r-r-ring!" a quick connection with the desk-'phone of the city manager, and in another moment it is known at biograph headquarters that a fierce fire and a series of explosions have devastated a down-town business block, and that the loss of life is estimated at three hundred.

The camera operator and his assistants receive word; there is a scamper for fire badges, and two minutes later the biograph outfit, which takes two thousand pictures a minute, is handed into the emergency wagon, which has been waiting all day for just such a call.

The city manager arrives on the scene to arrange with fire chiefs and police sergeants for a favorable position for the picture-taking apparatus. The camera is set up on its tripod, the film-boxes attached, the lens focussed, and the operator begins turning the crank. Three minutes, five minutes—the shutter snaps and every movement of the exciting scene is faithfully recorded. The film, which may be from one hundred and sixty to three hundred feet in length, is then carried to the biograph factory, where it is developed in its entirety on reels that carry it through developing solutions, dried by power-fans, and a "positive" is printed from it by electric light. The process takes from two to four hours.

That night the catastrophe of the afternoon, projected on a screen, seems almost as real to the theatre-goer as the actual occurrence was to those who witnessed it.

The Tarrant fire and the devastation that

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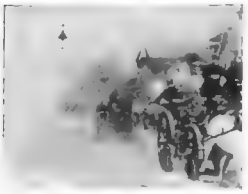
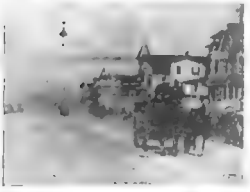
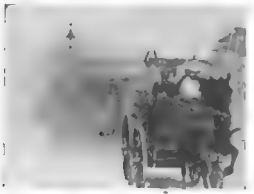
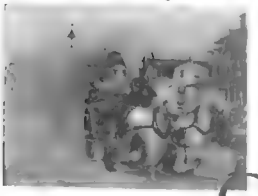
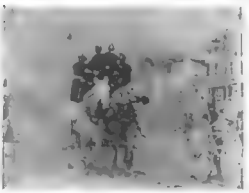
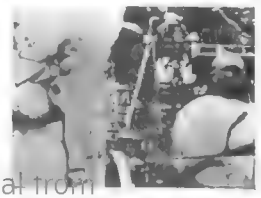



followed its attendant explosions were "covered" by the biograph people in this manner. The camera was on the scene at 2 P.M., and the animated pictures of the fire were displayed at the theatre the evening of the same day. In like manner was the news received of the great Hoboken fire, in which three ocean steamships were destroyed and several hundred lives lost. The emergency wagon was met at the foot of West Thirteenth Street by a tug, and from the deck of the tug the scenes of horror that shocked the world were secured in all their terrible reality. On board the first relief-train that entered Galveston, after its destruction by cyclone in September last, was a biograph operator with his camera, who was given all assistance, while the ordinary kodak fiend was frowned upon, and in many instances interfered with. The stricken survivors recognized that the moving-picture machine would make the appalling calamity that had overtaken them apparent to the world.

Yet the story of the moving-picture machine, after it left the hands of experimenting inventors, covers a period of but five years! In a desultory way experiments in chronography—the registering of movement and action—had been made with rude apparatus to trace the duration and phases of rest and motion of a man's foot in walking, the four feet of a horse in its various paces, and the fingering of a pianist, but the original machines were of the pedometer type, and their results were far from accurate. Then came the invention of the dry-plate in photography, and the infallible camera superseded the crude mechanism hitherto employed. Between 1882 and 1888 trials were made with what was called the photographic gun. This was a primitive biograph camera, an arrangement of dry plates on a cylinder worked by a trigger. By it some fair photographs of moving objects, such as birds on the wing, and men, animals, and machinery in motion, were caught. No further progress was made, however, until the invention of the celluloid film, which enabled a succession of pictures to be made on an undivided strip. To devise apparatus to pass this film rapidly before the lens of the camera





GOING TO THE FIRE. THE SMASH-UP.

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EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS.

now became the problem, the solution of which was the biograph, ultimately depending for its effect upon that familiar illusion of "persistence of vision." The suggestion of motion, then, in the biograph is due simply to the fact that the picture showing the beginning of a movement is succeeded by a second showing its continuance so quickly that the eye cannot detect the break.

Life-motion pictures are made with one type of camera and projected by two kinds of machines. The moving-picture camera is arranged so that, when turned by a crank, either by hand or by an electric motor, the sensitized film passes behind the lens at a rate of 320 feet per minute. But to make each picture, this film must come to a dead stop for one-seventieth part of a second, during which time the shutter of the camera opens and closes. Then in less than the hundredth part of a second the film moves down about two inches, and the process is repeated until the picture is finished. From one-half a minute to a minute is sufficient time to take ordinary scenes in life-motion: five or six hundred men marching eight abreast can pass at a walk a given point in one minute; and so, in taking life-motion photographs of a parade, the operator of the camera turns on his machine only at the moment important personages are passing. Pictures three minutes in length or longer are often taken, but experience has shown that long pictures on the biograph grow tiresome.

A developed biograph film is simply a ribbon of semi-transparent celluloid, three inches wide, on which appears a succession of pictures. These pictures are two inches high and cover the film to its side edges, while between each picture there is a margin of one-sixteenth of an inch. A picture-film of a scene that has lasted a minute will be three inches wide and 320 feet long. On it will be 1,800 separate photographs of the subject. The camera makes exposures at the rate of thirty distinct snap-shots per second, and the biograph or mutoscope (by which names the two forms of reproducing-apparatus are distinguished) exhibit them to the spectator at the same rate of speed. The eye cannot detect where one picture joins

NEARER, NEARER, NEARER!

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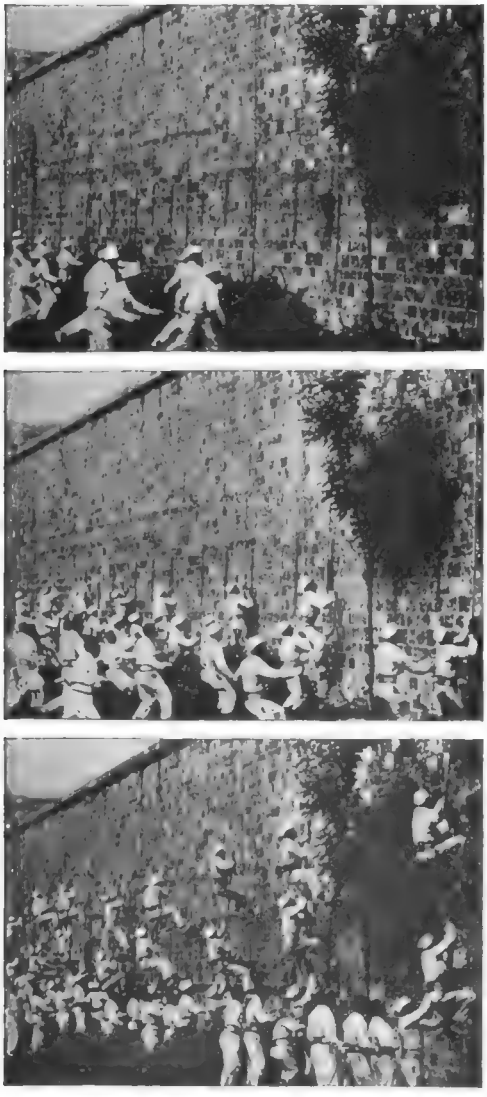
another, for they pass at the rate of 1,800 pictures per minute. The capacity of both the taking and the projecting machines is the same, and, hence, as every motion and phase of motion is photographed, so is it shown. The biograph camera, the



FRENCH SOLDIERS SCALING PEKING'S WALLS.
Actual size of film.

biograph and the mutoscope are all the inventions of Mr. Herman Casler, of Canastota, New York.

The making of biograph film is an elaborate and delicate process. First is manufactured a celluloid ribbon of the required width and transparency, coated on one side only to an invariable thickness of one one-thousandth of an inch. It is sensitized in an immense dark room in an absolutely dust-proof factory. The emulsion consists of a solution of bichloride of gold floating on great glass tables 100 feet in length. When dried, the film is wound on spools in boxes, and no gleam of light must strike it until, at the proper moment, it is held behind the camera lens for one-seventieth part of a second every two inches of its entirety. Even then it must be guarded from stray beams until developed and fixed in the biograph factory.

In taking the Sharkey-Jeffries prize-fight, a strip of film over seven miles long was used, at a cost of five thousand dollars per mile! On this film were one hundred and ninety-eight thousand pictures of the two pugilists pounding each other for twenty-five rounds. This was the first moving picture ever made by artificial illumination, and three hundred arc lights covered the ring to make the record. The cost of lighting alone was ten thousand dollars.

So much for the film and camera. Let us now look at the biograph and the mutoscope. In the biograph a duplicate film, printed from the original negative, is used, the pictures being enlarged to life-size through the medium of a stereopticon. For the mutoscope ordinary photographs are printed from the negative film and mounted on cards arranged in due sequence and mounted on a central spool, from nine hundred to twenty-seven hundred pictures to a "reel," as it is called. While this "reel" spins round when placed in the mutoscope, a brass thumb at the top flips the cards, and the pictures, magnified four times, flash past the eye one at a time. As in the biograph, each view is held long enough to impress the optical nerve, but following so fast that the change is invisible. But the mutoscope can display its scenes to only one person at a time, as in the familiar slot machine, or to groups of from sixteen to twenty persons, in what is known as the display mutoscope. The biograph can be used only at night or in darkened halls, while the mutoscope allows its pictures to be seen equally well by day and night.

It must be remembered that the evolution of the moving-picture camera has kept pace with that of the biograph. This improvement has been in the direction of simplicity,

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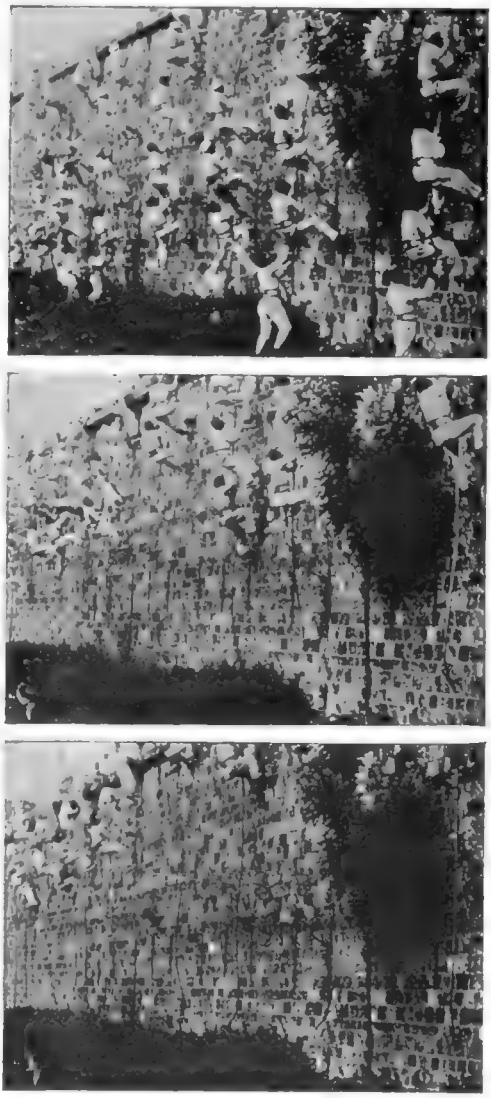
compactness, and less weight. The first biograph camera used in this country (to photograph the Empire State Express) weighed a ton altogether. A three-hundred-pound one horse-power electrical motor, and storage batteries weighing five hundred pounds, furnished the power. To put this great machine and appurtenances into position was the work of a day. Next came an electric camera of one-fourth the weight of its predecessor. Now the hand camera, such as war and emergency operators employ, does not weigh, with all its adjuncts, a hundred pounds. The final step is the combined camera and biograph. The finishing touches have been put upon this apparatus, and within a few months it will be in use. It will exercise the double function of taking the pictures as a camera and reproducing them as a biograph.

How the great dead looked, lived, and had their being we have only tradition or the feeble efforts of scribe and draughtsman to tell us. Elizabeth, they say, had red hair, was tall and angular; and the crude pictures of her time show her beruffed and laced; but to coming generations, as far removed from our time as Queen Victoria's reign is from that of Queen Bess, the physical personality of the former will be far better known. For Victoria was photographed in life-motion a score of times, as also have been Pope Leo XIII., the Emperor of Germany, the present King of England, the Duke of York, the Queen of Holland, the President of the French Republic, Lord Roberts, Paul Krüger, Count von Waldersee, and many other European heads, while in our own country there are President McKinley, Vice-President Roosevelt—as Rough Rider, Governor, and Vice-President—Dewey, Miles, Bryan, Hanna, and hundreds of others conspicuous in contemporaneous American history.

Perhaps the historical value of the pictures the biograph-camera makes in war times overshadows all its others. The first war operator, William Bitzer, was landed at Siboney with the American forces and succeeded, in spite of almost overwhelming odds, in catching many stirring scenes until he was stricken with tropic fever. Arthur Marvin, the biograph operator with the American fleet during the Spanish-American War, was present at the battle of Santiago aboard the "Journal's" despatch-boat, and got pictures of the destruction of Cervera's squadron. In the Philippine and Chinese wars, the biograph operator, Mr. C. Fred Ackerman, followed the American army through the hottest fighting. In the Philippines he was present at Lawton's death; and these pictures, and others he took in



THE WHOLE REGIMENT IS OVER.

Luzon, are accepted as historical records by the United States War Department in Washington. In China, Mr. Ackerman was directly under the protecting ægis of Count von Waldersee, thanks to influence with Emperor William. It was this interest and

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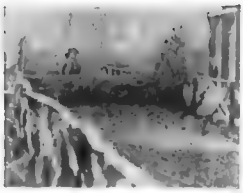
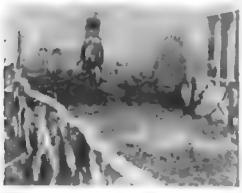
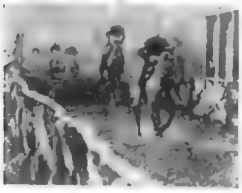
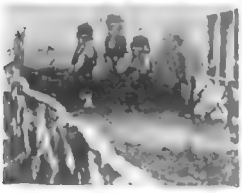
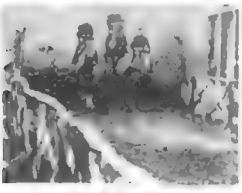
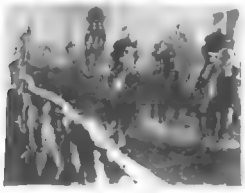



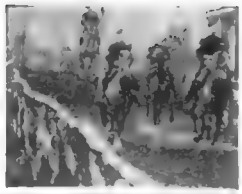


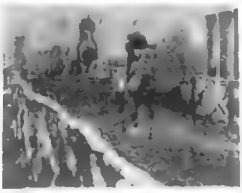
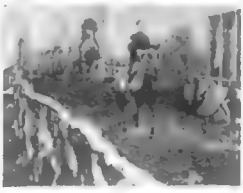
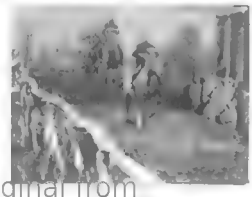




friendship of the German Emperor that enabled the biograph people to take the most impressive of all its views—the spectacle of a modern war vessel, the German battleship *Odin*, steaming head on and then veering to starboard and firing all her guns. It cost thousands of dollars in powder, but it resulted in a superb picture; and the enthusiasm it aroused when shown through the German theatres undoubtedly influenced the Reichstag to vote large appropriations for the Emperor's new hobby, the German Navy.

In the Boer War in South Africa William K. L. Dickson, an American, succeeded in taking two actual battle-scenes at close range: Colenso and Upper Tugela. Besides this, he got many long-range artillery fights and some near views of sorties and investments. He accompanied Buller to Ladysmith, and biographed the relieving troops as they entered. Then, accompanying Lord Roberts in the advance on Pretoria, he entered the Boer capital with the British, just enough in advance to make views of the stirring scenes of the occupation of that town. It was Mr. Dickson who persuaded the venerable Pontiff to submit himself to the biograph. He had besieged the Vatican powers for months for the privilege of taking the picture, but all in vain, until he made the acquaintance of Count Pecci, Commandant of the Papal Guard, and a nephew of his Holiness. Perhaps he was interested in Americans, his wife being a Cuban with a claim against the American Government; at any rate, Mr. Dickson secured the privilege of taking one picture of the Pope upon a semi-public occasion. This being shown his Holiness, the aged Pontiff's interest was aroused, and he consented to be biographed in the private grounds of the Vatican. A dozen excellent scenes were made, in each of which the Pope impressively blesses the spectators.

During the last five years the largest life-motion picture company has taken nearly five thousand scenes. These include military, civic, industrial, educational, comedy, and fanciful moving photographs. Among the oddest and most curious of these is one of an incubator, showing the actual hatching moment as the little chickens emerge from their



ALDERSHOT. TRAGEDY.

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THE AGED PONTIFF.

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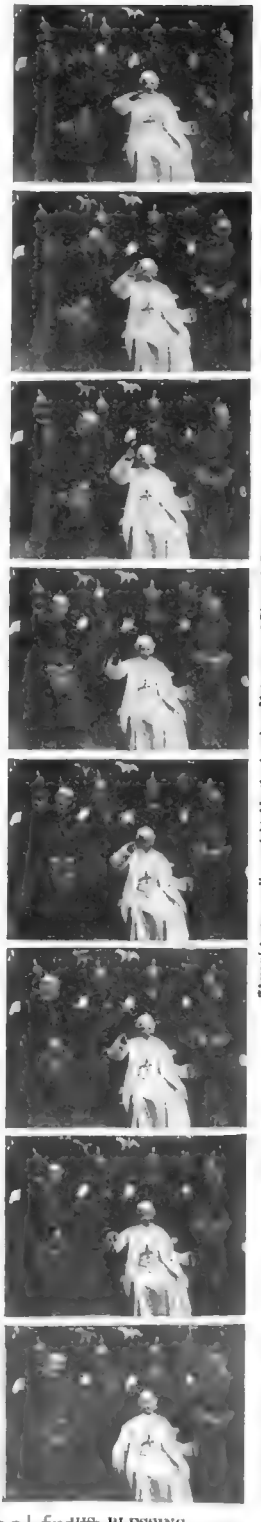
shells. A fight to the death between a scorpion and a tarantula, taken in South Africa and magnified many times, is perhaps the most unpleasant. A picture that causes the stoutest heart to thrill with horror is one of a mishap during a cavalry troop exercise at Aldershot, England. In this picture a horse trips while clearing a hurdle, and, turning a complete somersault, lands upon his back, crushing his rider beneath him. All this seemingly takes place within ten feet of the biograph spectator. Another thrilling biograph scene is one of a fire department run in Atlantic City. A fire engine drawn at full speed by three great white horses bears down on the camera. At this point a hose-cart drawn by a company of men gets in the way. The driver of the fire engine has to decide between the thirty men on the hose-cart ropes and the two operating the camera. He turns into the camera, and the picture ends with the horses' heads at a standstill right against the lens. For, while the camera was totally destroyed, strange to say the film box was uninjured and the two operators escaped with merely a few bruises.

These are all actual happenings; but the biograph-camera and film may be manipulated in taking what is known as magic or trick pictures, and a mystifying effect is obtained by reversing the films of scenes of the pole-vaulting and the high-diving type. In these reversed negatives the jumpers vault over the bar backward or the diver comes back on the platform from the water, feet foremost, in utter defiance of all the laws of gravitation. To make persons or objects instantly disappear in a trick-biograph picture is a simple matter, one merely of stopping the camera so that the object or person is moved out of range of the lens. Thus the background, foreground, and adjuncts of the scene remain the same, but persons and things appear and vanish in the most mystifying manner. A most successful picture of this type is that wherein an old Irish quarryman is blown high into the air by a premature blast. He falls back amid a shower of rocks, and then picks himself up smiling and uninjured. This and like scenes are made possible by stopping the camera just before the



HIS BLESSING.

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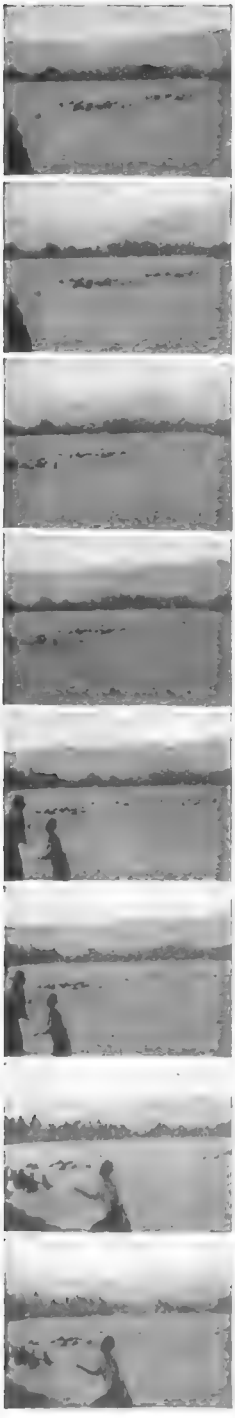

UNITED STATES ARMY MULES

blast and substituting a dummy, the counterpart of the old Irishman, as the actual victim of the explosion. The camera is stopped as the dummy falls back on the ground, and the Irishman takes its exact place. When the film is developed the picture runs continuously to the end, for the pauses and substitutions do not show.

A pathetic incident in connection with a biograph scene occurred in Detroit, Michigan, March 17th last. A view made at the occupation of Peking was being flashed across the screen. It represented a detachment of the Fourteenth United States Infantry entering the gates of the Chinese Capital. As the last file of soldiers seemed literally stepping out of the frame onto the stage, there arose a scream from a woman who sat in front.

"My God!" she cried hysterically, "there is my dead brother Allen marching with the soldiers."

The figure had been recognized by others in the audience as that of Allen McCaskill, who had mysteriously disappeared some years before. Subsequently Mrs. Booth, the sister, wrote to the War Department and learned that it really was her brother whose presentment she so strangely had been confronted with.

If, so far, the biograph has appeared as a mighty factor in a political and military way, the "biograph's little brother," the mutoscope, is of more practical use in the home, school, and business world. In the home the mutoscope seems bound to take the place of the family photograph album; for, instead of one stiff-posed photograph, we have a succession of a thousand, all taken within half a minute, of the same subject. Hence, no more placid, angular effects, but a delightful series of views recording every phase and shade of the subject's expression. After the original negative is made, as many mutoscope reels can be printed from it as desired. Instead of exchanging one-pose photographs with one's friends, the possessor of a parlor mutoscope sends a life-motion picture of himself, of his family, of his pets, to his friends or relatives. The first private pictures for a home mutoscope were those taken in

SWIMMING RIVER IN LUZON.

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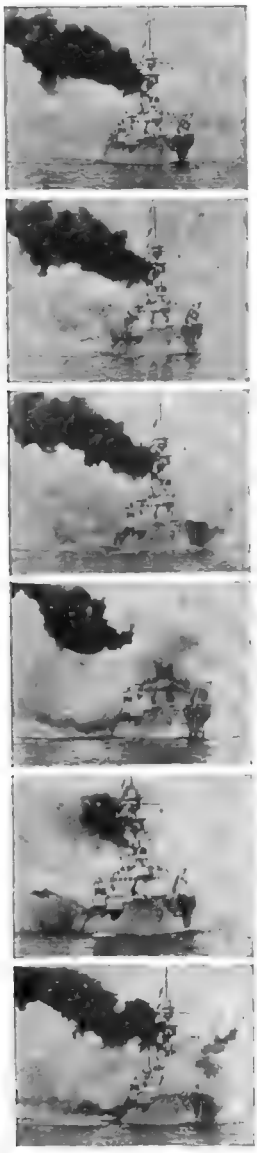
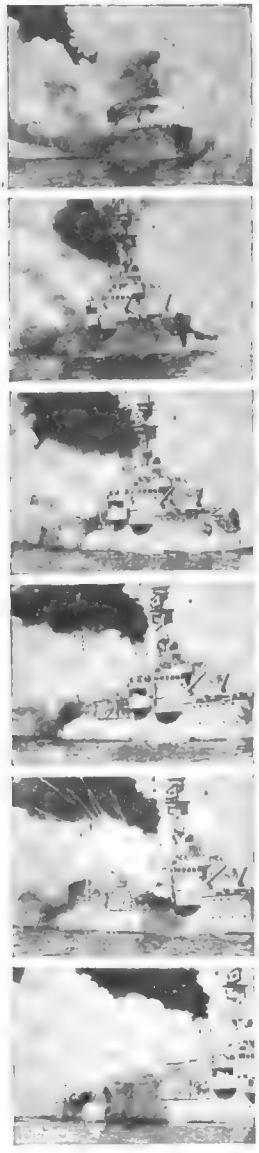
London, last year, of the little Duke of York, the future King of England, and other children of the present British Heir-Apparent.

In the school, the mutoscope will be used in teaching physics, history, and geography. To the insular child, what more impressive method of information as to what a warship is like in all its majesty, than to show him one in motion-photography? The children of the Central States will be shown waves dashing high upon the strand, or rolling in gentle billows on the bathing beach where children are at play. There are city children, too, who can be shown harvesting and haying scenes in the great West; cows, horses, and all animals, wild and tame. And for both rural and urban youngsters the mutoscope will display the Indian, the Chinaman, the Zulu—all races of men and their manners and customs. To the geography class the mutoscope will display the capes, rivers, cities, bays, towns, and historic buildings that heretofore have been but names to the book-dazed scholar. He will be shown the Muir Glacier in its mighty disintegration, Vesuvius in eruption, and Niagara's resistless flood. It will take the scholar up the Danube or down the Mississippi, or show him the wondrous panoramas of London, New York, Paris, Bombay, and Canton life. To the history class the mutoscope will show the great personages of to-day, as they live and move and have their being. What more vital suggestion of the war with Spain than the two views of the Spanish warship *Viscaya*, one showing her at anchor in New York Harbor, her captain, in bitter jest, training his cannon on the city, the other a battered wreck upon the beach of Santiago, a few weeks later? It will show the *Maine* as she sailed in all her majesty for Havana, and as she now lies in Cuban waters a tide-submerged mass of iron that cost Spain her fleet and an empire. It will show the ravages of the great storm at Galveston.



GERMAN BATTLESHIP *ODIN*.



FIRING EVERY GUN.

At the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, the biograph and mutoscope are in evidence everywhere. The United States Government uses the biograph in the National Bureau of Education Exhibit to show the workings of the American Public School system. In the Patent Office Exhibit many mutoscopes are employed to demonstrate American invention—working machinery of every imaginable kind. In the United States Fish Hatchery Exhibit are shown fresh and salt-water fishing scenes; the catching and handling of cod, halibut, or lobster; the impregnating and hatching of fish spawn, and every other detail of this department. There will be mutoscopes, also, showing actual

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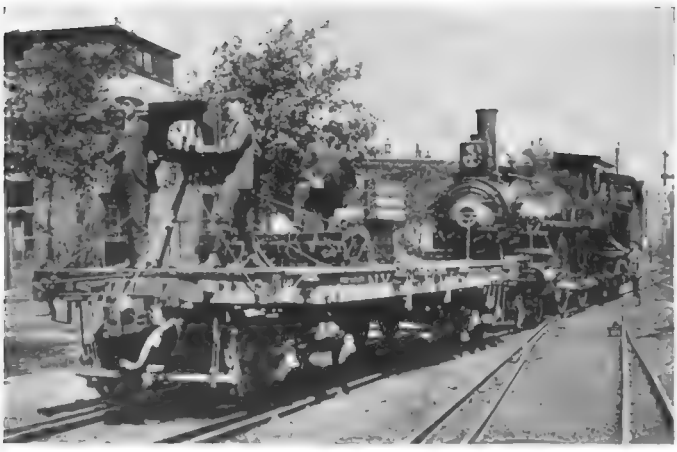
war scenes in which our troops engaged in Cuba, China, and the Philippines; all our famous regiments, and the ships that have made history for us in the war against Spain. Besides these government exhibitions, so many private firms and individuals are using mutoscopes to demonstrate their wares that the Pan-American Exposition seems a mighty moving-picture show.

In the world of business the commercial or portable canvassing mutoscope enables the machinery drummer to show his prospective client how great steam hammers perform their tasks; how car fenders save lives, how fire extinguishers smother flames, how presses print and at what rate, how harvesting machinery reaps and binds, how looms weave, how snow-ploughs clear the way! Already the mutoscope has invaded the fertile field of advertising, and in salesroom and store window, to the great interest of countless crowds, this Yankee application of a genuine Yankee notion is showing, by the convincing argument of pictures of life from life, the superiority of Somebody's Soap, Whatshisname's Night Shirts, Guesswho's Gas Stoves, or Whatyoumaycallem's Cough Drops.

Thus, from the experiment and toy of 1896 has been evolved the biograph of 1901.



TAKING RAILROAD PICTURES AT FORTY MILES AN HOUR.

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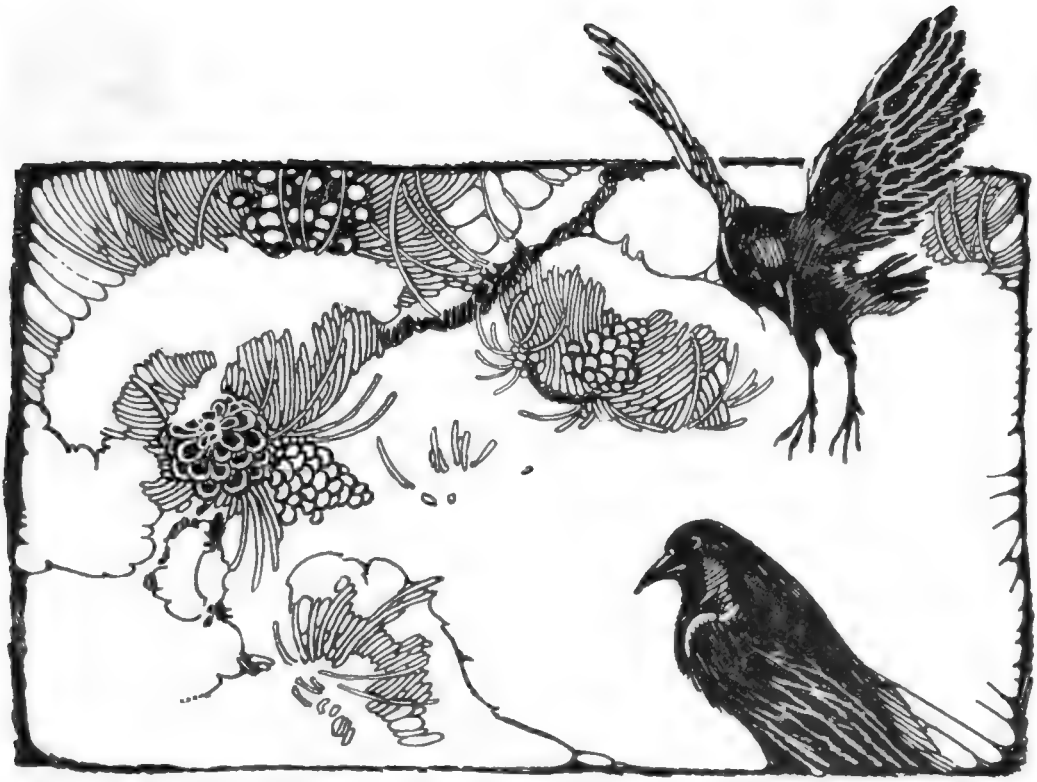

LINES TO A CROW

BY JOHN ONSLOW

OLD sable buccaneer!
Old wily subtle thief!
This many a passing year
Of bud and falling leaf

I've heard thy clamoring changes rung
Among the fields of yellow grain,
Or seen thee sunning high upon
On blasted pine across the plain.

A robber born art thou!
Omnivorous of taste.
The shady woodland bough
Or wild and barren waste

Are equally thy free domain,
Nor summer heat, nor wintry flaw,
Nor drouth nor pouring floods of rain
May stop thy bold assertive caw.

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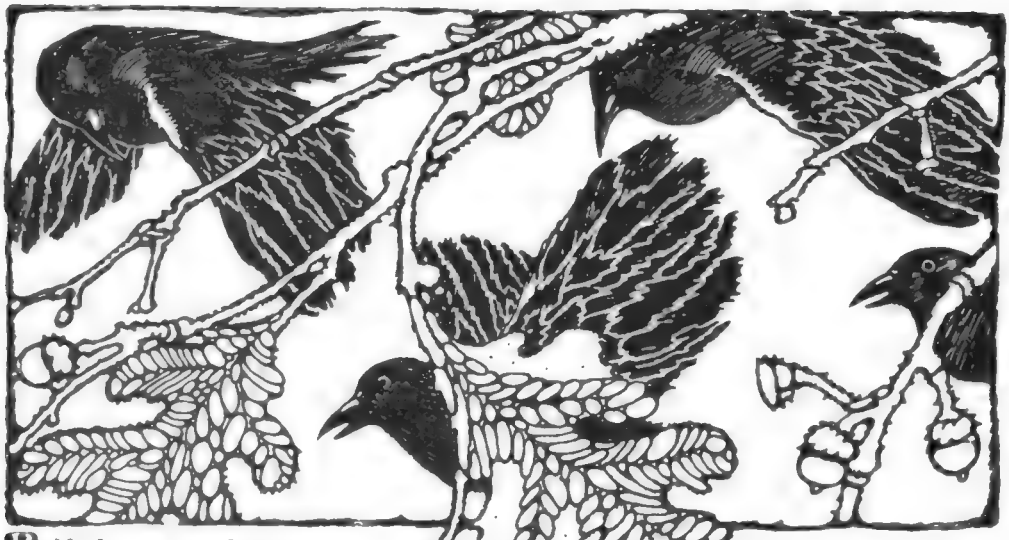

Bold thou art and free,
Yet cautious, too, withal,
Sardonic in thy glee,
And jeering in thy call,

Yet often in thy raucous croak
Methinks a friendly note I've heard
From out the boughs of yonder oak
When I stroll by, old raven bird.

Old sable patriot,
So constant to our clime,
Thou carest not a jot
Who owns or tills the vine.

I've seen thee with thy gaping beak
On days too hot for thieving work,
Perched in the shade above the creek,
In drowsy silence—yet alert.

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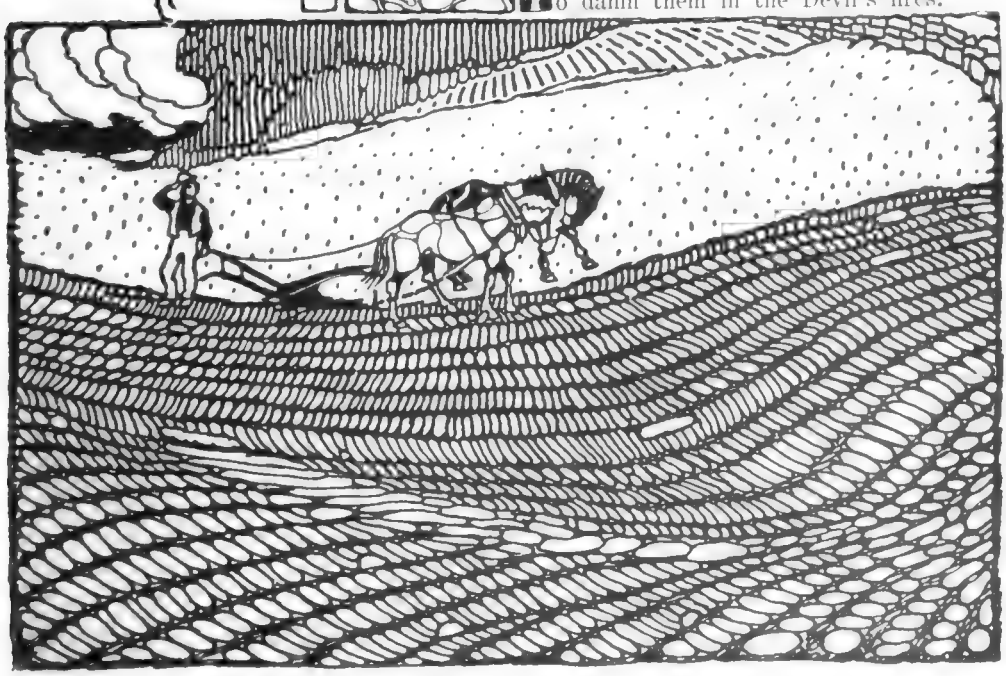
I note thy parlous fright,
Thy jet, suspicious eye,
Thy swift and silent flight
When danger comes anigh,

Thy hoarse, derisive croak of fun,
When yonder yokel of the farm
Creeps cautious out with new-bought gun,
And vain essays to do thee harm.

Adieu, old corbie crow!
For all thy rant and caw,
Better thou art, I know,
Than they who prate of law,

And prosing of another's lack,
Yet hide enough of base desires
Neath all their whining, canting crack
To damn them in the Devil's fires.



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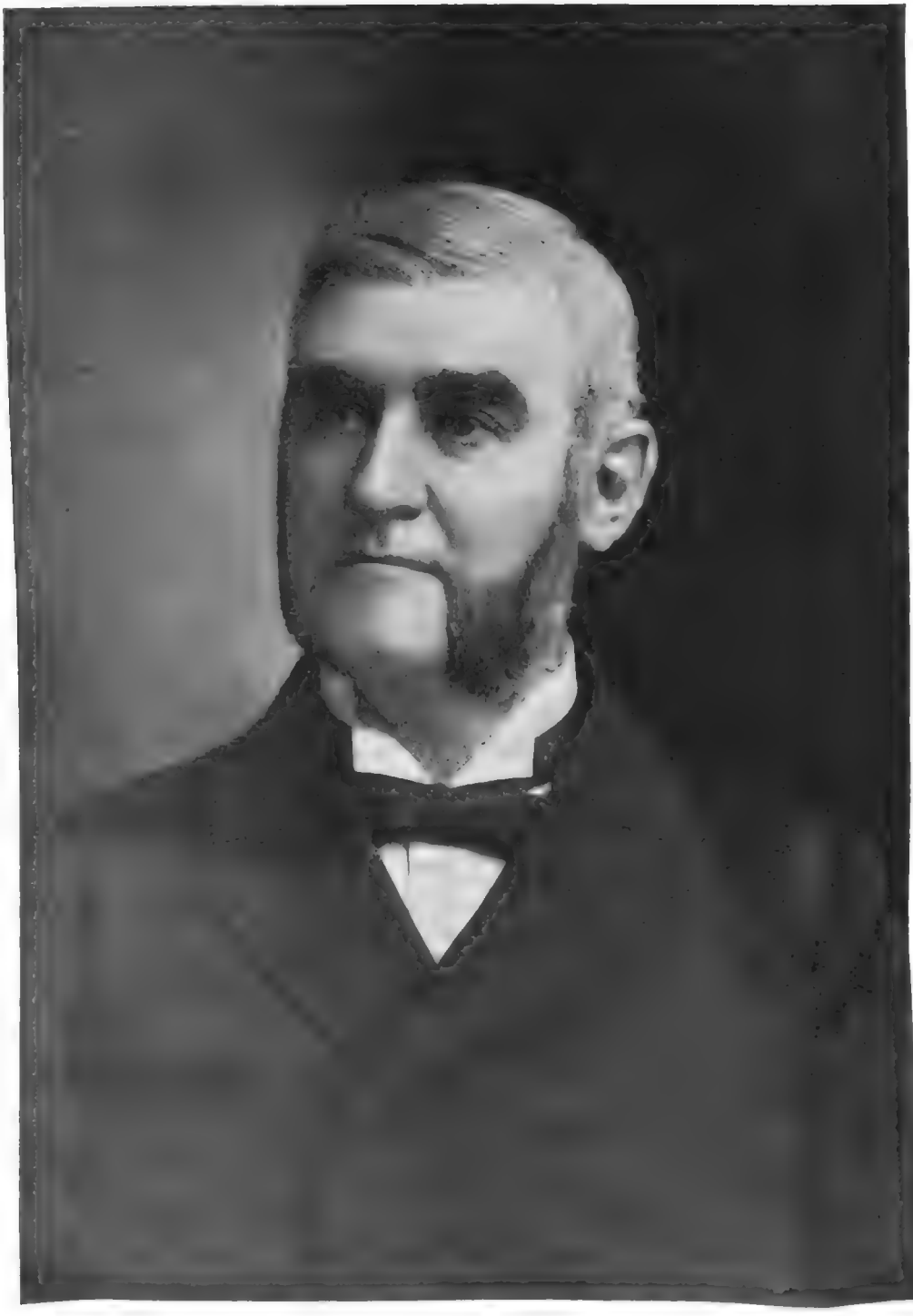

MARVIN HUGHITT.

President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway.

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THE RAILROADS AND THE PEOPLE.

OPPRESSION AND DISREGARD OF THE PUBLIC'S RIGHTS CHARACTERIZE RAILROAD METHODS IN CHICAGO. THE CAREER OF MARVIN HUGHITT AND HIS DEVELOPMENT OF THE NORTHWESTERN SYSTEM, WHERE CONSIDERATION FOR PEOPLE AND EMPLOYEES PREVAILS.

By Harold I. Cleveland.

IN the last half century the railroads of the Northwest have done more to debauch legislatures; more to corrupt the morals of governors; more to return incompetent, hard-minded, debased men to the United States Senate; more to deprive state and county and municipal treasuries of their just dues; more to increase the discontent of the agricultural classes, than any other factor ever brought into that section.

The aboriginal Comanche still denounces the Arapaho, and the Chippewa the Sioux, because Arapaho and Sioux are still, as occasion offers, brutal, domineering, merciless. The settler—the citizen—of the Northwest, for the same reason, holds to denunciatory terms (nearly three centuries old and having an Indian origin) when he is aroused on what time-serving editorial writers are pleased to term the "inconsequential railroad question." The last time that it was "inconsequential" it cost the more than twenty railroads centring in Chicago fifteen million dollars in destroyed property, let loose the dogs of the mob on a great metropolis, threw thousands of men out of employment, and sacrificed the lives of at least twenty-five human beings. And this was brought about because the majority of railway presidents, railway managers, and railway stockholders have not in sixty-five years of continually increasing wealth departed far from the blood-heated spirit of the Indian—the Sioux—who said, when he stood by the waters of the Otter, Red, and Bois des Sioux:

"This is to be my work. All that grows upon the earth is mine."

He recognized no other claim to earth's riches than his own, and he was the aboriginal prototype of the average railroad manager whose cunning, acumen, sharpness, and, too often, willingness to make the end justify the means, has centred sixty-three thousand miles of railways in Chicago, of which nearly every system has a branch line to every state legislature, county board, and municipal council in the Northwest.

Brutality—downright, unwarranted, criminally short-sighted brutality—characterized the creation and completion (as well as much of the management since) of the railroads of the Northwest. The indictment is not presented in a spirit of narrow-mindedness, not tendered without due consideration for the work of many clean-handed men who did not lend themselves to high-handed and reckless procedures. The fullest recognition is here accorded to all that the railway means to modern industrial development; to the correlation of territories; to the new bonds of brotherhood created; to the financial courage required to support enterprises pushed forward in the face of dire physical difficulties and against the opposition of hostile Indians whose savage solitudes the iron road invaded.

In many particulars the operations of the railway land grants were brutally unfair. The manner in which the ignorant peasants of Norway, Sweden, Germany, and France were dumped upon prairies, where drought prevailed in summer and Arctic cold in winter, was cruel. In the indictment also are the discriminations in freight and passenger tariffs, the special privileges granted corporations as against private individuals, the extermination of industries which chanced to cross railway will, the arbitrary suppression of human instincts in employees, the deliberate creation of powerful legislative lobbies, the ruthless swinging of right of ways through private and public properties—all these are brutalities of a type now

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roundly denounced by the entire English-speaking world when repeated in China by Belgian and German railway interests. Yet the Chinaman has not endured much more in the last two years from corporation thick-headedness than has the real builder of the Northwest during the last sixty years—the man behind the plough.

If these things were not true; if they were the rant of an agitator; if they were not a side of the picture admitted in private by railway men and denounced in public as untrue, Ignatius Donnelly would never have been a political possibility in Minnesota, nor Eugene V. Debs, the director, and George M. Pullman, the father, of the greatest and most pitiful railroad strike ever known in the West, nor Nebraska a hotbed for a most irrational kind of populism, nor Iowa and Wisconsin, States in which corporation power is more to be feared to-day than ever before in their history. In giving just consideration to this argument, it is well to frankly admit all the errors in the controversy truly chargeable to the people themselves or to demagogues. But the faults or errors for which the railways are responsible are in enormity triple those chargeable to the other side, because the power of concentrated wealth, of investment and profit, and of supposably keener intelligence, have been part of their equipment.

Only the other day a member of the last Illinois legislature received a letter from a certain railway corporation denying his application for a pass, on the ground that at a previous session he had voted contrary to its wishes. Shall not a railroad set as high a moral standard for a legislature or a community as the non-office-seeking, private citizen does? A few years ago another railway corporation, to encompass the defeat of an honest aspirant for Congress, sent a special train into his district the day before election; that train carried sixty thousand dollars in money which was placed where, as the manager of the railway afterwards said, "it did the most good." The candidate was defeated. All that the railway could bring against him, when called to account for defeating him, was that once, when in a state legislature, he had voted to reduce passenger rates from three cents per mile to two cents per mile.

Parallel instances of oppression, of disregard for the amenities of citizenship, of callous unconcern for the amenities of business, might easily be multiplied, for authentic stories of the black side of the picture are as numerous as the bright ones, and should be as familiar to the public as the other. If much is owed to the railways—something not denied—what do they owe the public?

The answer is in the life of a single man of the Northwest. It is the life of a man whose whole career has been given to railroad building, a strong-hearted, clean-handed gentleman of a school that has representatives in every age, despite the denials of the romancers. His name is Marvin Hughitt, and he is the president of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. He is to railway management, to railway development, to public and employee, all that most of his contemporaries are not. Indeed, he may be said to be a forerunner of the highest type of a broad-minded railway manager the twentieth century may know. It is good to be able to say that the railway man of human impulses, of quick sympathy with public rights and public needs, is more often met with to-day than ten years ago. Perhaps he has come too late to avert at least one more expensive and destructive clash between the people and the corporations, but his voice and intelligence are already felt wherever railway management is introducing fair play, common honesty, and sanity into railway work. He will not be suppressed.

"Success," said that canny Scotchman, Alexander Mitchell, himself the founder of a railway, "can only be determined by yourself. If, when you are an old man, you have got what you set out to get as a boy, you have been successful. If you have failed to get it, then success is not yours. A man on a desert island that had the one ambition to find a goose egg, and gave up years of life until it was in his grasp, would be an eminent example of success."

Looking through the fine shadows in the private office of Marvin Hughitt to where he sits by the coals of a grate fire, watching him idly turn the papers by his hand, or swing his chair in front of the great map of his railway which hangs by his elbow, there can be no question in the observer's mind that here is a man who sincerely believes he has well wooed Success, who feels that he has brought out of Work a definite and desired result without foreclosure upon his honor.

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"The story of my life," says Mr. Hughitt, just a twinkle in the corner of his eye, "is barren of color. It is simple and short. I have worked since I knew how to work. I work yet, even to the extent of facing the protests of my family, who think I do too much. I have always liked work."

Work is the keynote to Mr. Hughitt's character. It is old-fashioned work, too. That is about the only way that his methods and personality can be described. There is something in his dress, something in his manner, something even in his voice and his step that suggests the Past. He does things just so. Watch him enter his private office day after day after his noon lunch, and in a year he will not vary his method of step from the elevator to the door, the manner in which his hand touches the knob, the glance with which his eye sweeps the anteroom, the way in which his coat and hat are removed, the way in which he goes to his desk, wheels in his chair, and prepares to meet whoever has been awaiting him. He is precise and exacting; leaves no little ragged edges on transactions, gives his word slowly, makes it irrevocable when it is given, holds tenaciously to ideas, once set; is extremely conservative, has a strong fear that taxation may yet shake the very foundations of this nation, is opposed to militarism, thinks this government has enough to do at home without securing new possessions, welcomes slow progress, but sure and permanent upbuilding, abhors newspaper notoriety, rather enjoys massiveness, reads much of heavy history, knows by instinct what it is to be a true gentleman, and yet has never quite mastered the art of being an intimate friend.

The business mechanism of life has taken the sap of his existence, until he has become so much a part of it, that if he ever voluntarily quits he will turn helplessly from pole to pole, not knowing what to do. Under other conditions he would have made a superb theologian, an extraordinary professor in the ancient languages, or a remarkable State officer in some such position as Secretary of War, or Secretary of the Navy. His power for organization is as marvellous as has been his strength in repressing the lighter, more genial side of his nature through all the years before his idol, Work. Has it paid? Most men would agree with Marvin Hughitt that it has. The pay-roll of the Northwestern railway system contains the names of more than thirty-five thousand persons who may be transferred, discharged, raised to the pinnacle of hope, or plunged in despair by a stroke of the pen of this man, who sits in the small office at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Lake Street, Chicago, and dictates the operations of over eight thousand miles of railway.

Such sweeping powers are centred in but few men who occupy the chairs of railway presidents. Many who bear the title are little more than figureheads. It is within the year that a certain Western railway president said:

"There are more imitation and less real men at the head of the railway systems of this country than in any other profession I know."

In the judgment of railway men, the criticism was none too harsh. He at the head of the Northwestern's affairs could, if he would, cite a dozen instances in support of the assertion. In direct opposition to the opinions and practices of those who once wrecked the Santa Fé system, of those who plundered the Union Pacific, of those who shamefully betrayed the Northern Pacific, Marvin Hughitt has built upon the foundation of his system, as he found it, what his brakemen and conductors call "Hughitt's road." His way of developing a system, which has added twenty thousand men to the number of its employees, and increased its pay-roll from fifteen million dollars per annum to twenty-two million dollars, during the last ten years, has been to work his own personality and will into every part of it.

The Northwestern road, which earned nearly forty-three million dollars last year, is Marvin Hughitt, and Marvin Hughitt is the Northwestern. If you feel this when having audience with him, the impression deepens as you penetrate the workings of the general offices, and then pass on to the main lines and their branches, and attempt to discover something into which this man's iron does not enter.

He is a Scotchman. The family name was originally spelled Huet. In this country the blood is found first in Connecticut, then in New York, and last in Illinois. Like most of the families of the days of the Thirteen Colonies, the Hughitt group was poor. It worked the soil, scrupulously attended to religious duties, saved every penny, and took care that by hook or crook the children should have something of an education.

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Marvin was born on a New York farm in Cayuga County. He did just what other farm boys did then and are doing yet—he performed the chores on the farm and attended school in a village. When not quite fourteen he decided that he was able to take care of himself. He did not like the farm, nor to be dependent. He was about as assertive as the average boy of that age who has health and some wits. He left home and entered a telegraph office in Auburn. The old Morse system of telegraphy prevailed. Expert operators were scarce. Railroad building and railroad operating were more of a jest at that time than earnest. Young Hughitt acted as a messenger boy about the office, at the same time endeavoring to master telegraphy. Before he was seventeen he had become an expert operator, one of the first in the United States to receive telegraph messages by sound.

It was in the early days of railroading that Marvin Hughitt decided to try his fortunes in the West. About the same time a group of intrepid spirits had set out to build a railway to connect Chicago with the Galena lead mines. It was the first railroad in Illinois, and it was put through in the face of extraordinary obstacles. At one time its entire assets were offered for sale to any one who would give twenty thousand dollars for them. This jerk-water line was the foundation of the great Northwestern system.

Young Hughitt, whose reputation as a competent operator had preceded him, found a place as Chief of Telegraph with the St. Louis and Chicago Railroad, now the Chicago and Alton. The position was rather more of a responsibility than he expected, for he soon discovered that he not only had to do with the sending and receiving of messages, but was also train master, and had the employing and discharging of all train crews. He was scarcely a grown man, but he was Scotch and he worked. When the Chicago and St. Louis road fell into financial difficulties, and was finally merged into the Alton system, Hughitt took service with the Illinois Central, and was stationed at Centralia in charge of the southern end of the road.

As the troublous period of the war brought out the sterner qualities of some great men, in like manner it proved the mettle of the former farm boy. A corps of soldiers, together with its full complement of supplies and equipments, was to be moved from St. Louis to Cairo in a hurry. Word was flashed over the wire from Chicago to Trainmaster Hughitt at Centralia to accomplish this movement as expeditiously as possible. He went to the office and did not leave his key for thirty-six hours, or until all the troops were landed at Cairo, together with their baggage and supplies; then home to enjoy a well-earned sleep. But barely had he lain down when a second order was received to transport the same men from Cairo to the North and East, an emergency having arisen that demanded a rapid change of base. Back to the instrument he went for another thirty-six hours' trick, at the end of which time he had succeeded in not only placing the soldiers where they were required, but had done so without delay to the regular traffic of the road. It was a feat that instantly brought the young trainmaster before the notice of the officials at Chicago, and he was soon called there as assistant superintendent of the system.

After that the advancement of Marvin Hughitt was rapid. At twenty-seven or twenty-eight he was general superintendent of the Illinois Central. Later he became general superintendent of the Pullman Palace Car Company, subsequently assistant general manager of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. At thirty-five he was general superintendent of the Chicago and Northwestern system; at thirty-nine its general manager, and in 1890 second vice-president. At forty-five he became president of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway; at forty-seven president of the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad, and at fifty president of the Northwestern system. From his entry into railroading as a telegraph operator, until he became the president of one of the greatest of Western railroad systems, just thirty-three years had elapsed. That was fourteen years ago. Yet to the general public he is the least familiar of the many railway magnates of the West. Unlike the late P. D. Armour or George Pullman, who were recognizable a block away, the average citizen of Chicago could not point him out on the streets.

The truth is that Marvin Hughitt is not a seeker after notoriety. He does things unobtrusively, but he has ideas, opinions, and conclusions that are full of human in-

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terest. He is very much like the late Philip D. Armour, in that he has not permitted all the work he has piled upon himself to press out of him the milk of intellectual thought. He has strong ideas about railway management and the obligations owed employees and the public. This is marked, because it is safe to say of the more than sixty thousand miles of railroads centring in Chicago, twenty-five thousand miles are managed with reckless disregard of the rights both of public and employees.

Mr. Hughitt looked squarely into the eyes of his questioner when he said:

"You ask if the relations of the public and the railroads of the Northwest have changed. They have, and for the better. When I first came into the work these relations were strained. The soil was new and the settlers hard pressed. They looked for escape from their burdens, many of which were undoubtedly unjust. Naturally their eyes fell upon that which in their community secured the greatest income from their products—the transportation companies. This was the most visible taxable thing in their sight. Then the legislatures acted—sometimes with reason and sometimes without reason. Bitter feelings were engendered. Neither side was always in the right, and neither always in the wrong. But the clashing is coming to an end. The railroads are paying greater attention to public needs and public rights than ever before. And Northwest legislatures are less inclined than ever to use their power against the railroads wrongfully.

"In a new country, the public and transportation corporations cannot make their interests one in a short period of time. If the corporation has much to learn, much to yield, the public is in a similar position. Each has to consider the human side to every problem, and when they are able to do that together peace has come. I think the Northwest has reached that condition."

He was silent for a moment when asked as to what is the great weakness in the labor of to-day.

"Lack of loyalty—loyalty of the old kind—to the interests of the employer," he replied. "I do not wish to offend. I would like to be understood as speaking on this point only in the abstract. I would say that the labor unions, to a large extent, have weakened loyalty to the employer. They attempt the false and impossible work of bringing all men down to the same level, of not differentiating as to the abilities, and they divide the thought of the employee. He cannot be absolutely loyal to a union and give the same loyalty to the employer. A corporation, like a railroad, needs the highest kind of skilled labor in nearly every branch of its work. It is willing to pay well for that labor. It is willing to promote deserving men. It does not wish to discharge men. It is to its own best interests to have good men and to take care of them.

"Labor ought to know this, but I fear that it does not. I miss the old-time spirit of loyalty which gave to the employee the same heart and feeling in his work that the employer felt. There is a great spirit of discontent abroad. Men are not satisfied, and yet, in my opinion, opportunities for advance and success are as numerous to-day as they ever were. I cannot believe with those who hold that the number of opportunities for success has lessened."

Mr. Hughitt paused a moment, and then said with great earnestness:

"A young man of to-day with good health and ordinary education, a strong willingness to work, and to work for a little more than he is paid, barring physical disaster, cannot fail to reach his true level in time. He is bound to succeed to the full extent of his capabilities. He needs only to work with purpose, to have care as to his habits, and to be loyal to confidence reposed in him. The rest will take care of itself. The widening field of electricity, the improved mechanisms, the greater needs of corporations, call for the exercise of his abilities. Only we cannot all be railroad presidents."

The Northwestern system is managed in Marvin Hughitt's way, and it is said of it by those who know best, "It is easier for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven than for an ordinary man to get employment with the Northwestern."

As his control over the system has grown with the years, Mr. Hughitt's ideas about the engagement and discharge of men have developed, and been impressed with increasing force upon his associates. He has created an unwritten civil service law which makes it next to impossible for an employee to be discharged unless his offence has been of a criminal nature. Men remain long in the service of the company; vacancies are few. When new employees are taken on

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their characters, capabilities, and moral responsibility are subjected to inquiries of the most rigid kind. Once employed, a new man finds from the first day of his work for the company that he is in a large educational school, if he chooses to take it as such. If he does not, his advancement is not likely to be rapid.

The new employee finds that the Northwestern is willing to encourage a switchman to grow into a yardmaster, or a civil engineer to become a division superintendent, if he has the abilities worthy of recognition and promotion. He himself cannot be compelled to study matters concerning the road which do not strictly pertain to his duties, but he finds himself in an atmosphere where, if he is willing to learn and broaden, there is advancement ahead of him. He rapidly learns that most of the present chief executive officers of the system have come up from subordinate positions. Examples are constantly kept before him which demonstrate that it pays to work for more than the wages given; to serve overtime, to know more than mere routine. The man who secured for the present general superintendent of the road a clerkship in its employ is still living, and knows by example how advancement is secured under the Hughitt plan. It is the president's idea that all the human factors in the control of a great railroad should be coöperators. He does not favor discharges, except in extreme cases. He does favor keeping old employees and encouraging bright ones to improve.

"I wish employees to take a personal interest in everything they do," he says, "and I favor the idea of holding them together, of keeping them until the age limit bars. If I could do it, I would make the interests of the road so common that the employees should own stock in it, and the people in the towns along the right of way should also own stock. I would have as much community of interest as possible. Coöperation of all human beings is the right thing."

Following out this idea of inspiring still greater loyalty in his employees, Mr. Hughitt instituted, in January of this year, a pension system for them, which will eventually cost the treasury of the road two hundred thousand dollars per annum.

"We may not have devised the best pension system possible," he explained, "but we have got the best according to our lights. We cannot really do more than we know how to do."

This pension system is patterned after that of the Pennsylvania road with some improvements. The plan in brief is that an employee who has been in the service of the road thirty years, and who has been physically disabled between the ages of sixty-five or sixty-nine, or who has reached the age of seventy years, shall retire from the service of the road, but receive each month thereafter, until death, a certain income based upon a fixed per cent. of the wages he received during the last ten years of his service. A number of old employees are already being retired under this new arrangement.

"It is often the case," said Mr. Hughitt, "that the employee of a large corporation gives the better part of his life, not only to his official duties, but to the honest duty of rearing a family. He puts his brain and energy into the service of the corporation, and he gives his earnings to the education of his children. Old age overtakes him, and he has not been honestly able to save any money. It seems to me right that in such cases corporations should step in and give him some protection from want and penury. It is not much that any corporation can give, but what is bestowed will go part of the way to protecting deserving old age."

But to return to the personality of this rigorous and independent character. Marvin Hughitt does not speculate. Throughout his career he has kept free from all occupation but that of the office he held. He shuns any and all connection with schemes, financial or otherwise. He is not interested in Wall Street, except as Wall Street may be interested in his railroad. He is little concerned about the money market, except as he plans extensions for his lines or notes the fluctuation in freight and passenger receipts. He is a railroad man, pure and simple, content to let others be manipulators. He will not bribe nor encourage bribery. He will not blacklist employees. "If it is right, I am for it," is a way he has of deciding for policies to be pursued. He enjoys railroad life hugely, cleanly, spiritedly, but it is life bounded and circumscribed by incessant work. There is little fever of romance or color in it.

Marvin Hughitt has never cared for a

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political career, although he once seriously admired Douglas. It is doubtful if his name was ever mentioned in connection with a political office. His love for society is confined to the companionship of chosen friends and the theatre for a change. He has a residence on Prairie Avenue, Chicago, and a summer home at Woo-sung, Lake Forest, overlooking Lake Michigan, and where he has the company of his daughter, Mrs. Hiram R. McCullough, whose husband is the third vice-president of the Northwestern road. Of children he is fond, and to young men he speaks kindly.

He comes to his office every morning more punctiliously than the humblest clerk in his employ. He takes his lunch like any other business man. He is back in the afternoon, and his doors are open to any one who has a legitimate cause to plead. He has amassed wealth, but not an extraordinary fortune, and apparently cares very little for money beyond using it to meet the necessary requirements of his life. He travels over his own road frequently, and is as much concerned in the building of a bridge as in the laying of a new piece of track.

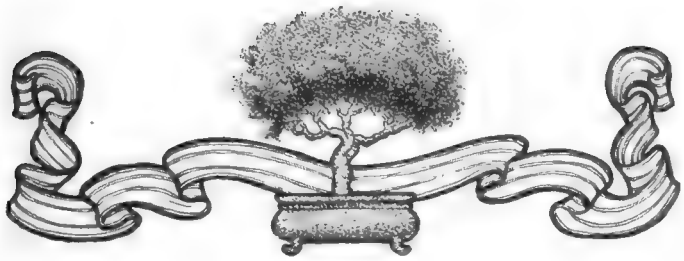
It may be cited as an evidence of his foresight, that he has rushed through the double-tracking of his main transcontinental line with one thought in his mind—and that the present activity in the so-called industrial stocks is more or less fictitious; that the country is approaching a financial crisis, and that he means the Northwestern shall be prepared to haul freight more cheaply, faster, and more safely when the hard times come than any other piece of railroad property in the West. He has not publicly said this, but the fact is known; that is the reason why the Northwestern has placed millions in double-tracking during the last three years, in preparation for what it believes to be the logical end of Wire and Steel, Northern Pacific, and other speculations.

I heard an engineer say of him once:

"He has the milk of religion on tap, and he gives it out when he thinks no one is looking."

Perhaps this from Marvin Hughitt's own lips means the same thing:

"I believe in downright honesty in all things, independence in all things, and loyalty to any cause I take up."



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A WELL-GOVERNED AMERICAN MUNICIPALITY.

HOW THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA IS GOVERNED BY A COMMISSION —IN FORM, AN ABSOLUTE AUTOCRACY, YET AN ALMOST IDEAL RESULT—ITS SUGGESTIVENESS FOR OTHER PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

By Henry B. F. Macfarland,

President, Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia.

THE great failure of Americans is in municipal government. It is almost the only failure which Americans are frank to confess. It is admitted from Boston to San Francisco. It is the one failure which is common to all sections of the country and to all States that have large cities. The wealth, the culture, the social prestige of a city makes no more difference in this matter than its local pride or its ancient traditions. Almost all alike have failed to govern themselves well. It did not take Mr. James Bryce to discover this fact, for had it not been published to the world all over the United States before he first came from England? Nothing is more common in our newspapers or the magazines than confessions of the wretched, corrupt, and costly management of our municipal affairs. Reformers in the pulpit, reformers in the press, reformers in private life, reformers in politics, dwell from time to time with more or less intensity upon this theme. The majority of their fellow-citizens agree that it is all wrong, but most of them are so busy making money or spending it that they will not take time, except at rare intervals and in the face of unusual evils, to even attempt what seems to them the hopeless task of setting it right. They realize that it is wrong because the city's business has been left largely to men who make their living out of it, and who have become skilful professional politicians in consequence, and that they, who are mere amateurs in politics, are not well-fitted to compete with them. Once in a long while one of our cities has what the professional politicians call, not inaptly, "a spasm of reform," and for a time, as when Mr. Strong was made Mayor of New York, the city's business is directed by its business men. But thus far these periods, lucid intervals, as they might be called, have been brief, and infrequent, and after every one of them the professional politician has come back to his own again, from which, indeed, many of the type had not been even temporarily dislodged.

CONCERNING CITY "BOSSES."

THE majority of those who vote in New York City usually vote the Democratic ticket, and therefore the master of New York, commonly called the "boss," is a Democrat. But in the neighboring city of Philadelphia the majority of those who vote usually vote the Republican ticket, and therefore the master of the city is a Republican. The "boss" of New York would be a Republican if he lived in Philadelphia, and the "boss" of Philadelphia would be a Democrat if he lived in New York. Moreover, it is perfectly well known that the professional politicians of both parties work together in the common business of making money out of the city's affairs, and that they no more allow politics than they do the Constitution to "stand between friends." All this is so well known that it seems unnecessary to repeat it, and yet it is necessary, because it is the delusion that there is, and that there ought to be, politics in municipal affairs that divides the strength of the well-meaning voters, and perpetuates the power of those who thrive on offices, contracts, and blackmail.

WHY AMERICAN CITIES ARE NOT GOVERNED AS WELL AS ARE FOREIGN ONES.

IF we did not know just how it is done, it would be a standing wonder to us, as it is to intelligent foreigners visiting this country, to see how our cities are governed. We are the greatest business men in the world. Our commercial supremacy is now being acknowledged along every

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parallel of latitude around the globe. If we do not excel in any other kind of endeavor, we do excel in this. There are no captains of industry, no masters of finance, no organizers and producers like those at the head of our great manufacturing and commercial enterprises, including the transportation lines. Their fame, lit up by their great fortunes, has gone before them to the ends of the earth, so that now that they are entering every market in the world they find their conquests ready for them. Yet, in the greatest business of all, that of governing ourselves in our cities, we are confessedly behind all other modern and efficient peoples. We read Dr. Shaw's reports of municipal government in England, Scotland, France, and other countries with conscious shame as we contrast what is done abroad with what is done at home. Why, when we can beat all of these competitors in every other kind of business, do they beat us in municipal business, the noblest of all? Of course it is because we do not devote ourselves to this business, notwithstanding all our vaunts and praises of self-government, as they do. Their success in this line is no more accidental than ours in other ways. Were our powers of organizing and managing business affairs on a large scale applied to the city's business, no one can doubt that we would have the finest municipal governments in the world. We all agree that that ought to be the case; or, at least, that every other man should devote his ability to civic duty, even if we do not. But we also realize that this is no more likely to be done in the future than it has been done in the past, unless such a change is made in conditions as will render it, not, perhaps, easier for "our best citizens" to do this, but will make it more certain that their self-sacrifice will be rewarded with prompt and adequate results.

AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE OF MISRULE.

THERE is one exception to the rule of misrule in large American municipalities. It is the District of Columbia, the National Capital. It is not the City of Washington, for that is distinguished from all other cities in having absolutely no government whatsoever, as a city. The District of Columbia, now containing about seventy square miles, and about 300,000 people, is the one place in the United States where the political ideals of most municipal reformers are in any measure realized. There is no maladministration, there is no corruption, bribery, or blackmail in the administration of its affairs. Taxation, though, by reason of adequate assessments and the great exemptions for governmental and other purposes, higher per capita than in other places of a similar size, is reasonable and not burdensome. The citizens having paid their full share in taxation, the United States Government, after practically ignoring its obligations to the District as the owner of more than one-half of the real estate, has paid, since 1878, one-half of the general expenses, with one notable exception. That was the case of the purchase of land for street extension beyond the confines of the City of Washington, which Congress appropriated entirely from the tax funds of the District of Columbia, a departure from the principles of the "compact of 1878," under which the expenses are paid half-and-half, which was deplorable. The taxes paid by the citizens, with this exception, have been appropriated, and supplemented, since 1878, by Congress for purposes which were approved by the great majority of the tax-payers, and none of the money has either been wasted or stolen by the District authorities. No one questions that the assessment and collection of taxation and the expenditure of appropriations have been absolutely, not relatively, honest. But this might, perhaps, be said of the affairs of cities where gross injustice and favoritism have been shown by members of the city governments; where bribes have been taken and blackmail has been collected. It is important, therefore, to state that there has been no more question of the honesty of the District Government in this respect than in the other. "Justitia omnibus" is the motto on the seal of the District of Columbia, and it has been the law of its official action. The laws made for it, and the municipal regulations made under them, have been enforced with impartiality and reasonableness. Immunity from their enforcement could not be bought by money or by influence. This is so well understood that no attempt would be made to do so. On the other hand, these laws and regulations are not administered so as to make them a means of revenue to officials and their friends. The system of blackmail through the police department which pre-

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vails elsewhere, for example, is absolutely unknown in the District of Columbia. The superintendent of police and the other officers of the department and the privates to the last recruit are known to make nothing out of their offices but their salaries, and are all, without exception, relatively poor men. Any one of them known to be collecting blackmail on the smallest scale would immediately be removed. What is true of this department with its nearly six hundred officers and men, is true of all the other departments of the District government. It is so much a matter of course that it excites no comment, except from men who know the very different conditions in other cities.

BUSINESS METHODS VERSUS POLITICS.

THERE is, of course, no doubt that all this is due, primarily, to the fact that politics has nothing to do with the business of the District, which is carried on as business, and, indeed, on more honorable and more honest principles than much of the private business of the day. The people of the District of Columbia surrendered the elective franchise as one of the considerations for the new form of government and the new arrangement respecting expenses of the act of 1878. They admitted that they preferred taxation without representation, technically, to representation without self-government, practically. They foresaw what has been and will be increasingly true, that in exchange for the doubtful privilege of voting they would have the certain advantage of government by public opinion. Looking behind the forms they saw that they were getting at once the most perfect self-government and the most absolute good government possible in municipal affairs. They had had full experience of most of the evils due to the mixture of politics with the administration of municipal business.

THE FORM OF GOVERNMENT OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

IN form, the present government of the District of Columbia is an absolute autocracy not legally responsible to the people. Congress, in the exercise of its constitutional power over the Federal district, in the Act of 1878, which the Supreme Court has called the Constitution of the District of Columbia, provided that the executive authority should be vested in a commission of three men, two of whom should be civilians, appointed by the President of the United States upon confirmation by the Senate, while the third should be an engineer officer of the army of high rank, detailed by the President. They were to be the successors in authority, not of the mayors of Washington, whose jurisdiction was limited simply to the city, but of the governors of the territorial form of government of the whole District which obtained from 1871 until 1874, when a provisional commission was appointed to serve until the permanent form of government could be framed. The commission, although an executive body, was entrusted by Congress with legislative functions for the making of all kinds of municipal regulations, so that it practically inherits the powers of both the governor and the legislature of the territorial government. The civilian commissioners are appointed for terms of three years, which expire together, and while they can be removed by the President, are theoretically independent of everybody else. And, indeed, there is no provision of law for accountability on their part to the President. Congress can curtail or extend their power, and Congress, of course, must pass upon all their requests for appropriations from the District tax funds and the national Treasury for all the expenses of the District government, and for all public improvements, but Congress has no direct power over the commissioners personally.

Nor have the citizens of the District of Columbia the legal right to say who shall exercise the power of a commissioner, nor how he shall do it, nor for what object. Theoretically, they have no voice in the selection of their servants or of their tasks, and no power to reward or punish them. But in this, as in many other cases, the fact is very different from the form. In no place in the world does public opinion govern so directly, so easily, or so perfectly as in the District of Columbia. No other government is so completely the choice of the governed, or so responsive to their will. Every President, since the Act of 1878 was passed, has taken the utmost pains to choose commissioners who would be acceptable to the great majority of the citizens. Although the law says nothing about the politics of the commissioners, every President has followed the unwritten rule of the first

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choice, and has appointed representatives of the two great political parties. The commissioners have all been men of the highest standing who have had the confidence of the community, and, as a rule, have served at a pecuniary sacrifice. It has been universally understood and admitted that they were above reproach. Their autocratic powers have been exercised with a constant, a circumspect, and a sensitive regard for the wishes as well as the rights of the citizens of the District. They have not always pleased everybody, but they have always pleased the majority of the people, even though, at times, they have had to wait a time for thorough appreciation. Not being responsible to any political "boss" or to any political organization, they have been free to be responsive to the people without regard to partisan considerations. The government of the District of Columbia has been carried on as a business, and in an unpartisan spirit. Although, since it is not part of the National government, the District government is not comprehended by the Civil Service Act, and Congress has neglected the recommendations of successive boards of commissioners that the principles of that Act should be applied to the District government, appointments to its offices and the employment of workmen and laborers have been governed by Civil Service principles. A merit system of appointments and promotions, under which both political parties have been equally represented, has been maintained. All departments of the District government have been protected from political assessments and from political demands of all kinds. No policeman, fireman, or school-teacher has to pay court or tribute, and this is true of all the servants of the District, thousands in number. Removals are only for cause, and cause demonstrated. The commissioners are the only officers of the government who do not remain during good behavior. All this is in response to the public opinion of the District, and in spite of powerful pressure upon the commissioners at times on the part of political leaders. This fact by itself is sufficient to establish the claim that the District has real self-government.

THE VOICE OF THE CITIZEN.

ITS public opinion has various organs. The newspapers of the District, which are exceptionally intelligent, independent, and courageous, are naturally the most influential exponents of its views. But besides them, the citizens have a number of organizations, purely voluntary, through which they express themselves from time to time, on every question of interest. The Washington Board of Trade and the Business Men's Association are the largest of these organizations, and have for their membership hundreds of representative citizens of all professional and business occupations, who deal with every phase of District affairs. Then, there are nearly a score of smaller organizations known as "citizens' associations" scattered all over the District, and each representing one portion of it. Each of these looks after the local interests of its neighborhood. Like the larger associations representing the whole District, they have no official or legal authority, and no power but that of petition to the commissioners and Congress. But by organizing and expressing the public opinion of the District they have all the potency that they need. Their attitude towards the commissioners and Congress is one of friendliness. They can be critical, but they prefer to be in coöperation, especially with the commissioners, having learned that by supporting their official representatives more can be accomplished with Congress, which is so occupied with other things that when the District appears before it with divided counsels its requests are apt to be ignored.

A CONSIDERATION OF THE DISTRICT SYSTEM.

CAN the self-government of the District of Columbia thus roughly outlined be adapted to other municipalities in the United States? At first blush it would seem that such a form of government would be impracticable outside of the Federal district, with its peculiar status and conditions. But it may be worth while to consider carefully, in view of the success of the District system and the failure of municipal government elsewhere in the United States, whether government by commission on a similar plan could not be profitably established in our large cities. It would, perhaps, not be so difficult as it seems. The main obstacle would be the average man's pride in possessing the right to vote, even though he knows it is useless and half the time is not even exercised. The main requisite would be an

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alert, well-organized, and well-directed public opinion. Suppose that it should be proposed that the city of New York should be governed by a commission composed of two civilians to be appointed by the governor of New York and an engineer officer of the army detailed by the War Department on the application of the governor. The political "bosses" and all who profit by the present *régime* in New York would, of course, oppose it bitterly, and their most effective argument, probably, would be that it was contrary to American principles, and would deprive the men of New York of self-government by the ballot. But if the majority of the voters should decide to try the experiment of government by commission, as a desperate venture after all other efforts for good government had failed, and the measure should be carried, it might very well prove that, guided by the same public opinion, the governor would appoint some of the city's best men as commissioners, and it would then procure from them an administration of its affairs that would be honest, intelligent, and efficient because responsive to the people and not to political "bosses." At first it would be difficult to carry on such a government without regard to politics, since the voters of New York would, of course, continue to take part in State and National elections, and would thus maintain the great political organizations. But with the right men as commissioners, and with the right quality and quantity of public opinion active and intelligently directed, the business of the city might be gradually, and even rapidly taken out of politics.

The suggestion of such a change must, of course, be sharply distinguished from the so-called "ripper" legislation proposed in Pennsylvania for temporary purposes, and with no application to comprehensive and permanent administration of a municipality on a non-partisan and business basis.

JOB LOTS IN LITERATURE.

THERE is a very old dialogue come down to us from some Athenian porch, in the which one sage remarks to another that every man can write one good book, for it is already written in his life. To this some Aristophanes replies: "What a blessing it is to the world that he does not try."

That was in an age of speculative wisdom, and the dialogue stood for centuries, accepted as an example of Attic acumen and wit. But this being an age of experiment and of facts, the sagacity of the remarks has lost its savor through empirical experience. Every man, and, odds zooks, every woman too, has written a book, and a dull realization has come upon the world that everybody cannot write one good book.

The only Attic wisdom left to us issues with antique faith from the commercial porches, where we still hear the old strain that every man can write a good book, and that every book is good, if, like the fecund codfish, it carries within itself the power of infinite reproduction.

So deeply imbedded in the democracy of our age is the inalienable "write," that life itself is beginning to stagger under the mere observations of life which men and women are heaping upon it. What were once known as the "activities" have in great measure given way to remarks upon them, and in all the locust tribe of observing raconteurs, it does not appear that the faculty of doing is at all commensurate with the gift of saying. There was a time when literature, like histrionism or preaching, presupposed some special gifts and an ordination. Men had to be "called" to say things, and were weighed in the balance if they did not say them with authority and conviction. Literature was both a divination and a cult. That was before it became an universal right and took on the license of popular suffrage. When it became communal and fraternal it lost its vestments and its credentials. With the lapse of its austere judgment it relinquished its native right to discriminate and demur.

The diffusion of the dictum that all men are born free and equal in literature has bred a latter-day tolerance that is not unlike the politeness at a political levée where the distinction and demarcations of char-

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acter are lost sight of in the new complaisance of equality, and the man with the largest constituency is accepted as the man with the largest endowment.

Out of this has grown the prestige of "the best selling book," a prestige so entirely independent of the intrinsic quality of the book as to make any mature appraisement of its purpose and its intellectual proportions look like flying in the face of the spirit of the age.

It would be a brave editor who should put upon the table of a competent reviewer a bundle of the "best selling books" and solicit from him an entirely unbiassed estimate of their intellectual worth. The result, coming from a disciplined mind that had been fed and developed by the best fruits of time, would inevitably wear the air of recreancy to fellowcraft interests. Such a reviewer would be met in his task by the extrinsic pressure of the publisher himself, whose claim that his was the best selling book would drop in detached leaflets from every volume.

Any attempt to fix the status of these books according to the dicta of good taste and the standards which are more or less fixed in the cultivated mind by literature itself would be regarded as the crass intolerance of a past age of criticism—an age of slashing reviewers, when poets were burnt at the Grub Street stake, and the literary Jeffreys gave no heed to the *vox populi*. That was indeed an age when there was a lingering imperialism in the judgment, and a Tower somewhere for incompetency and sham.

To determine just exactly what quality it is that makes a book the "best selling book of the year" is a task quite aside from literary criticism proper, and is about as futile and vexatious as to try and determine what it is makes women wear hoops one year and bustles the next. We have to leave the domain of ideas and come flatly down to mechanics, and then we begin to see that it is the same quality that makes a train of cars run down hill without an engine. It is not motor, but momentum. Water has a tendency to find its level, even when mixed with milk. There is in mere going a storing up of power.

One has to confess that the rattle-bang descent of such a book as—say, "David Harum"—is exhilarating. Nor need there be any literary judgment involved in the spectacle. In its character and in its career, it is one of the most amusing books that ever afforded delight to the literary on-looker. One must regard it with the same indulgent pleasure that he regards his infant son trying to make a locomotive of two cheese boxes and a piece of stove pipe. But even the constructive efforts of the infant mechanician are not half as interesting as the implicit faith of all the other children in the neighborhood that it *is* a locomotive. Nor does the admiration end even here, for we presently see that the immature constructor has convinced Mr. Irving Bacheller that it *is* a locomotive, and we observe with enhanced enjoyment that clever mimic gathering additional cheese boxes and stove pipe, and building another locomotive, following the original pattern so closely that his work is virtually a plagiarism in plan, and needs the label of "Eben Holden" to enable us to tell one stove pipe from the other.

The mimetic gifts of these popular adjusters of junk are especially admirable. Some years ago Stephen Crane executed out of an undisciplined imagination a rhapsody of war which, with a fine symbolic incertitude, he called "The Red Badge of Courage." In that book he opened with his quivering steel what was called a new path in descriptive writing—that is to say, he told what all other writers, with a cultivated reticence, had refused to tell, the physical cowardice, the corporeal convulsions of a private soldier, and the submergence of all moral heroism in a welter of mere blood and confusion. In this work were the audacity and the graphicality of the reporter, with no recognition of the ultimate purpose or achievements of the Civil War—only the death rattle, the contortions, and the gaping ghastliness of the torn individual. What the eager reviewers did not see in this *jeu d'esprit* was the effeminacy of it. The writer had picked up only those minute particulars that stung his sensibilities. That he could not rise from the bleeding private soldier to the circumscribing plan and lift of a martial endeavor was evident, and this utter lack of the sense of proportion in dealing with a majestic theme gave a hysterical piquancy to his work that passed for genius. More than a score of mimics have tried to do the same thing since, but neither they nor their exemplar could repeat the feat, for the edge was off. One wonders,

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now that other reporters have entered literature, that they do not see this. Even so facile a journeyman genius as Mr. Irving Bacheller does not appear to be aware that he has uncovered his double trail in "Eben Holden," and in tracking both "David Harum" and "The Red Badge of Courage" is trying to run with the hounds and keep with the hare.

To put once more in type the rustic yokel of our civilization, who from Sam Slick to Solon Shingle has been a relief from the hair-splitting psychologies of a wind-blown and fly-blown literature, may be as perennial and pertinent a task as to keep alive Kris Kringle and the Flying Dutchman, or to gather sarsaparilla for the spring blood. But even in the latter act of mercy, it is well that an expert goes about the job who knows sarsaparilla from belladonna and henbane.

There is always a place in our gentler appreciation for the Joshua Whitcombs and the old red barns. Whenever we are overwrought by Mr. Henry James's delicacy of touch in spinning the shadows of a film, we feel around for the recuperative grasp of a horny hand, and sigh for the "be gosh" of our fathers, who, however fatally they may have split their infinitives, never split hairs. It is not a question of literature, gone altogether to the dialectic of moonshine, but of that nobler and ineradicable impulse—God-given, no doubt—that impels us to eat with our knives, to double up our adjectives, and even take to a milk diet. There are garrets in our dispositions where we betake ourselves when Mr. Howells presses us too close, and where we sit and contemplate the old red cradle and muse, with the smell of catnip in our nostrils, under the leaky roof and murmur to ourselves with a sense of relief that we will be "dum gormed." It is in these winsome moods of pristine imbecillity that one touch of David Harum and two touches of Eben Holden make the whole world kin. Doubtless we see clearer in the murky lights of our old garrets, and the horse-swopping provincial stands out, in his cow-hide boots and his true intellectual worth, as the salt of the earth. At all events, he has succeeded in convincing us that the smell of the barnyard in the boudoir is in some way an attestation of pure-mindedness, and that to take off one's boots in company and spill the soup at dinner are nature's methods of indicating the "noblest work of God."

No one, it may be confidently asserted, mistakes these bucolic revivals for an effort of the creative imagination, any more than he would mistake the Farmers' Almanac for a fantasia. They are real bundles of sarsaparilla snatched from the earth for the spring blood. It is plain enough to the moderate capacity that one book is trying to outstep the other with the same limp, and whatever merit they may possess, it is not that which belongs to letters.

It has recently been suggested that the vogue of these books finds its sufficient excuse in an ennuied public, somewhat overdone with the crochet work of the verbalists. Men, it is said, have gone back to the soil to escape from the moonshine. Such a proposition sends us to the "best selling books" for an examination of the irradiation that men are trying to escape. The list includes "Janice Meredith," "When Knighthood was in Flower," "To Have and to Hold," and "Alice of Old Vincennes," books that are garlanded with a similar if not an equal popularity.

To accept the publisher's grouping with no other than a numerical warrant would be manifestly unjust to some of these books, one or two of which have broken away so bravely from the delicacy of touch and the insufficiency of motive which Mr. Howells and his class have tried to make the determining factors of excellence in American fiction, and they steer so straightly into the old sea of romanticism that one is almost inclined to greet them as pioneers, coming as they do from the South and the West. In this one respect Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold" is far away the cleverest attempt of them all to deal with an early phase of American history in the true romantic spirit. This book and the late Maurice Thompson's "Alice of Old Vincennes" are genuine tapestries woven out of American material, and as strong in color as a pair of Navajo blankets. They are at the same time wholly unlike in texture and configuration, and here we come upon the surprising fact that, in the weaving of a purely masculine story of hardihood and reckless adventure, the woman's pen, if indeed it be a woman's, carries her with a masculine puissance and doughty sweep that we do not find either in Paul Leicester Ford or Maurice Thompson.

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As an example of that chivalrous swashbuckling which Stanley Weyman suddenly renewed for us in "A Gentleman of France" and "Under the Red Robe," nothing done by the masculine romancers of our time and country compares with Mary Johnston's Virginia tale. "Alice of Old Vincennes" lags pantingly behind it for lack of virile aplomb and that courtly spirit of daring that is held in leash only by a sense of honor and instinctive magnanimity. So veraciously and effectively has this author put herself not only into the time and peril of old Jamestown, but into the disposition and daredevil spirit of the adventurous knights who came out there to seek their fortunes, that the characters smite our interest with the unmistakable propulsion of creative genius. Had the author's skill of construction been equal to her power of portrayal, the book must have taken rank as a bold and successful dash into realms hitherto supposed to belong exclusively to masculine writers.

Such a romance ought to command some of our admiration for its inventive and recreative exhibit, for the inventive quality is most lamentably absent in the masterful job lots that men of acknowledged talents have shovelled together for us when they came to the task of telling a story. No better exercise can be undertaken by the young reader who desires to acquaint himself with what is essential and true in the treatment of a romance than to read Mary Johnston's and Maurice Thompson's books consecutively and comparatively. The result will be determinative of quality. One book opens at once with a dramatic, but wholly untheatric juxtaposition of conflicting interests, and from that starting-point the enchained attention follows the principals through all the windings of adventure and the mishaps of love, with no divergences, no abstractions, no introspections, and no lessening of the hold upon the two human beings who are the *raison d'être* of all the happenings. What is historic and local declares itself without stress or affectation, and what is passionate never steps down to sentimentalism or psychologic blubbering.

Somehow we miss this sense of a spontaneous evolution, or natural ongoing, in the late Mr. Thompson's story. It not only misses the heave and the combing of a true passion, but it halts and poses itself and seems to be looking about to discover if Mr. Howells or Prof. Brander Matthews is within hearing.

No more gentle and sympathetic pen than Maurice Thompson's has touched the secrets of external nature in the great West. Some of his songs come to us with the rare wild flavor of the persimmon groves and are as graceful as the fringed gentian of his prairies, but he labors heavily in the harness of a plot, halts platitudinously in a dialogue, and falls into reflective conventionality in the treatment of his characters.

One easily suspects the cause. He set out to write a romance of events, and he is hampered a little by the fear that romances and events, if they have not altogether abdicated their rights in fiction, are at least, in the higher ranges of it, subordinated to talk and psychology.

We, in company with Mr. Thompson, have had this drummed into our ears for a decade, until a great many of us who hold pens have come to look upon literature that has no movement and no beyond as the perfected model of mere expression, and upon life itself as a multiform negation interesting only in the passing tabulation of its contrarieties. It is the cult of an almost pagan naturalism that has made the dunghill of doubt effloresce with the flowers of denial. To this cult we owe not only the endless embroidery of words going nowhither, but the ghastliness of such a formula as Olive Schreiner laid down in her preface to "An African Farm," and the acceptance of Omar Khayyam—that phosphorescence of Oriental decay—on account of the matchless verbal felicity with which a translator uttered his Lybian lasciviousness. One has but to place side by side the Persian measures and the Schreiner postulate to see the same skull grinning at us in both: here, through roses and wine, and there through the exhalations of a tropical desert.

But it is morally certain that the working world of America is unaffected by these mingling gusts of pessimism and pruriency. The chill miasm of despair does not penetrate the workshop or the laboratory. It rests like a noxious aureole on the club house, the theatre, the smart set, and those concours where emptiness and weariness have no other tools left but speech. The psalm of life, if there be one, is executive, not speculative. The appointed preventive of doubt and despair is doing, which is the

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objective side of faith itself, seeing that the doing in all normal life is the putting forth of a belief in the hidden accomplishment, and such we believe are the attitude and condition of the men and women who are doing the world's work.

Do you remember what Zola says in his supremest assumption of a critic, when he has read Leon Hennique's portraiture of the monster Jeffries? "Is he a man of genius? Perhaps. Is he a fool? He may be. He is the human abyss. That is all we know."

You will hear this bravado of incertitude echoing all the way down to James Lane Allen. "O mystery immortal, which is in the hemp and in our souls, in the bloom and in our passions."

It would seem to be the prerogative of stark, staring minds, enmeshed in literature, to shudder at abysses for which they have no plummets. But it is the very quintessence of an impertinent egotism to suppose that the attitude is either amusing or profitable, and while they are weaving chaplets of doubt for the skulls of despair, work is bridging the chasms with the glory of endeavor. The doers have not attained to the Hamlet incertitude that is content to balance the "To be or not to be, that is the question," upon the ends of their fingers. For most of them—may God rest their souls—Must Be, whether they will or not, to the very best of their convictions, and there is no question about it. Hence Heaven-sent mistakes which enable them to correct their reckoning. Hence cock-sureness, when the temple is afire. Hence honor and fidelity, and fealty and action, surmounting disagreements and all those finite ructions that move things out of the dead level of determinism.

The author of "Alice of Old Vincennes" wins our respect for his endeavor. The author of "To Have and to Hold" compels our admiration for her performance. No one has worn the plumed beaver and flashed her poignard with a more charming bravado. One writer lacks the undaunted wing of the other, and cannot "take the shoreless leagues" so confidently.

Must it be said of the other authors that have been mentioned that they are treading a beaten track—that they wholly lack the spirit of another age, when it was customary for the champion to draw his sword and say, "Have at you, gentlemen!" May they not be thinking more of the market than of the motive, with one eye on the fellowcraft recompense of the Authors' Club, when it should be roaming the fields of man's accomplishment, fancy free? Perhaps. But of what avail? It is too soon to predict that when the twentieth century is lifting men to a full communion with Henry James there will be evolving in the South or the West a Shakespeare of the other sex.

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